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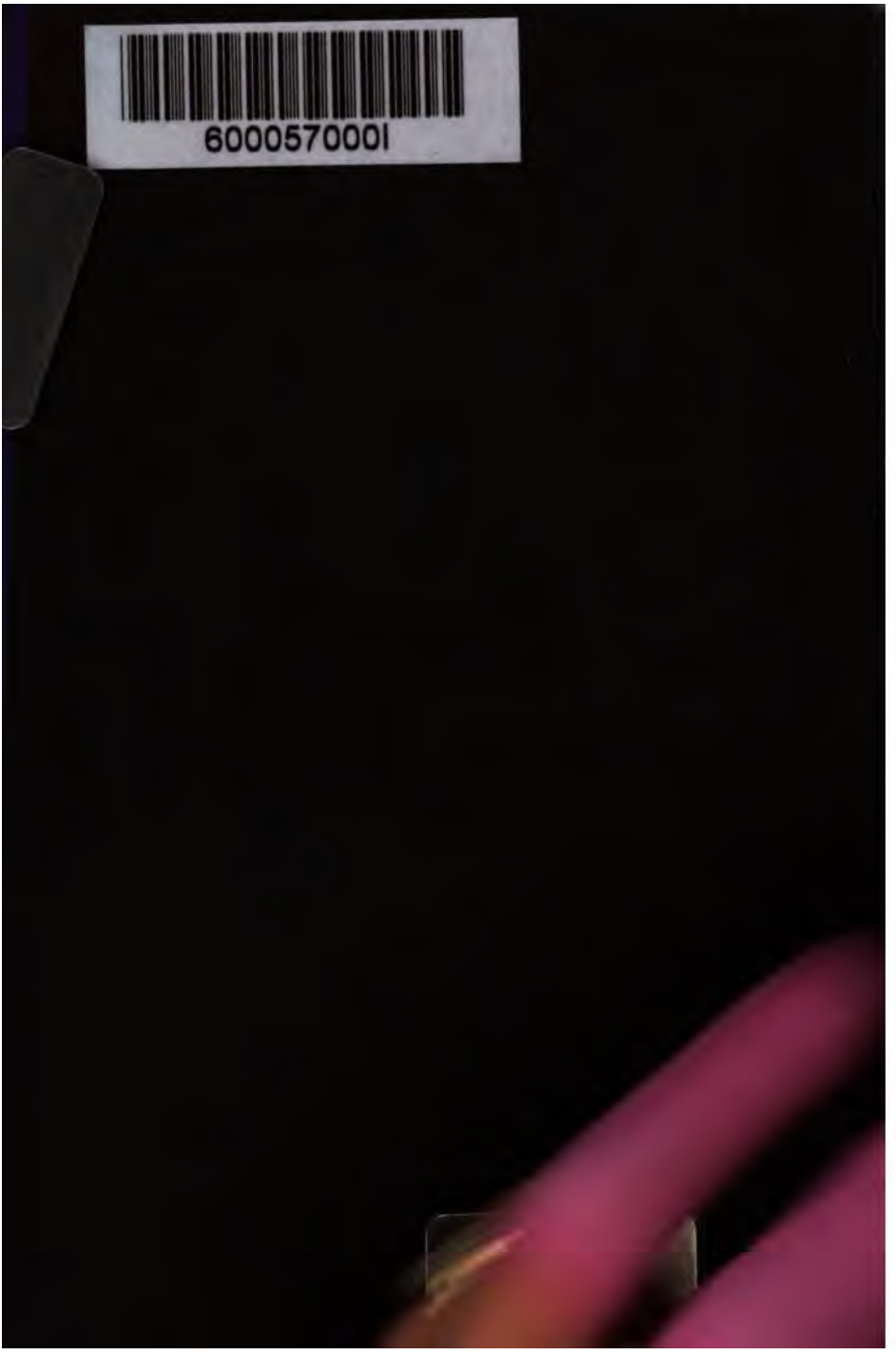
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SCHÖNBERG COTTA FAMILY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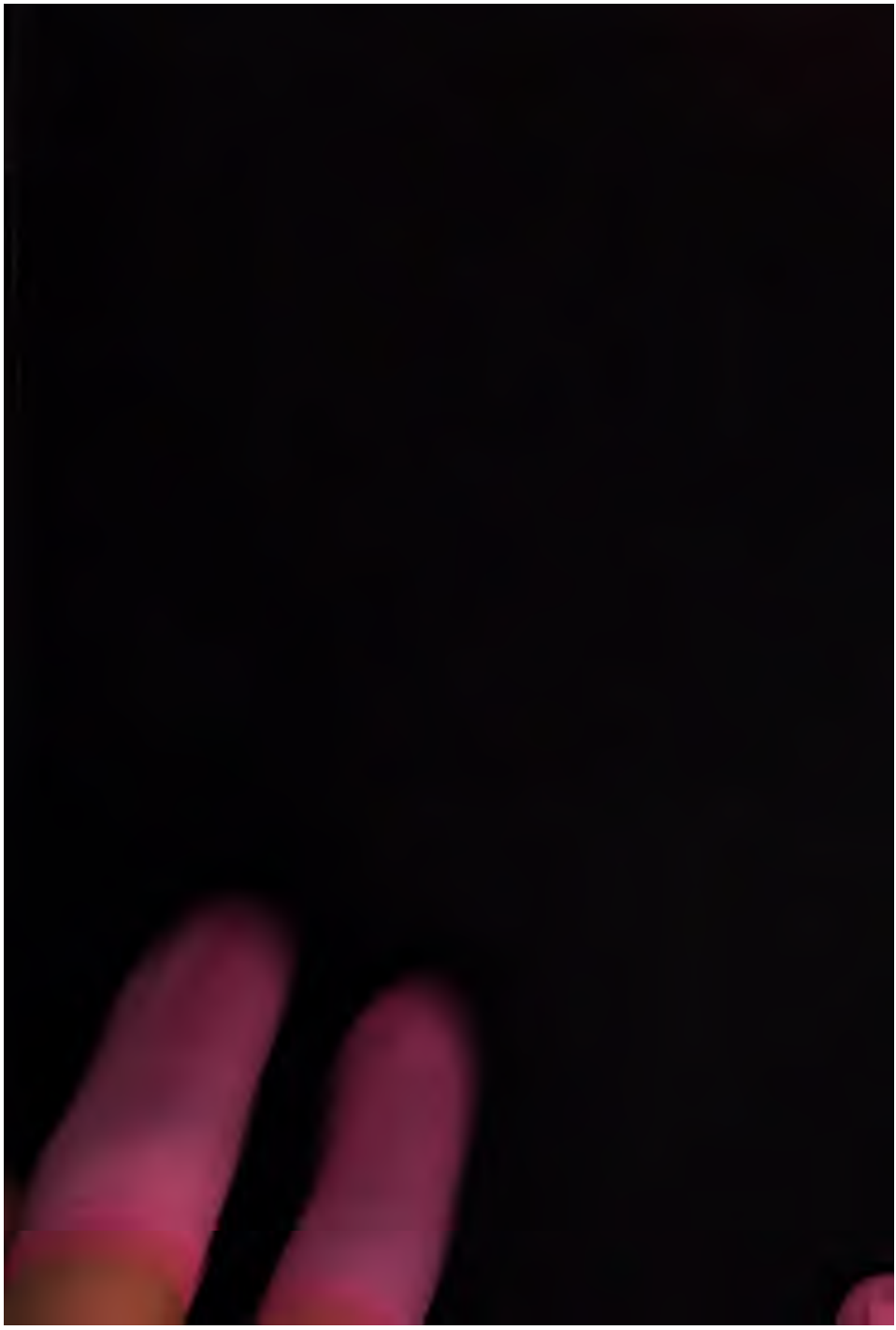

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THE

MARTYRS OF SPAIN

AND THE

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The Story of the Sisters Dolores and Costanza Cazalla.

By the Author of

"CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY,"

&c. &c.

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PREFACE.

THE awakening of some hearts in Spain, in these latter days, to embrace and suffer loss of all things for the faith which inspired Spanish Martyrs three hundred years ago, encourages us once more to look on the sad but heroic story of the sufferings of those early Confessors. It seems no longer like the last page of the history of pure Christian life in their country.

The narrative of the conflict between the Reformed faith and the Inquisition in Spain naturally links itself with the story of the renewal of that conflict in Holland, where its termination was so different.

The facts on which the first of these sketches is founded are drawn from Llorente's "Historia de la Inquisicion de España," Dr. M'Crie's "Reformation in

Spain," and De Castro's "Spanish Protestants." The historical authorities for the facts of the second have been Brandt's "Reformation in and about the Low Countries," Van Braght's "Martyrology of the Baptists," Prescott's "History of the Reign of Philip the Second," Motley's "Dutch Republic," and his "Netherlands," with other well-known histories of those times.

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THE MARTYRS OF SPAIN.

The Story of Dolores Cazalla.

THE MARTYRS OF SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

A CASTILIAN HOLIDAY.

NOW that it is all over, and the light which we thought would have been life to Spain has been quenched in blood, or, scattered far and wide, faintly shines in other happier lands, they wish that I should recall what I can remember of the tragic history in which so many of our race have perished.

At first, when all was fresh, and for many years after my escape to Holland, I could not have borne to tear open the old wounds and renew the anguish of those days. But now that gray hairs are on my head, the white blossoms of a better spring, it is different. I can think of the Church more in her eternal unity, and see how glorious the other side must be of the cloud which was darkness and desolation to us.

My mother was a Cazalla. The name is infamous in my country, but I think it is not unknown in heaven, and is not infamous there. My mother's name was Costanza de Vibero Cazalla. My father was an Ortiz, comptroller of the king's customs. We were "new Christians" of Jewish descent. Thus our infamy is of double dye among the "old Christians" of Spain; we are tainted with the heresies both of the Old Testament and the New. Our home was at Valladolid. We have no home there now; but an empty space is there, where the house of my grandmother, Leanor de Vibero, once stood. It was razed to the ground, and a pillar stands on the site, engraven with her name. It is not a pillar of glory, at least it is not esteemed such in Valladolid. But I am anticipating my story.

The first thing which stands out distinctly in my memory, detached from the sunny days of my childhood, was an evening in the year 1544. We were thirteen brothers and sisters at home, and every day to us, no doubt, was full of childish plans and plays, which seemed to us as important as the schemes of emperors and inquisitors to them; and, no doubt, thousands of important events were transpiring around us which were to us of as little moment as our plays and plans to the wise people around us. But the scenes of that day and the next are as vivid and clear to me as those of yesterday. Perhaps it is my having spent that day alone, away from the merry home party, which has helped to impress it on my memory.

I was staying with my foster-mother, Antonia Minguez, whose husband and his sister Isabel were in the service of my aunt, Beatriz de Vibero Cazalla. My foster-parents had a market-garden in the neighbourhood of the town, and we were returning to my home, which was situated in the middle of the town, with their donkey laden with panniers of vegetables and fruit. I was seated on a cushion between the panniers, and felt as proud as a queen on her palfrey. When we entered the gates, a soldier rudely stopped my foster-father, and snatched from him the short knife or dagger which he wore in his girdle. My foster-father had all the pride of a Castilian peasant and an old Christian, in whose veins no tainted drop of Jewish or Moorish blood flowed. He raised his hand to resist, but a magic sentence arrested him,—

"It is the eve of the *auto*. No one can bear arms in Valladolid to-day."

"I will leave my arms with you, then," he said, "but let me pass with my vegetables. They are for a noble house in the city, to which this little girl belongs, and by to-morrow they will be spoilt."

The officer of the guard had joined us. "Turn the fellow back," he said; "who cares for nobles or princes on the eve of an *auto?* We have the orders of the Church. No horse or coach, if it were the king's own, can pass through the great streets to-day. Restore the man his arms, and turn him back."

Resistance was useless, and we returned to the cottage in the garden.

I was much disappointed at losing my ride through the city, but my foster-mother comforted me by promising to take me to the show that evening, and on the following day. That evening, therefore, she wrapped me up closely and took me through back streets into a house which overlooked the Great Square.

We waited there some time, gazing down the empty street, until I was tired of sitting still, when in the distance I descried the flare of torches following something black and gloomy. I remember giving a little scream of pleasure that the show I had waited for so long was coming at last, but I was hushed very gravely; every one spoke in whispers, and for the rest of the time I felt like being in church. The procession drew nearer. First came a large bier, on which lay something hidden under a heavy pall of black velvet. The black drapery almost reached the ground. I was terrified to think what might be underneath, but I was too much awed to ask any questions. Behind this bier came a great number of men, all marching slowly and silently, and each one carrying a large white taper (such as I had seen at church) taller than himself; and after these rode a troop of soldiers. Hitherto all had been silent, but as the procession entered the square there was a sudden burst of music; clarionets and trumpets pealed forth together a solemn march.

The procession stopped at a scaffold erected in the centre of the square, and then the sound of the clarionets and trumpets ceased, and there was silence again. My eyes were fixed on that terrible gigantic bier. It seemed the object of every one's attention. The tapers kept close to it; the soldiers formed around it. At length the Dominican monks, the Black Friars, approached it, and lifted the pall. I trembled to see what would be discovered beneath. But to my great relief nothing appeared but an enormous green cross, which the monks reverentially placed on the altar in the midst of the scaffold. Beside it were erected twelve tall white tapers, and then, while the cross was being placed on the altar, a chorus of choristers' voices suddenly burst forth in the hymn,—

"Vexilla Regis prodeunt,
Fulget Crucis mysterium,
Quo carne carnis conditor
Suspensus est patibulo."

"The banner of the King goes forth—
The Cross, the radiant mystery—
Where, in a frame of human birth,
Man's Maker suffers on the tree."

It was a favourite hymn of my mother's, and I knew it well. The grand music suited the mournful yet triumphant words so well. We had often sung it at home. But after that day I never remember singing it again.

When the clear ringing voices ceased, there was silence again; the crowd dispersed, the bier was removed. Only

the great green cross remained on the altar, lighted by the twelve tapers, and guarded by the Black Friars and a squadron of lancers sitting immovably on their horses, with their lances in rest. No sound broke the stillness of the night but the rattling of the bit or caparison of a restless horse; and I was very glad when my foster-mother rose and took me away with her.

"Did you like it, little one?" she said.

"It was so sombre, Antonia. It was like a funeral."

"Ah!" she said, "but to-morrow will be another thing. My darling shall have her best dress on, and it will be daylight, and the princes and nobles will be there, and the bishops and the beautiful ladies, and my little one shall be as gay as any of them. We shall see if she is pleased then."

So we returned to the cottage, and I fell asleep with my head full of brilliant visions of the morrow. They were a perpetual festival to me—the child of the town—these visits to my foster-mother in the country. To awake in the morning in a garden, with birds singing, and the morning sunbeams looking in at my tiny window through the leaves of the vines, and then to go out and feed the poultry, and smell all the sweet flowers and the breath of Antonia's cows tethered in the little field near, it was a constant *fête* to me. The country around Valladolid is not beautiful, but flat and parched, with only the faint outline of hills in the distance. But to me the country was my foster-mother's garden, and I wished for

nothing more beautiful in the world than her rows of vegetables, watered carefully by tiny channels from the little spring; the old well, with its stone seat, and trough slowly filling and trickling over, the great oak-tree above it, and the vines on the slopes of the little hollow at the bottom of which the cottage stood.

But to-day was to be a *fête* in the town. We were all awake at sunrise, and there was no time to think of anything but how to make the most of all the treasures contained in Antonia's family chest. The girls of the family were attiring themselves in their gay festival bodices and petticoats, their one *robe de fête;* but Antonia's own costume was soon arranged, and all her stores of imagination and finery were ransacked to make me, the little lady of the party, look as I ought. She despoiled herself of her own ancestral ear-rings and neck ornament to deck my little person. She garlanded my dark hair with white roses, and fastened an enormous bouquet in my bosom, which was my great pride, and, like many other treasures, also my great encumbrance, all the day. How happy I was when the donkey was led to the door, not as yesterday laden with commercial panniers, but decorated with flowers and ribbons, and looking as proud as I felt when they seated me on his back, and my foster-father, with his dagger in a bright new sheath in his belt, held the bridle.

We left the donkey with a friend near the gate, and then my foster-father carried me through the streets,

which were crowded with people all in holiday attire. But we pressed through, and reached safely the house in the Great Square where we had been the night before. All the great church-bells were tolling solemnly.

There stood the scaffold in the middle of the square, with the great green cross on it and the twelve tapers. They had looked solemn and terrible to me in the darkness of the night before; but now they lay like dull red spots on the brilliant sunshine, which flashed from the lances of the soldiers and the jewels of the court-ladies, who sate under a canopy on a stage opposite to us.

The procession soon approached. At first the cathedral cross under a veil; then the clergy, in black and white, crimson and gold; then the magistrates and great men of the city, walking in their gorgeous robes and gold chains; and afterwards the nobles, on their prancing horses; and a very grave gentleman, who, they told me, was the Alguazil mayor of the Inquisition, also on horseback. I liked best the beautiful horses, champing their bits, with flashing eyes and long manes and tails; but altogether the procession was certainly much more brilliant and amusing than on the evening before. And the choristers chanted Litanies, and sometimes trumpets pealed. But immediately after the cathedral cross came a number of downcast-looking men, in all kinds of strange dresses. At first I thought they must have put them on in jest to amuse us; but when I asked Antonia, she said I was a foolish little prattler, and told me to ask no

more questions. Accordingly I kept quiet, and threw all my soul into my eyes, reserving my questions for the future. These men were so strangely dressed, and people mocked and pointed at them as they passed, and some looked angry, and lifted up their hands in horror. I felt sorry for the men, only they looked so very ridiculous. Some had halters round their necks, some bore extinguished torches, and some carried crosses, and were dressed more quietly in black; but others wore a loose vest or zamarra of bright yellow, with a conical pasteboard cap, written all over with large letters. Two or three were still more strangely attired—their bright yellow robes were painted from head to foot with large red and yellow tongues of flame, the points of the flames turning downwards. One man, however, seemed to attract more attention than all the rest.

"Look at him!" exclaimed Antonia; "that is San Roman, the heretic."

He wore the same frightful, yet ridiculous yellow robe, painted all over, like those of the others, with flames; only on his robe I noticed that the flames were turned upwards, as real flames always are. A number of the Black Friars were thronging around him, talking fast and loud, and gesticulating violently, pointing to the flames on his robe, and then thrusting their crosses forward in his face. He seemed to reply nothing, but I thought his lips moved. The monks looked very angry sometimes, and I felt quite afraid they would hurt him;

but he did not look wretched. Sometimes his eyes turned towards the sky, and then I thought he looked very happy. I scarcely know what riveted my eyes so much on him; but I was so busy watching him that, when I looked away, the whole scene had changed. The two wooden stages (on each side of the altar in the middle of the square) which had been empty, were now filled, one with the clergy, the other with the magistrates. Below were ranged the halberdiers; and on one side of the square, where they had erected a flight of steps covered with a magnificent carpet, on three seats, draped with crimson velvet, sate the inquisitors, and near them, on the throne, with the royal arms before it, the public prosecutor representing the king. The crimson damask banner of the Inquisition hung in heavy folds before these seats, surmounted by a crucifix of gold and silver. All this Antonia explained to me. It was all very brilliant—the sunshine, the music, the dresses of the priests and of the ladies, the peasants in all the various gay costumes of the neighbouring districts thronging the square. And on that poor wooden stage also, opposite the inquisitors, the colours were brilliant enough! No Oriental carpets, or Italian velvets, or Mexican gold and silver adorned it; but the yellow san-benitos, with their flaming colours, were there, and that strange man, the heretic, was there also, and I could not keep my eyes from watching him.

At first, I had plenty of time. A friar, Don Barto-

lomé Carranza, ascended one of the pulpits, and preached a sermon which it seemed to me would never end. From time to time, as it went on, the Black Friars, who were on the stage with the men in yellow robes, whispered and gesticulated to San Roman. Sometimes I thought he tried to answer them, but they silenced him at once; and at length he seemed to give up heeding anything they said, and stood calm and still, as if no one had been disturbing him or looking at him.

The preacher, I noticed, often turned towards him.

When the sermon was over, another priest mounted the other pulpit, and, kneeling down, began to say something in a loud voice. Instantly the whole assembly fell on their knees, and among the rest, Antonia made me kneel beside her. The ladies in their brilliant dresses on the court platform, the clergy in white surplices or gorgeous robes, the magistrates on the stages by the altar, the great crowd of peasants in the square, all knelt and repeated something after the priest in the pulpit. I thought it must be the Angelus, and began to say my Ave Maria; and Antonia said I was a good child, but they were repeating the confession of the holy Roman faith.

When I looked to the platform where San Roman was, amongst that multitude of kneeling figures, he alone was standing. The friars looked more angry than ever, when they rose and tried to force him down to kneel before a crucifix. But although he looked very tottering and haggard, he stood his ground, and would not kneel.

An angry murmur burst from the crowd. "The wretched heretic!" said Antonia; "he is worse than a Jew or a pagan. Any one can see he is no Christian."

Then I began to feel I ought to be angry with him too—so obstinate, and worse than a pagan! But when I looked at his tottering frame and calm face, I could not feel angry; I felt sorry for him, and I wondered what it all meant.

I had not much time to think. When the people rose, the halberdiers made a passage through the crowd from the velvet seats to the altar; and the three inquisitors came down, and stood by the altar. Then, one by one, the men in black robes with the extinguished torches, and the men in yellow vests painted with reversed flames, came and knelt by the altar before the inquisitors, and were led away by the friars. These, Antonia said, were the penitents.

I watched for San Roman to descend the steps and kneel before the inquisitors, like the rest. But one by one went down, and still he did not stir, until he was left alone on the platform with the Black Friars. Then again they presented the crucifix to him, and again he refused to kneel, and an angry murmur came from the crowd. I could not quite make out the words; but "No Christian! worse than a pagan! away with him! it is not fit that he should live! to the Brasero—to the Brasero!" reached my ears, as they placed him on an ass in his yellow vest and a strange, conical pasteboard

cap, like the mockery of a mitre. So they led him through the crowd, amidst the jesting and angry gesticulations of the people, and the day's show was over.

The brilliant dresses vanished one by one from the platforms, the priests from the altars, the crowd of peasants from the square; the noise died away in the distance, and we set off to return to our cottage in the garden. As we went home, I hoped all the way we might meet San Roman; but we saw no more of him, or of the crowd.

But as my foster-mother was giving me her parting kiss that night, I ventured to ask her, "Where did they take the man in the yellow robe on the ass? Shall we see him again?"

"He is a heretic; no Christian," said Antonia, with some hesitation; "no, we shall never see him again. They took him to the Brasero; he is burnt."

I sate up in the bed, and said, "*What* is burnt? You mean that frightful dress; but I mean the *man!* that poor man whose limbs tottered so when he tried to walk. What did they do with him?"

"He is burnt, little one, I told you."

"The man?" I said.

"Yes, the man, the heretic," replied Antonia, rather embarrassed at my wondering looks and tears; "he was no Christian, I told you."

Then I remember I burst into a flood of tears. "I

am sorry for him, oh, I am so sorry for him—it must have hurt him so much!"

"But you must not be sorry for him," said Antonia; "you must not cry for him; he is a great criminal, he is a heretic, worse than a murderer."

"But I would be sorry to have a murderer burnt," I sobbed. "Oh, I wish I had never gone—I wish I had never seen him! O Antonia, this is no holiday, this is no *fête!* Was it for this you dressed me in flowers, and garlanded my hair? Oh, promise you will never take me to see anything like that again!"

Antonia tried another mode of consolation.

"Hush, tender-hearted child!" she said; "perhaps it was not so bad, after all."

"But I know," I said—"I know how bad it is, for I burnt my hand once." And Antonia could by no means comfort me, until I sobbed myself asleep.

So ended the day of the *auto* to me.

I heard afterwards how it ended for San Roman. He refused, when he reached the stake, to purchase any mitigation of his suffering by confessing or abjuring his heresies. If he would have retracted, he might have been strangled, and thus have escaped the agony of being burnt alive. But heaven was too near him, and God was too near him, for him thus to betray his Master.

He was fastened to the stake. As the flames reached him, his head sank. The friars around him exclaimed

he was penitent, and had him taken out of the flames.

"*Did you envy me my happiness?*" he said; and they thrust him in again.

In an instant, the smoke suffocated him.

In one sense, then, my foster-mother was right; it was not so painful to San Roman, after all, as I thought.

Thus perished the first Protestant martyr in Spain.

Was it not God who ordered it so that he should be withdrawn for that moment from the flames, to give the dying testimony which has inspired so many since. And is it indeed possible that to some of these martyrs the soul within the perishing body is happy and unmoved, as of old the bodies of the three martyrs in the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar? Must there not indeed be a joy in suffering for Christ, which none but those who thus suffer can conceive?

CHAPTER II.

TREASURE TROVE.

THE next day I returned to my own home in Valladolid. I found my mother looking very sad, and when I poured forth the history of the last two days and my grief for San Roman, she showed an indignation such as I scarcely ever remembered to have seen in her gentle face.

"How could Antonia take my child to see such horrors?"

"But was he indeed so bad?" I asked. "Was he no Christian?"

"San Roman no Christian!" she exclaimed. "He died for nothing but for being too good a Christian."

Then, with a timid gesture, looking around her as if she dreaded the echo of her own voice, she said, in a lower tone, "Never speak of that wretched day again, Dolores. It will be long before I trust my children from under my roof again."

But from that time things seemed changed at our home. Since my mother's widowhood, she had returned

to the house of our grandmother, Leanor de Vibero Cazalla. There had often been mysterious visitors on Sundays at our house, and mysterious proceedings, which were matters of much speculation among the younger children. The elder ones had one by one been admitted into the secret, but they kept it inviolably from us, and to all our inquiries replied only, "Wait a little and you will know."

But now these visitors seemed to come oftener, and those mysterious meetings were more regular. Perhaps, also, that terrible *auto* had awakened my mind from the happy unconsciousness of childhood into which it never again relapsed. Certainly from that day my life begins to unroll more consecutively and clearly to my memory. Continually persons would meet each other at our house, and gather together in little knots in low earnest conversation. Occasionally also they would sit, eagerly discussing some of the strange books which now began to be brought to our house. Among these were persons of all races, ranks, and occupations—Juan Garcia, the silversmith; Antonio de Herezuelo, a famous advocate from Toro; Don Cristobal de Padilla, a knight; two of my younger uncles, Pedro, afterwards parish priest of Hormigos, and Francisco, afterwards cura of Pedrosa. Many ladies of rank also came, and some who had devoted themselves to works of piety, as Beatas, or uncloistered nuns without conventual rules. There were servants also among those who then frequented our house

—Isabella and Anton Minguez, and sometimes Antonia. But the leading man amongst them at that time, to whom all the rest seemed to defer, was Domingo de Rojas, son of the Marquis de Poza, a Dominican friar. There was all the dignity of the old Castilian noble of pure blood about him, fascinating beyond expression to my childish imagination. He was not, I suppose, much used to children, and there was in his manner a kind of knightly deference to me and my little sisters, which charmed us exceedingly. It was as if we had a kind of double sacredness in his eyes, the sacredness of womanhood and childhood. His bearing towards us seemed moulded at once by the precepts of chivalry, and the more hallowed precepts of our Saviour with regard to children—Honour to women, blended with, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

I remember his once saying to me when he found me studying diligently an illuminated copy of the Gospels in Latin, "You would wish one day to be like the holy women in that book, Doña Dolores?"

"No, Don Domingo," I replied, very gravely. "I should not; I should like to be as good as my mother, and like her; not a holy woman, not a nun or a Beata."

He smiled. "But if we can find a way for you to be a holy woman, without being a nun or a Beata? Our Lord said, that those who love Him and keep His words, are blessed and dear to Him as His own blessed mother."

"Blessed as Maria purissima!"

"But do you know what it is to keep His words?" he asked.

"What are His words?" I said.

"They are in that book you are looking at," he replied.

"But it is a priest's book. It is Latin," I said; "I cannot read it."

"Suppose I could get you the Holy Gospels in Castilian, so that you could read them?"

"Could you, indeed?" I exclaimed, eagerly.

"We will ask the Doña Costanza, your mother," he replied. And so that conversation ended.

This was about four years after that dreadful *auto;* and on that very afternoon happened the accident which determined the whole course of my life.

I was walking with my youngest sister, five years younger than myself, when a cry of alarm arose in the street, and, turning round, I saw a riderless horse rushing towards us. I remember seizing my little sister and pushing her under an open doorway; and then I remember nothing more until (many days afterwards) I found myself lying in much pain on a little bed in my mother's room, and seeing my mother's eyes fixed with anxious tenderness on me. Had she been watching me with such a look ever since? I stretched out my hand to feel hers, then closed my eyes again with a dreamy, mingled sense of pain and love. When I opened them again, she was kneeling by my bedside. Her eyes were

looking heavenward, and were streaming with silent tears. That time I did not close my eyes again. I said, "Speak to me, mother."

But instead of speaking to me, she rose and gave me a long, quiet kiss, and then kneeling down again, looked up and said in a faltering voice,—

"Father, we will speak to Thee first. Thou lovest us —Thou hast heard us—Thou givest me back my child —I give her to Thee—she is Thine. Thou blessed Saviour, who knowest the mother's heart and the widow's, Thou hast said to me, 'Weep not.' Say it to her. Thou Good Shepherd, who gatherest the lambs in Thy bosom, and bearest the sick on Thy shoulder, deal tenderly with this sick lamb. Thou wilt not fail. I commit her to Thee."

She prayed longer, but not with the voice—with tears. I watched her lips move, until a delicious feeling of calm stole over me, and I must have fallen asleep. When I awoke she was still there, and beside her some food and cooling drinks, which she gave me. Then the scene in the street flashed on me, and I said,—

"Is little Costanza safe?"

"Quite safe, dear child, and unhurt," was the reply, and I lay still again.

So gradually I recovered, and learned what had happened to me, and by degrees, as I could bear, came to understand what my future life must be. I had been thrown down and stunned by the horse we had seen

madly dashing down on us in the narrow street. I had received injuries which must, it was thought, make me a cripple for life. But it was only by slow degrees that we all came to this conviction.

At times I suffered much pain from the setting of the dislocated and broken joints, but I had many intervals of rest. I have often since been glad to have learned what pain is. How much else I learned, or began to learn, on that bed of suffering, I shall know more fully in the better world in which I hope soon to awaken, and meet my mother's eyes again; and not my mother's only, nor first.

My mother devoted herself entirely to me during the first weeks of my recovery. From that time there was a bond between us stronger and closer than any which bound us to any beside on earth. She used to sit beside me, and, as I could bear it, tell me stories to wile away the suffering hours. They were mostly sacred stories. Day or night she was always ready; and the voice and the words are blended so closely in my memory, that now when I read the same histories, they always seem to me full of the music of my mother's voice.

First and dearest were histories of the days of the Son of God on earth; of cripples and blind, maimed and palsied, whom He touched, "every one of them," and healed; of the widow to whom He said, "Weep not;" of the sisters with whom He wept; of the outcasts He suffered to wash His feet, and addressed with such com-

passion; of the well where He sat weary at noon, which I thought must be like the old stone-rimmed well in Antonia's garden; of the olive garden, where He was in agony; of the cross and the tomb, where Mary Magdalene waited so hopelessly, and saw Him risen. Most beautiful and touching histories, I thought, connected, too, with us, I knew, as no other histories are; and yet I often used to wonder how. It was so long ago, and I could not touch even the hem of His garment now! I used to think, "If I had only lived then!" but it was very long before I said this even to my mother. So many dim thoughts lie hidden in the deep fountains of a child's heart, until some sudden light of sympathy, or memory, reveals them. But meantime no histories were half so sweet to me as those, and I would have listened to them for ever, at least while my mother told them.

Then there were other histories which stirred up other feelings; old stories of my nation, of the only nation whose earliest history is no mere mass of wild and distorted legend, but a true narrative of human sin and sorrow, and faith and endurance, and Divine power and pity and righteousness. Tender home-histories, like the first, I loved best; of Isaac, the long-promised son, and Rachel, the beloved wife, and Joseph, and faithful Ruth; only not so sweet as the first, because I missed in them the voice of the Saviour, and the touch of His healing hand. I used to think, however, that those few years of the visible presence of the Son of God were different

from all the other ages of the world's history, and that we must have fallen back again into the dimmer time of those older histories, when, as I thought, God lived far away in heaven.

Then there were other histories which struck quite other chords in my heart—of Gideon, and Deborah, and Samson, and King David, and Queen Esther; histories of wrongs redressed, and the oppressed set free, and victories won by our people of old; histories which made me exult to be a Hebrew maiden, until my heart sank again to think I was a cripple, and I longed for the days of miracle in Galilee to come back once more.

But there was one thing which weighed much on my mind. From time to time the conversation I have related between myself and Don Domingo de Rojas on the day of my accident kept recurring to me, partly, no doubt, because it was the last thing which had been in my thoughts before the accident.

I could not forget that I had said to him I did not wish ever to be a holy woman, a Santa, a nun, or a Beata, and the idea would continually occur to me that those were very wicked words to have spoken, and that God had punished me for them by letting the horse trample on me. Often it seemed to me as if I heard an angry voice saying to me, "You would not be a holy woman in the way I offered you, now I will make you one in mine. You shall have no pleasure any more, and never join again in *fête*, or dance, or song, but lie here

shut out from the bright world for ever like a nun; only the bars of your convent shall be stronger than iron; they shall be riveted by disease and pain, and no hand shall be able to set you free." Yet I never would venture to utter this fear; it seemed too terrible to put into words. Sometimes when my mother told me the histories about Jesus, I thought that terrible sentence could never be from God; it seemed so little like the words He spoke even to the most sinful! And once I remember, when my mother told me the story of the fall, of the lie the devil made Eve believe about God, I wondered for an instant if the thought could be a temptation, and was on the point of telling all to my mother. But then I remembered the history of the cities which were destroyed by fire and brimstone, and buried beneath the bitter waters of the Dead Sea; and of the man and woman who were smitten for the lie; and my lips were sealed. I often tried to pray, but this vision of an angry God, who was punishing me, seemed to chill my heart.

This went on for some time, until one day I saw—what I ought to have seen many days before—how very worn and pale my mother was looking, and it flashed on me that I was wearing out her strength by exacting such continual watching. The thought went like a dagger to my heart. "Oh, mother," I said, "I am making you ill! You get no sleep; you must leave me; you must not watch me so much."

"My child," she said, "how can I leave you? Who can soothe you in your pain but me? Often you cannot bear the sound of any other voice."

"I will try to bear the pain without hearing yours so much," I said. "If I made you ill, I could never bear that!"

And from that time I tried never again to wake her at night to soothe me with the stories I loved so much; so she had unbroken sleep, and I was very soon rewarded by seeing the haggard look pass from her face. But although my pain grew less, I could scarcely stir from my couch, and the long nights often passed very wearily. Sometimes, too, such sad and dark thoughts came to me; and especially the tones of the great church-bells, as they struck from hour to hour, fell on my heart like a knell. They seemed to bring back the terrible morning when they tolled for the *auto* for San Roman. At length one day it occurred to me to ask my mother if there were any books in which the histories she told me were written; I thought I could read them sometimes by the lamp-light at night, and they would be like companions.

She hesitated a moment, and then said,—

"Yes; it is a secret; but I can trust you now. I have a book in which all these stories are printed in Castilian."

"The stories about the Saviour?" I said, eagerly.

"No, not those," she replied; "I have not yet the

book in which they are, except in Latin, in that illuminated volume you used to be so fond of."

"Are all those beautiful stories there," I asked, "in the priest's book? Why are they only in the priest's book? I should like every one to know them."

"Perhaps every one will know them soon," she replied, joyfully. "A good man has lately translated them into Castilian, and soon I hope a friend will bring us a copy. But meantime you shall have the other."

So saying, she touched the oaken wainscot near the head of my bed, and, by a secret spring opening a sliding panel, took out a large old book, very carefully kept, and bound in vellum.

"This book," she said, "is one of our greatest family treasures. You have heard how, about sixty years ago (in 1492), every man, woman, and child of our nation was expelled from Spain, and driven houseless and friendless over the wide world, except those who would abandon the Jewish customs, and become what they called Christians—that is, hear mass, and confess to the priests. Hundreds and thousands of our people perished in those wanderings. They died all kinds of horrible deaths, by cold and hunger, and among the cruel Moors of Barbary, whither many of them fled. But some reached places of safety, and lived and prospered in other lands. Some settled in Venice. They had taken the sacred books with them, and they did not forget their countrymen left in Spain. They printed a copy of

the Old Testament in Spanish at Venice in 1497, only five years after their exile. Many copies of this precious book reached the Jews who had professed Christianity; and among them this copy reached my grandmother Costanza Ortiz, who lived in this house, and had this cunning place made for it. I never told you before, but Costanza Ortiz was suspected of relapsing to Judaism, and your grandfather, her son-in-law, my father, had great difficulty in saving our family from the disgrace of having her bones exhumed and burned."

"But was she indeed no Christian?" I asked.

"I do not know," was the reply; "there was little in the kind of Christianity they forced her to profess to make her, or any one, understand what Jesus is—the Christ, the true Messiah."

"But you are a Christian, mother?" I said. "It does not make people unchristian to read this book, or you would not put it in my hands."

"No, indeed, dear child," she said, with a tender smile; "I will read you a passage, and you shall see."

She read the 53rd of Isaiah; and from that time the sacred book became my nightly friend—but only at night. By day it was safely restored to its retreat, and often, as the panel closed, I longed for night to come again, that I might read.

Still there were many parts of the book which rather increased my trouble. There was much about anger against the wicked, and judgment; and although I

dimly felt there was a connection between this and the stories about the Saviour which might help me, I could not find the link. The narratives and threats of judgment in the Old Testament still seemed to me terribly to explain the facts of my life, whilst the stories of healing and compassion in the history of Jesus shone like a beautiful but unearthly star set in the dark night of the world's history.

This went on, until, one sleepless night, as I leaned quietly out of my little bed and pushed back the mysterious panel to draw out my companion, the Castilian Old Testament, my hand touched the corner of another book instead. Curious to see what this might be, I drew it out, and placing it beside the lamp on the little table by my bed, began to read it. It was also in Castilian. My eyes rested first on this passage :—

"Christ's victory is the overcoming of the law of sin, our flesh, the world, the devil, death, hell, and all evils; and this victory He hath given unto us." "Although, then, these tyrants and these enemies of ours do accuse us and make us afraid, yet can they not drive us to despair, nor condemn us; for Christ, whom God the Father hath raised from the dead, is our righteousness and victory."

"For, indeed, Christ is no cruel exactor, but a Forgiver of the sins of the whole world. Wherefore if thou be a sinner, as, indeed, we all are, set not Christ down on the rainbow throne as a Judge, lest thou shouldst be terrified,

and despair of His mercy; but take hold of this true definition, namely, that Christ the Son of God, and of the Virgin, is a Person not that terrifieth, not that afflicteth, not that condemneth us of sin, not that demandeth of us an account for our life evil passed, but hath given Himself for our sins, and with one oblation hath put away the sins of the whole world, hath fastened them upon the cross, and put them clean out by Himself."

"For God hath revealed unto us by His Word that He will be unto us a merciful Father, and, without our deserts (seeing we can deserve nothing), will freely give unto us remission of sins, righteousness, and life everlasting, for Christ His Son's sake; for God giveth His gifts freely unto all men, and that is the praise and glory of His divinity."

"Christ, then, is no Moses, no exactor, no giver of laws, but a Giver of grace, a Saviour, and One that is full of mercy. Briefly, He is nothing else but infinite mercy and goodness, freely given, and bountifully giving unto us. And thus shall you paint out Christ in His true colours. If you suffer Him any otherwise to be painted out unto you, when temptation and trouble cometh, you shall soon be overthrown. Now, as it is the greatest knowledge and skill that Christians can have thus to define Christ, so of all things it is the hardest. For I myself, even in this great light of the gospel wherein I have been so long exercised, have much ado to hold this definition of Christ which Paul here giveth, so

deeply hath the doctrine and pestilent opinion that Christ is a Lawgiver entered, even as it were oil, into my bones. You young men, therefore, are in this case much more happy than we that are old; for ye are not infected with these pernicious errors wherein I have been so nursed and drowned, even from my youth, that at the very hearing of the name of Christ my heart hath quaked for fear, for I was persuaded that He was a severe Judge. Wherefore it is to me a double travail and trouble to correct and reform this evil; first, to forget, to condemn, and to resist this old-grounded error that Christ is a Lawgiver and a Judge, for it always returneth and plucketh me back; then to plant in my heart a true persuasion of Christ that He is a Justifier and a Saviour. Ye, I say, that are young, may learn with much less difficulty to know Christ purely and sincerely, if ye will. Wherefore if any man feel himself oppressed with heaviness and anguish of heart, he must not impute it unto Christ, although it come under the name of Christ, but unto the devil, who oftentimes cometh under the colour of Christ, and transformeth himself into an angel of light. Let us learn, therefore, to put a difference between Christ and a lawgiver, not only in word, but also in deed and practice, that when the devil comes under the shadow of Christ, and shall go about to trouble us under His name, we may know him not to be Christ, but a very fiend indeed. For Christ, when He cometh, is nothing else but joy and sweetness to a trembling and broken

heart, as here Paul witnesseth, who setteth Him out with His most sweet and comfortable title, when he saith, '*Which loved me, and gave Himself for me.*' Christ, therefore, in very deed, is a lover of those which are in trouble and anguish, in sin and death; such a lover as gave Himself for us, who is also our High Priest, that is to say, a Mediator between God and us wretched, miserable sinners."

"I am covered under the shadow of Christ's wings, as is the chicken under the wing of the hen, and dwell without all fear under that most ample heaven of the forgiveness of sins."

I did not read any more. The volume before me did not seem like a lifeless book, but like the voice of a friend who had known all my perplexities, and spoke to my inmost heart. I leaned my head on the pages of the book as if it had been a living, throbbing heart, and resolved to try to speak to Him of whom it spoke.

I had always daily said my prayers, and devoutly, I believed, as a religious duty which was in some way to do me good; but that night I found out something entirely new to me. I found there was One unseen at hand who could hear the cries of my heart, and that this One was Love, and had been loving me. I said,—

"My Saviour, my God, hast Thou indeed been loving me all this time, and drawing me to Thee, whilst I thought Thou wast my adversary, and driving me from

Thee? I come; I am Thine; I understand Thee now; do with me what Thou wilt; I am not afraid of Thee, or of anything Thou wilt do for me."

And then the old troubling thought came on me, illuminated with quite a new meaning, as if I had suddenly discovered the cipher of God's providence, and could read it right:—

"I would not be a Santa, a holy woman, of my own free will; so Thou hast laid Thine hand on me, and wilt make me holy in Thine own way. My Saviour! it is the hand which was pierced for me which is laid on me. It will not be too heavy; I am not afraid. Thou shalt be my Physician; I will not struggle out of Thy hands."

Thus hours passed away, until a feeling of such sweet calm came over me as when first I looked up and met my mother's eyes after my accident. I had met the eyes of my Father in heaven, of my Saviour! They had been watching me longer than my mother's.

Before morning I fell asleep, still with my arms clasped round the book, and my forehead leaning on the open pages.

I was awaked by my mother's touch. She looked anxious and alarmed; but I drew her face down to mine, and said, "O mother, I never was so happy in my life! I have found out how God loves me!" She mingled her tears with mine, and I continued, "This suffering of mine is not in anger, it is in love. He is only drawing me nearer to Him by this means. I thought He was

angry and silent to me; but at last I understand Him, and I am so happy."

For some minutes she spoke no more, and then she said,—

"I can only give thanks, let the cost be what it may;" and kneeling down beside my bed, she prayed, in a few broken words,—

"Better than all gifts Thou couldst have given my child is this! I had not courage to unseal the truth to her. Forgive me! Thou hast done it. To Thee be all the praise. Thou wilt give us all the strength we need, for Jesus' sake!"

Then she rose and carefully replaced the book in its hiding-place.

"What danger, what cost do you speak of, mother?" I whispered.

"My child," she replied, "it was for reading and loving that book, and others like it, that the Inquisition burned that holy martyr of God, Francisco San Roman."

The book was Martin Luther's "Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians," translated into Castilian.

CHAPTER III.

CONTRABAND WARES.

CHRIST is the door of the fold. The Church is not the door; it is the fold. Not through the Church do we come to Christ: through Christ we enter the Church, one by one. We come to Him helpless, destitute, guilty. He receives us, takes us by the hand, and leads us in. And then we find ourselves in a new world. The gate is strait, but the fold is wide —wide as the world—wide as heaven and earth. I had the key now, and I knew what those mysterious assemblies in our house meant. Henceforth they were frequently held in the room in which my couch was placed. The books—my precious midnight companions —were brought from their concealment. Our hereditary Old Testament was laid reverently on a table before Don Domingo de Rojas, with the illuminated Latin gospels; and he read a psalm, or some chapters from the prophets, and translated passages from the Gospels—sometimes the stories of miracles and suffering my mother had told me, and sometimes parables which were new to me.

And then all knelt together, and Don Domingo prayed. At times other voices would join, and among them my uncles Pedro and Francisco. The prayers were very simple, in few words, but fervent, as if spoken "seeing Him" who, "invisible," surely was in the midst of us.

I had received the key to the living Church, and to the Bible. And that key was the cross. "*He loved me, and gave Himself for me.*" There was nothing in my conversion peculiar to my position in the Roman Church. All men and women in all external churches, or out of all, need it equally. It was simply that I threw aside Satan's lie about God, and believed God's truth about Himself. I had learnt that God not only is the Friend of man, the bountiful Giver of all good—(the truth of Eden); but that He has delivered up His Son for us all, making peace with us through the blood of His cross,—the truth for a fallen world, the truth which will make the paradise above more blessed than ever Eden was. The Roman doctrines had never troubled me; my mother had not inculcated them. To the outward ceremonies and ordinances of the Roman Church we had always conformed; nor do I know that the truth which had set my inmost heart at liberty would have made it difficult for me to conform to them still. My mind was neither sceptical nor logical. I was content to receive many things as a matter of course, setting my own meaning on them when I could, and when I could not make them correspond with

account of his active share in the persecutions of Queen Mary's reign ; the friend of the Protestants in Spain, the burner of Protestants in England ; the preacher of the sermon at the martyrdom of San Roman, and himself a prisoner of the Inquisition, on accusation of heresy, for seventeen years, submitting at last to a recantation or public penance at Rome, from the effects of which, it is said, he died.

Fray Carranza taught Don Domingo de Rojas much of the living truth of justification by faith in Christ, and then exhorted him to be prudent, and to run no risks. He might as well have planted a young oak in a frail glass vase, and exhorted it not to injure the glass. Six members of Don Domingo's own family, and other noble families connected with his, suffered in various ways in the *autos* of 1560. Don Domingo himself wrote books which edified us much ; but he did more by circulating among us the works of Valdes, the secretary of the Viceroy of Naples ; and translations in Castilian of the writings of the great German and Swiss Reformers, such as that commentary on the Galatians which had proved such a treasure to me. It was Don Domingo who made me understand how contrary the sacrifice of the mass and the doctrine of purgatory are to the truth of the finished sacrifice and redemption of our Saviour.

No one can understand the treasure these foreign books were to us. Most of them were printed in the

Low Countries. I shall never forget the joy of our little company at the arrival of one packet.

One evening when we were assembled together for reading and prayer, my mother was summoned from the room to superintend the unpacking of "a packet of dresses and lace just arrived from France." A look of understanding passed from one to another; but no one said anything, until my mother returned with a little dwarf of a muleteer staggering under the weight of a package larger than himself. "Julianillo! Julianillo!" burst in delighted surprise from the lips of all present. Don Domingo, the dignified Don Carlos de Seso, and his wife, the Princess Isabella of Castile, to my surprise, arose to greet the stranger, and eagerly relieved him of his load. The noblemen embraced him; Don Domingo called him brother; Don Carlos exclaimed he was a greater hero than the Cid Campeador; "because," he said, "you, Don Hernandez, fight single-handed, your dangers are tenfold greater, your reward is nothing earthly, your cause the noblest in heaven or earth."

The little man seemed overwhelmed for an instant; but with the native dignity of a Castilian peasant, and the lowly dignity of a Christian, he soon recovered himself.

"I am only Julian the Little, he said; my chief qualification for my service is my smallness. People look on me with a good-natured compassion, and suspect no harm from such an insignificant creature. Many a custom-

house officer has condescendingly assisted me to carry the very wares he was most strenuously enjoined to exclude; and many a time have I lain concealed in holes and corners into which no mortal of ordinary size could have squeezed himself."

"But your name must become known at last," said my mother, kindly; "you must be careful, Don Hernandez."

"What could sustain you in such perils," said Don Carlos, "but a faith such as perhaps few of us possess!

"Do not give me credit for too much, gentlemen," was the reply; "my faith is weak indeed. Many a time my heart has almost ceased to beat as I lay concealed, and almost felt the breath of those who were searching the house for forbidden wares, on my face."

"Yet you continue?"

"God keeps me," he said solemnly; "and besides," he added gaily, "do you think there is no pleasure in seeing a good-natured brawny soldier help me in carrying for a mile the very wares he was on guard to keep out, or in receiving the confidences of the custom-house officers as to certain dangerous persons who are circulating heretical books and poisoning the very heart of Spain? But enough about me."

Meantime the precious package had been uncorded and opened; and scattered on the floor lay pamphlets and books, the discovery of any one of which amongst

us would have sent the whole company to the prisons of the Inquisition or the Brasero.

I often wonder whether the excitement of these difficulties did not give a zest to the reading of the books. Bibles, in Dutch, are now read openly in every parish church in Holland; but I scarcely see such eagerness to read them anywhere as then among us in Spain.

In this package were several copies of the most precious book of all, the New Testament, translated into Castilian by our countryman, Francisco de Enzinas (or Dryander), at Louvain. The copy which became our especial property happened to be one of those original ones which had been submitted to the censure of the monks of Louvain, and contained in the title-page the original title, with the cancellings insisted on by the monks,—"The New Testament, that is, the New Covenant of our only Redeemer and Saviour Jesus Christ, translated from Greek into the Castilian language." The friars had insisted on having the words "New Covenant," and "only," cancelled as heretical; and to me these cancellings were so many emphatic marks. How often have I pressed that book to my heart with the adoring thought, "Our *only* Redeemer and Saviour Jesus Christ!"

Those books were the precious seeds of new life to many. How many, the day alone can declare! But the fires of the Inquisition have revealed hundreds.

Those present at our house that night, leaving at dif-

ferent times, and by different doors, in order to avoid suspicion, bore away with them copies of the New Testament, of some treatise of Valdes, or of the German Reformers. They reached the interior of many convents, especially the nunnery of Santa Clara and the Cistercian convent of San Belen. A great number of these sisters embraced the Reformed doctrine; and besides these, of devout and honourable women, not a few, especially among the Beatas, or women who had learned the vanity of the world and devoted themselves to works of mercy, without binding themselves with any monastic rule.

Many a history has been poured into my ears as I lay on my little bed. From so many sides, by such varied attractions, people were led into the light. To some, it was chiefly a setting at liberty from bondage; to others, an opening of blind eyes to the wonders of a new world of love and light; to others again, a breathing of the breath of life into a framework of inanimate and disconnected duties; to all, in some measure, all of these.

The majority of the converts were among the young and the highly educated. Some came back from mercantile expeditions to Germany and the Netherlands impressed with the new doctrine. Many more of the courtiers in the suite of the Emperor Charles and of King Philip brought back the evangelical truth from Brussels or from London. Not a few who had been appointed to refute the Protestants in Germany or to persecute them

in England, returned to Spain, convinced by the arguments they had vainly tried to answer, or the enduring faith they had vainly sought to extinguish. Two chaplains of the Emperor Charles were among these; one, Constantine Ponce de la Fuente of Seville, and the other my own uncle, Augustin Cazalla, second and last pastor of the Reformed Church at Valladolid.

Many others were led to embrace the Protestant side by the reports which began to be circulated through the country of the abuses of the Council of Trent, by the Spanish bishops who had attended it.

Youth, rank, enlightenment, learning, all that was aspiring and free in thought, all that was noble and truthful in character, were on our side. The Reform was the advanced post of the age; the Bible, and the thoughts of the Reformers about it, was the newest literature of the generation; and what this might have developed into, had it been allowed free development, I cannot say. Persecution consecrated the best, and crushed the rest. But there was a healthy, joyous excitement, a morning freshness in those years, when truth was a new thing, dear for its freshness as well as for itself. The names I mention are all the names of martyrs; some who sealed their testimony with life, and some who still perhaps are suffering for their convictions in dungeons and monastic cells, if any such are indeed yet left on earth. God help them if such there are!

Doña Ana Henriquez de Rojas, one of Don Domingo's family, would often come and read with me. She would read the books we loved in Latin, and would often translate to me, or vary the hours by singing to the accompaniment of her harp. She was young then, and was afterwards married to Don Juan Alonso de Fonseca Mexia.

For I must not give the impression that the Reformed religion was the one only purpose and thought of those around me. Human life was ever flowing on with its deep current of feeling, its little eddies of perplexity and trial, its silent places in the shadows, and its joyous music in the sunshine. Only the great chasm which swallowed up all those various streams at once often drowns to my memory, in the roar of its terrible fall, all the changes that came before. But no one round me then had any more conception of that catastrophe than the quiet stream a mile above some great falls of what awaits it. Every day was as everyday to us then as to me now; only the joys and cares of every day were bright with the new light from heaven, and with new and glorious hopes for the destiny of Spain.

About the year 1562, six or seven years after that martyrdom of San Roman which awakened so many a dreaming heart among us, and burst the icy spell of reserve which had concealed us from each other, my uncle, Augustin Cazalla, chaplain to the Emperor Charles, returned from the Netherlands, and settled at

Salamanca. Often, however, he used to come and cheer us with tidings from the countries where the Reformation had originated, and was now openly acknowledged. Listening to his narratives, I used to picture to myself the German cities as so many antitypes of the heavenly Jerusalem, full of holy light, and happy beings rejoicing in it. He had much to tell us also of our countrymen who had joined the Reformed Churches: of the three brothers Enzinas (or Dryander, as they were called among the community of the learned), the "evergreen oaks" of Spain,—Jayme, martyred at Rome, whither he had repaired in obedience to his father; Juan, medical professor at Marburg; Francisco, whose translation of the New Testament was my most precious treasure. The history of these three brothers seemed to me like those of the brother apostles in the Gospels; and I often thought how it showed that the same gracious Son of man, who called His disciples of old in pairs, two brothers or two bosom friends, was ruling His Church still. It is remarkable among our Spanish martyrs how many were of the same family.

Then there was the marvellous escape of Francisco Enzinas. Imprisoned for fifteen months at Brussels by the Emperor, who had previously received his translation of the Testament with apparent favour, one day he found the prison-doors open, no one could ever explain how; and walking out without any hindrance, made his way unopposed and undetected, through hosts of spies,

police, and soldiers, to Wittenberg, although the portraits of the Reformed preachers were exhibited everywhere in the Netherlands, with rewards set on their heads. I had no more doubt that it was an angel's hand who opened those doors, and guided the servant of God to the place of refuge, than when I read a similar history of St. Peter in the Castilian version of the same Enzinas.

Then there was the tragic story of two other Spanish brothers, Alfonso and Juan Diaz. Juan was led to embrace the evangelical doctrine by the martyr Jayme Enzinas. His brother Alfonso continued an adherent of the Roman faith. After vainly endeavouring to win back Juan to the Church, Alfonso changed his manner, and professed to be moved by Juan's arguments. Whilst pretending this interest, he was trying by all kinds of treacherous plans to tempt the unsuspecting Juan into Italy, into the hands of the priests. Failing in these plans, he professed to take an increasing interest in Juan's pleadings from the Scriptures; and at length parted from him, expressing the warmest gratitude for his spiritual teaching, and forcing on him a sum of money. One night, not many days after this, when Juan was peacefully asleep in his lodging at Neuburg, Alfonso arrived at the gate, and sent up a letter to his brother. Scarcely staying to dress, Juan joyfully hurried out to meet his brother—a brother, he hoped, indeed in Christ. He met an assassin in the bearer of Alfonso's letter, and fell under one stroke of his axe. Alfonso had

waited at the foot of the stairs, to assist in the murder if necessary. But it was not necessary. Juan had too entirely trusted him to attempt any defence. All the efforts of the Protestant princes could obtain no justice for this deed. The fratricide appeared openly at the Council of Trent, and in the best society at Rome. "Brother against brother." The words started up in terrible reality to me whenever I read them afterwards.

My uncle Augustin also preached more than once before the abdicated Emperor at his retreat at St. Juste. The Emperor could not have had a keen scent in detecting heresy, since three, at least, of his favourite preachers —Augustin Cazalla, Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, and the Archbishop Carranza—were so deeply tinged with it.

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHT THROUGH LEON AND CASTILE.

THE year 1555 was a year rich in happy intercourse to me. It was five years after my accident, and my strength began to revive. I was able, with assistance, to leave the house; and it was like having the visions of a romance transformed into realities to go and visit in their homes those whose histories had become so familiar to me on my bed of suffering. How wide the world seemed to me after that long imprisonment!

The city of Valladolid seemed to have become a consecrated place since last I walked in its streets. The Great Square was the most sacred place of all to me; hallowed, not so much by the shadow of the great church, as by the memory of that one despised, forsaken man, in a yellow dress of infamy, whose heroic endurance had been the spark which enkindled so many hearts around me.

Then the grim walls of the prisons of the Inquisition had a terrible interest for us; there San Roman had been

tortured, not accepting deliverance: whilst the walls of two convents, that of St. Catharine and San Belen, scarcely less grim outwardly, were to me but the rough caskets of precious jewels of God; for in St. Catharine dwelt the Lady Maria de Rojas, one of the many amongst Don Domingo's kindred whom the truth had set free; and in San Belen dwelt seven nuns whose names I knew well, and recognized too well when I heard of them in after-years as victims at the great *auto.* Seven nuns—seven martyrs not in any Roman calendar—seven names written in heaven!

Then there was the Brasero, without the walls, where San Roman had perished in the flames, leaving us, as his last testimony, the proof what Christ can make death by fire to those who love Him. There the stake had been raised; there the flames had raged; there the glorious words had been heard as they thrust him back to be stifled in the smoke, "*Did you envy me my happiness?*"

Yes; these were consecrated places to us at Valladolid —consecrated by martyrs' ashes. There are more now, but the worshippers are gone. Honour to the Royal Guards who dared to gather San Roman's ashes as sacred relics, and were imprisoned for it! and to the English ambassador, who was banished many months from the Spanish Court for honouring in like manner those poor charred bones!

My mother thought at this time my health might be

entirely restored by change of scene and air. Accordingly, I was sent on a tour to various places in the kingdom of Leon and the Castiles, where we had relations and friends.

My Aunt Beatriz's faithful servant, Anton Minguez, was to be my muleteer and guard, and my dear sister Costanza my companion. This younger sister, who had been so narrowly saved from the accident which had crippled me, was bound to me by many ties. She persisted, and persists still, in regarding her life as purchased by my sufferings; because, by a natural instinct, I thought of saving the little helpless one before I secured myself. She had been the first, except my mother, to be admitted to my sick-room. Her little loving ways soothed me better than my medicines; and her bright childish looks, as I recovered, were to me for many months instead of sunshine, and flowers, and birds, and all the bright natural things I was debarred from. And when the sunshine from heaven entered my heart, and it became summer there, I had something to give her back. I taught her to read from the New Testament; and from the Gospels she learned to love Him who is Himself the glad tidings—in Himself at once the Word of life, the Life, our Summer, and our Sun.

To me Costanza was at once a sister and a child; and a happier little party never set out than we three that day from our house in Valladolid. My mother watched us from the door. On her face was a shade of

anxiety, which shadowed my own heart a little; but I said to her,—

"Mother, I shall come back the strongest of your thirteen."

My hopes overcame her fears, and she followed us with smiles.

A baggage-mule preceded us; and we rode, Basque-fashion, on a kind of pannier or cushion on each side of the mule. Anton walked beside us.

Our first halt was at my foster-mother's. She had grown aged; but she tottered from her seat in the doorway when she heard the steps of our mule, and was watching us when we came in sight.

"My darling has come back," she said, with the forgetfulness of time which so often heralds our ceasing to have to do with time. "She has forgiven her poor old Antonia at last."

"Oh, Antonia, I had nothing to forgive! You meant it all so kindly; and you were right, after all, when you tried to comfort me by saying San Roman did not suffer so much. You remember he was happy in the fire."

"Say it again, darling. Indeed, I meant him no harm. I did not take a stick to those dreadful faggots. Say it again, darling. Was he happy in spite of all? then God will forgive me. Do you think he is in heaven after all, and will ask the blessed Lord to forgive me?"

It was quite hopeless to disentangle Antonia's ideas. I could only tell her, for the hundredth time, about the

dying martyr of old, the first, and of his last words, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." She responded, as so often before, "Lord, lay not this sin to *my* charge;" and I told her the blessed Saviour was infinitely more compassionate than Stephen or San Roman. And she would drink in the comfort for the time, until I came again, and the old distress returned, and the old history brought the same consolation.

But at last, one day not long after this, before we returned to Valladolid, a gleam of sudden light seemed to come into her poor confused mind; and she rose in her bed, and told those around her the whole story of dying Stephen, which she still strangely blended with that of San Roman; and adding, as usual, "Lord, lay not this sin to *my* charge," she fell back, and died.

And I feel sure the old distress will never return to her now, and that nothing shall be laid to her charge for ever; "for it is Christ that died."

We rested some little time at the garden, and partook of some raisins dried from the grapes of the preceding autumn. It was new to Costanza, and her enjoyment of everything redoubled mine.

Our destination was Toro. Our road lay for a great part of the way along the banks of the Duero. The undulating plain over which we passed was green with the delicious green of young corn. It was like a healing dew to my eyes; refreshing as sleep, after the hot white

walls of the town. We rode on in silence. There was little variety: only the undulating green plain, one gentle swell following another like the sea—a sea of verdure, in which my eyes bathed; the plain, and the river silently flowing on by our side; and in the distance occasionally a low outline of brown hills, which towards evening grew golden. But some one had once told me the plains around Valladolid reminded him of parts of the Holy Land—the plains of Jezreel or Sharon; and all day my heart was full of happy memories of Him who walked with the twelve through the corn-fields, and was baptized in the river. As one white village or another nestled in the hollows, or crowned some rising of the plain, or gleamed from the sides of the more distant hills, I wondered if they were like Nain, or Bethany, or Nazareth.

At times I spoke to Costanza, or to Anton, of the thoughts of which my heart was full.

"How delightful it is, Anton," I said, "that we are told so much of our Saviour in the Gospels; of His daily life, His conversations with His friends, as well as His great sermons to the multitude! And then to think that He is the same for ever! It was after His death and esurrection, you know, that He joined the two disciples going to Emmaus, and made their hearts burn with His words."

Sometimes Anton listened, and seemed to delight in the Bible narratives I told him; but at length, after we

had gone on some time in silence, he said spontaneously, in rather an abrupt tone,—

"I like these new doctrines very well, Doña Dolores; but I must say I cannot see why people cannot keep them a little more to themselves. There is the great Doctor Juan Gil of Seville, whom they call Egidius: he has been imprisoned three years by the Inquisition, just for speaking of these things, and is only just now, they say, set free. I am often afraid some such trouble will come to our house, and it poisons all my life when I think of it. We cannot think too much, or say too little, of these things. That is my creed. There are eyes in Spain besides the angels' that never sleep. Walls have ears. When people live over a powder-magazine, it is not safe to let every child carry a light."

With these sententious and rather incongruous images, Anton very nearly silenced me; but Costanza took up arms in what she thought my defence.

"Our Lord said, 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' Anton."

"Very good," said Anton; "but in those days I should think there was no Inquisition."

Costanza was perplexed; but I remonstrated,—

"There were scribes and Pharisees, Anton."

"At any rate, they could not peer into every corner, as they do now," said Anton, confidently. "I feel sure the scribes and Pharisees, and the Philistines, and Nebuchadnezzar, and Herod, and Pontius Pilate, and Judas

Iscariot, were nothing to the inquisitors. Besides," he added, lowering his tone, "why cannot we do as your ancestors did—as they say many Jews do in Castile to this day—attend mass, and keep to their own customs, and say nothing about it?"

"But there is all the difference in the world," I said. "The relapsed Jews have only customs to keep. But we have a gospel to tell—glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, Anton; and we cannot be silent. Would you like, Anton, that no one should have told you?"

Anton could not reply for a minute. He busied himself in re-arranging the mule's harness, and then answered in a softer tone,—

"The news is good, my young ladies, very good, and very glad; and for me the danger is slight. But there are terrible things within those dungeons at Valladolid. The way into them is easy; but no one comes out of them without being singed, if not burned altogether. They are no respecters of persons there. It is said King Philip would not spare his own son. I hear more than those who are nurtured tenderly in palaces, and sometimes my heart trembles. Trap-doors may open at any moment under our feet, and I tremble to see the feet of the little ones dancing over them."

"But, Anton," said Costanza, "we know, we all know—"

"Know what?" said the faithful old servant.

"We know that brother may deliver up brother to death," I said. "And we know also, Anton, that the hairs of our head are all numbered."

"His words are mighty," said Anton, reverently; "but then faith is sometimes weak."

"We must look, not at the waves, Anton, but at the Saviour's hand outstretched to uphold; or, perhaps, better still, at His face, to see the 'Be of good cheer' in His compassionate eyes, before we hear it from His lips—'Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid.'"

Anton bowed his head and crossed himself reverently; and just then there rose before us, crowning the summit of a little hill commanding the Duero, the walls of Toro, with its old castle flanked with four massive round towers.

We entered one of the many gates; we passed by the palaces and convents, and stopped at the door of a house in a back street.

We were expected. It was the house of the Bachelor Anton Herezuelo; and his beautiful young bride, Leanor de Cisneros, was in the courtyard to meet us. They had not long been married, and Leanor was full of all the happy cares of her new home.

The room which Costanza and I were to share was decorated as if for a church festival. There were no images of the Blessed Virgin in it; but there was an antique ivory crucifix, almost veiled in flowers. The

room was fragrant with spring flowers, and fresh linen white as snow.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of our hosts, and the quiet happiness of that home. Leanor was younger than I was—not nineteen; and through and above all her beauty and gaiety shone a light purer and deeper than anything earthly can give. The presence of the Master had consecrated that marriage. His hand was with them day by day, turning the water into wine. Their cup seemed brimful of happiness, and it overflowed in deeds and words of kindness to us and to all. Never since have I seen a love deeper and purer than that which united Antonio Herezuelo and Leanor de Cisneros.

In the day, when the Advocate Herezuelo was engaged in his professional duties, we three were like happy sisters together. In the evenings the precious sacred books were brought out (for this house also had its secret library), and we read together, or heard of the secret spread of the truth in all the villages and cities around; whilst often, and especially on Sundays, many other secret converts joined us, and we had prayers, and once the celebration of the holy Supper of the Lord.

My uncle, Pedro de Vibero Cazalla, parish priest of Pedrosa, a village not far distant from Toro, in the neighbouring diocese of Zamora, was present on this occasion. He had much to tell us of the joyful reception the gospel met with among his parishioners, the

humble villagers of Pedrosa. This rejoiced me, because there is so much in the New Testament about the gospel being preached to the poor, and I used to be afraid sometimes whether our doctrine wanted this seal; it spread so much more among the noble, and rich, and learned, and gifted.

I have said the happiness of our hosts seemed full to overflowing. But it was held, as all cups of earthly happiness are, in trembling hands. We knew too well, all of us, the truth of Anton's warnings, although hope with us generally outweighed fear. Yet often I have seen tears in Leanor's eyes when her husband left, and an anxious look on her bright face when his return was delayed; graver and deeper shadows than cross young hearts in ordinary times. "Antonio was so fearless," she said. I used to think sometimes, with a human love so intense, and with one so beloved for her teacher—for it was from the husband the young wife had learned to believe—it must be difficult to tell how much her faith rested on God's words, and how much on Antonio's. But Leanor was troubled with no such doubts. God had given her her husband: God had given her His truth. Home and heaven were both God's gifts. And when the time of Satan's sifting came for them, the Lord, who loved them, knew how to sustain and teach them both.

Our next visit was to a very different home. Don Carlos de Seso was Coregidor of Toro; and on one of

his journeys to confirm the infant church of Leon and Castile, he paid a visit to the Advocate Herezuelo, and took my sister and me back with him to his residence at Villamediana, near Logroño, in Navarre. He said the mountain air might strengthen me; and his wife, the Doña Isabella de Castilla, would treat us as her children.

Anton and the mules were therefore prepared, and we set out once more with our noble escort. We visited my uncle at Pedrosa, and stayed at Zamora a few days. We recrossed the dry plain of the Duero, where the corn was now acquiring a golden tint. We saw in the distance the glitter of the lofty spires of Valladolid. At length we entered the rich valley of the Arlanzon, and traced the river in its course among the hills up to Burgos.

This hill country was a new world to me, and translated many a Bible narrative into pictures for me—the hill country of Judea, Tabor, and Galilee; and in the mountain-range at some distance behind Burgos I saw, for the first time, the silver line of snow, and thought of the transfigured garments, and of Hermon and Lebanon. Instead of the slow, silent rivers of the plains, mountain streams with living voices came leaping down from the wooded hills to meet the Arlanzon. Villages and convents crowned the heights. Every village spire had its stork's nest. Forests shaded our path, and the green glades, and solemn avenues, and fragrant cistus and forest-flowers made me almost wild with delight. Occa-

sionally, too, the Enzina, the evergreen oak of Navarre, waved its dark boughs above us, and recalled to me the three brothers Enzinas, whose native city, Burgos, we were approaching. We were passing through the country of the Cid Campeador, and many of the old ballads my foster-mother used to sing to me came ringing through my memory. Costanza and I fancied every castle the scene of conflicts between the Moors and the old chivalry of Castile.

Don Carlos occasionally rode beside us, and pointed out the scenes of the old legends; and he said to me,—"It is the memory of this old contest with the infidel which makes one of the strongest barriers to the entrance of the truth. The pride of the Castilian in his Catholic descent, the horror of all new doctrine as something anti-Spanish as well as anti-Christian, would be an obstacle to the spread of the gospel almost as strong as the Inquisition, if the Inquisition could be crushed to-morrow."

"But," I said, "the hand of God can break down pride within, as well as power without."

"It is possible," he replied. "But whatever the result be for Spain, it is certain that every heart which believes finds present rest in Christ, and the key to everlasting joy with Him; and this is worth working for."

Burgos now rose above us, with the grand spires of its magnificent cathedral. Some hours afterwards, when resting a while near one of its gorgeous shrines, feeling

the music vibrate through its clustering pillars, while the light fell crimson and golden through the painted windows on the pavement, the spell of the old faith stole over me once more. The cathedral was like a new world, half divine, half human. The awe of mountains and the mystery of forests, with the loveliness of flowers, seemed to pervade it, blended with tender human thoughts of the mouldering hands that had built it, and the immortal human spirit that had designed it. The ever-burning lamps before the visible Divine Presence in the sacrament;—the music, deep as winds and waters, but with a human tone no winds and waters can have;—the tombs at my feet;—the mass the priest was saying in the side chapel, joining the living with the dead, and thus breaking the terrible silence between us and them;—the confessional, with its balms of pardon;—as I sat there the enchantment seemed to deepen over me, and I thought—"How can my country ever escape from this?"

Only as I left the church I remembered how in reality the masses for the dead threw a shadow on heaven itself; how that dream of the real tangible Presence in the sacrament hid the real abiding presence of the living Saviour from the heart; how the confessional was so often but a portal to the Inquisition.

But it was not until that evening that the spell was quite broken. We sat among a little company of Protestants in a private house in Burgos, and Don Carlos

de Seso read to us of the resurrection of the Lord—of the living Lord who appeared to Mary in the gray of the Syrian morning. "Mary!" "Master!" The words, so simple and so significant, fell on my heart with a new power. I felt I had been looking into a sepulchre full of memories, fragrant with embalming spices, illuminated with sepulchral lamps—but still a sepulchre; and now I was in the daylight again, in the pure morning air, and Jesus, risen, was near, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever;" and that He spoke to me in no mysterious church language, but familiarly; He called me by the name my sisters called me at home.

But Spain, my country, when will she turn her weeping face from the empty sepulchre where He is not, and see Him standing living for evermore, and hear Him speak?

Leaving Burgos, we crossed the plain which lies between it and the mountains, and entered the beautiful country amidst which the residence of Don Carlos lay. Forests, olive-gardens, vineyards on sunny slopes, and mulberry-groves flourished around Logroño. At Villamediana, near Logroño, was situated the palace of Don Carlos de Seso, and his wife, Isabella de Castilla, a princess of the royal house of Castile and Leon. It was a stately dwelling, very different from the house of our old friend Antonio de Herezuelo at Toro. At first Costanza and I, and more especially Anton Minguez, felt some awe of our noble hosts. The titles, the number and the deference of the attendants, and the splendour

of the rooms, made it seem to us like a royal court; but the gentle kindness of Doña Isabella to us both, her tenderness to me, and, more than all, the deep union between us on account of our common faith, soon made us feel at home.

Our reverence for Don Carlos also made a great bond between us and the Doña Isabella, and we delighted to hear her tell of his early life at Verona, where he was born; of the services he had rendered the Emperor Charles, and of the honour the Emperor paid him. We knew how all these honours were esteemed nothing by him, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ; but we honoured him doubly for the honours he despised.

I think I have never since seen anything so noble in manners as the blending in Don Carlos of the Italian nobleman and the Christian. I used to think he must be a kind of combination of the Cid and St. Paul; and yet perhaps his manner, as an Italian, had more ease than that of the grandees of Spain. And he was not the only one among our Spanish Protestants in whom so many noble qualities were thus blended. At Valladolid, at Toro, at Zamora, at Palencia, at Burgos, at Logroño, wherever we had met the little secret companies of our brethren, among them were always some of the noblest, most learned, and most illustrious; minds of the keenest insight and widest grasp; accomplishments and gifts the most brilliant; hearts the bravest, manners the noblest.

The house of Don Carlos at Villamediana was the

resort of all the Protestants of the kingdoms of Castile and Leon. Those whose minds had begun to question the practice or dogma of the Church came there to inquire further. Those who had embraced the good news of pardon and peace through the crucified and risen Christ, came to consult as to the best means of spreading the evangelical doctrine, and to report their success. Books were there in store, freely distributed to all: Bibles and Testaments; the writings of Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin, translated into Castilian; with the Dialogues of Valdes, and his Hundred and Ten Considerations. The good work of circulating books was much aided by the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees, of Arragon, and Bearn, and by the fact that the chief officer of the custom-house at Logroño was himself a Protestant. The parish priest at Villamediana also had become an adherent of the Reformed faith.

On our return to Valladolid we spent some days at the village of Hormigos, in the diocese of Palencia, with my uncle Francisco de Vibero Cazalla, the parish priest. He had many humble converts among the peasantry. The forms of the Roman Catholic Church were still retained; but his sermons were full of scriptural truth, and his confessional became a place of heavenly counsel to many. The contrast between the priest's house in the country village and the palace we had left was very marked; and it was delightful to me to watch how the truth, which satisfied the aspirations of the noblest and

most enlightened, could be the daily bread of the poorest and least enlightened. The Eternal Word, the Brightness of the Father's glory, is also the bread of the Christian's daily life. And the written word, which is the revelation of the Unseen and Eternal Light, is also the lamp to our feet, and the light to our path. It was a great rest to the heart to see this proved, as we had, in palace and cottage, in city and village; from Toro, where we had passed those happy days in the bright home of Antonio de Herezuelo and Leanor de Cisneros, to Pedrosa, where we were so affectionately entertained by Francisco Cazalla—three names consecrated and canonized among us since then;—but not at Rome.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST THREE.

I RETURNED to Valladolid, not indeed the strongest of my mother's thirteen, but although still lame, scarcely an invalid, and able to take some share in the ordinary occupations of those around me. Costanza returned betrothed to Mark Van Rosevelt, a Flemish gentleman whom we had met at the house of Don Carlos de Seso.

The Reformed doctrine continued to spread in Valladolid, and the villages and towns of Leon and Castile, but especially in the towns; yet secretly, for fear of the Inquisition. I often wonder, in recalling those days, how this secrecy could have been so long maintained under the very eyes of the Inquisition. The accession of so many priests to our number no doubt made concealment easier, as long as outward changes of order and ceremony did not seem a duty. The confessional, with these Protestant clergymen, became merely a chair of counsel; the mass was understood, as far as possible, in an evangelical sense; the festivals of the saints were

regarded simply as commemorations of pious men and women.

It must also be remembered that the corruptions of the Roman Church existed far more in her unauthorized customs than in her authorized Liturgy. Much of the purity of early times remains in her Church Prayer-book. Besides, we always clung to the hope that the Church of Spain would be reformed as a community; and who can be surprised that we should indulge such an expectation, when we knew that two chaplains of the Emperor Charles were decided Protestants, and had good reasons for thinking Fray Bartolomé de Carranza, in 1558 appointed Primate of Spain, to be deeply imbued with the Lutheran doctrine.

Meantime the populace generally, the toiling and uneducated multitude, were not with us. The common people did not hear us gladly. The general opinion among these was that Luther was a kind of incarnation of the devil, and the Protestants a new species of Moors and Jews. Since my residence in Holland, I have often thought that the Reformation has more cause to glory in the names of the poor weavers, carpenters, and shop-keepers burnt at Queen Mary and King Philip's fires through England and Holland, than in the illustrious names which swell the roll of our Spanish martyrology.

The despised names which show that the truth has taken deep root in the heart of the labouring poor, are worth more to a country than the most glorious titles,

which only show that it has reached the learned and exalted. It is beautiful to see the high mountain-peaks golden and rosy in the dawn; but when the light shines on the villages in the plains and hollows, it is Day. And to Spain that day has never come.

Some months after our return to Valladolid, we received into our house the learned Doctor Juan Gil, or Egidius. He had just been released from his imprisonment in the prisons of the Inquisition at Seville, and he came to spend his first days of recovered freedom among us, his brethren of Leon and Castile.

He was very sad. He always took the lowest place amongst us, and seemed to prefer to keep silence. He said he was not worthy to speak for Christ before us, since he had failed to confess Him before the enemies of His truth. Yet we all thought he dealt hardly with himself; his recantation had been the result of such a base deception. Sometimes it seemed to cheer him when we represented this to him, but often he would reject this consolation; and I think the only times when I remember anything like real happiness on his face was when he would say words of this kind:—

"Let me abhor myself; let me confess my sins to the full! Yet—yet I believe that He who turned and looked on Peter will not overlook me. Let it be such a look as to break my heart! It will not say, 'Depart,' but 'Return;' and that is enough for me."

From Dr. Egidius I learned what I will now briefly

record of the origin and early history of the glorious but short-lived Reformed Church of Seville.

One of the first converts to the evangelical doctrine in Seville owed his instruction chiefly to the Inquisition. A poor peasant was brought before the holy office at Seville, for having said that there was no purgatory but the blood of Christ. How he had apprehended this truth, I know not. His hold on it could not have been very firm, since he told the inquisitors if such a doctrine was heretical, he would certainly retract it at once. But the inquisitors (like the Pharisees, who so often understood our Lord's words against them better than the disciples) explained to the poor man that this proposition involves countless other heretical doctrines, such as justification by faith, and the fallibility of the Pope and the general councils who had taught the doctrine of purgatory. By some means the peasant escaped from their hands, but their words remained in his mind; he had learned from the inquisitors the connection between one evangelical truth and another, and became a confirmed Lutheran. This, however, was an isolated case, and led to no consequences, as far as I know.

The first man who really preached the Reformed doctrine in Seville was Rodrigo Valero. He was a gentleman of Lebrixa; not a priest, nor a learned man. His youth had been spent in the eager pursuit of pleasure. Listless idleness could never have been his temptation. Among the young men of rank of Seville

he was a leader of fashion. Wealthy, daring, and generous; in feats of arms, in the chase, in entertainments, in dress, he was the prince of his circle. No society, no amusement at Seville was complete without the presence of Rodrigo Valero. All at once, without any reverse of fortune or any loss of health, he absolutely abandoned his life of dissipation, became indifferent to all he had delighted in, and gave himself to reading and meditation on the things which are not seen and eternal. If he had taken monastic vows, or founded a new order of monks, people would have understood the change. Such visible conversions from dissipation to the convent, from the gay world to the religious world, were among the recognized phenomena of the day. But Valero avoided the monasteries as much as his former pursuits. His religious book was not the lives of the saints, which any one could have made allowance for, but the Bible! and to him the study of the Bible was no easy matter. The only Bible he possessed was the Latin Vulgate, and the little Latin he had learned in his boyhood had been nearly forgotten. But the Bible was from God, and what God said Valero must know; therefore day and night he studied, until he could read Latin easily. Then the treasure-house was open to him, and he became indeed a man of God, furnished from the Divine armoury for every good word and work. Henceforth he sought the society of the clergy, to tell them of the truth he had found. He addressed all who would listen to him, of all

ranks and professions. He had good news to tell them, —that the veil between man and God is rent for ever by God's hand, and that, through Him who died for us all, the way is open for all to draw near to God. To the clergy, he had other messages. Their hands, too many of them, were employed in erecting barriers between man and God—by their false doctrine, which misrepresented him; by their vices, which disgusted men with the name of religion. Such words could not be spoken with impunity, from the days of the scribes and Pharisees to ours. The clergy demanded by what authority he taught these things. He told them that the truths he spoke were his credentials, and directed them to the Word of God as the source of all he said. He was brought before the inquisitors; his rank, and the influence of his family saved him; and his enemies contented themselves with commanding him "not to teach in this Name," and with declaring him mad. For some little time he abstained from all public speaking, and simply explained the Epistle to the Romans privately to his friends. But his heart was too full to be long satisfied with such comparative silence. In all battles some must take the first step, and make a way for the rest. He did not shrink from this post. Once more he spoke, and was brought again before the inquisitors, and sentenced to wear the robe of infamy, the Sanbenito, and be imprisoned for life.

This final sentence was pronounced in 1541, four or five

years before the martyrdom of San Roman at Seville. For such a nature, death would have been easier. Henceforth the former leader of gaiety and fashion at Seville was only to be seen on festivals, driven through the streets in his yellow robe of disgrace, among the penitents, to the church of San Salvador. But even this could not extinguish the fire of his zeal for souls. More than once a voice was heard from that dishonoured company, after the sermon, faithfully warning the congregation against any false doctrine in it, and telling them of Him who was near to them and near to God,—the Redeemer, the Sacrifice, the Priest. This could not often be permitted. At length he was shut out from all society in the monastery of San Lucar, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir. And there, at the age of fifty, he died. He had no monument but his poor robe of shame hung up in the Cathedral of Seville. It was of an unusual size; and his monumental inscription was: "Rodrigo Valero, a citizen of Lebrixa and Seville, an apostate and false apostle, who pretended to be sent of God." This was his memorial, while the faithful lips which could have denied it were silent for ever in the burial-ground at San Lucar. But his true and fervent words lived and burned in many a heart in Seville. I never heard that there was much of what is commonly called eloquence in them; but it is wonderful how many eloquent tongues they taught to speak. I have often thought there was a strange similarity in this respect between him and San Roman.

Both laymen, comparatively unlearned, both having for their chief characteristic a fervent heart, they were as "voices in the wilderness." They bore witness to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world;" directed the hearts of many to Him, and they were heard no more. On earth, nothing but a voice; in heaven, burning and shining lights, burning on for ever! I can conceive no nobler destiny than this. With their dying hands, San Roman and Valero gave the impulse which launched the vessel.

Juan Gil himself spoke with the tenderest reverence of Valero, and he had reason. Elected Canon-magistral or preacher of the Cathedral of Seville, on account of his great learning, when he tried his scholastic logic on the hearts of the people from the Cathedral pulpit, he found it absolutely powerless. His audiences diminished, and the disappointment with his preaching was general. The hearts of the people were thirsting for bread, and he gave them stones. He reasoned of theories and abstractions, which had done very well as the playthings of idle monks. He found himself face to face with toiling and suffering men and women, who wanted comfort and strength; with sinners who wanted pardon; with human hearts that wanted God—and he was speechless. His well-prepared syllogisms and citations from the schoolmen echoed back to him from the hollow dome of the Cathedral without entering one heart.

Ægidius was too honest not to be conscious of this;

but he could not conceive why it should be, until Valero, the unlearned gentleman whom so many thought crazed, ventured to tell him the secret of his failure. There was a Book to which he had indeed often applied, as a doctor of theology, for texts to prove his theories, but to which he had never gone as a fallen man to find the way of salvation. Valero advised him to study the Bible, and take it henceforth, not as a convenient repertory of quotations, but as the living source of truth. Ægidius read, believed, and thenceforth taught what he believed. The usual result followed. He directed the hearts of men to the love of a living God, the sinner to the Saviour. "Some believed, and some believed not;" but the death-sleep was broken. Many hearts were inspired with ever-increasing love to God, with readiness to endure all for the Saviour's sake; and in many a bitter spirit of opposition was aroused, which rested not until it had brought the preacher to the prisons of the Inquisition, and silenced his voice for ever in the Cathedral of Seville.

Ægidius did not labour alone. Two of his former fellow-students at the University of Alcala were led by his conversation to embrace the truth,—Dr. Vargas and Constantine Ponce de la Fuente. Dr. Vargas gave private theological lectures, and Constantine frequently occupied the pulpit of Ægidius.

Of all the names so mournfully hallowed for us at Seville, none is more honoured among us than that of Constantine Ponce de la Fuente. Chaplain and almoner

to the Emperor Charles, he was chosen on account of his great abilities to accompany King Philip to Flanders, that the Flemings might see that Spain was not destitute of learned and eloquent men. Yet his writings are chiefly designed to instruct the little ones of the flock of Christ in the elements of Christian truth. He had learned the great secret that He who is the wisdom and word of God is also the bread of life to man, and that the simplest truths are the deepest. I picture him to myself as having been a man healthy in body, soul, and spirit, free from all morbidness and narrowness of heart. Brilliant and witty in society, his wit was like a keen, fresh mountain air, sweeping through all his other faculties, and keeping them clear and sweet. His firm character, and free, penetrating mind, must have been a great support to Ægidius.

He had a great contempt for all that is hollow and unreal. When the chapter of Toledo invited him to accept the lucrative and distinguished office of cathedral preacher, he declined, "lest," as he said, "he might disturb the bones of their ancestors," the archbishop having required an unexceptionable pedigree from his clergy.

He had an equal contempt for the empty literary display which was required as a qualification for the post of cathedral preacher at Seville. He said that these literary contests were as unfit to test the relative powers of preachers of the Christian religion as the "exercises of school-boys, or the tricks of jugglers." When at last,

however, rather than leave so important an office to a mere careless declaimer, he was induced to enter the lists, all shrank from the contest with him,—all but one, who, unable to attempt to rival him in debate, adopted instead the weapons of slander. He was a man neither loved nor hated in moderation. His noble, firm, free character, must have been a great support to the more timid and cautious Ægidius.

Such were the three men who commenced the Reformation in the south of Spain : Valero, the chivalrous and fearless, the man of war, the Christian cavalier, boldly gathering the spears, and burying them in his breast, to make a way for freedom, with his few simple truths simply spoken, enkindling the hearts of many; Ægidius, the man of learning, receiving the inspiring word from Valero, and developing it in his well-cultured mind into the harvest of living grain ; and Constantine Ponce de la Fuente, the man of the world, with his clear, practical sagacity and his popular eloquence, reaping the precious grain, preparing and distributing it to be the food of thousands. Never, I think, did God prepare, or man reject, three fitter instruments for a noble work.

Around these gathered, one by one, hundreds of believers, varied in character, abilities, and station as the three leaders themselves. The Protestant Church was formed at Seville. They met sometimes at one house, and sometimes at another, but chiefly at the mansion of a widow lady of wealth and rank, Isabel de Baena.

Among them was Don Christobal Losada, "a Lutheran for love," as the inquisitors said, led first to consider the Reformed doctrine from his affection to a young Protestant lady, and afterwards so enlightened by the study of the Bible, that the church at Seville unanimously elected him its pastor, until, at last, he became a martyr "for love" indeed—a love passing all earthly attachments. The brother of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, commander of the Invincible Armada, Don Domingo de Guzman, was amongst them, and Don Juan Ponce de Leon. Many a noble house of the old Christians of Castile and Andalusia needs indeed a Lethe to cleanse it from the taint of heresy, and even of martyrdom.

Then there was the monastery of San Isidro, near Seville, which became a focus of evangelical light, from which twelve Protestant monks at last escaped to happier lands; and others, unable or unwilling to fly, were despatched by the inquisitors in chariots of flame to the better country still—the heavenly. And of honourable women, not a few were among that devoted band. Young and aged, noble and humble, timid and courageous—the good news reached the hearts of all, and nerved them to endure. Isabel de Baena, Maria de Virves, Maria de Cornel, Maria de Bohorques, the two sisters of Gonsalez, of Moorish descent, Maria Gomez, her three daughters and her sister. They are not dead, but living, and we shall meet them yet.

The circumstances of Dr. Juan Gil's (Ægidius) trial

were very sad and peculiar. Bitterly as he reproached himself for his recantation, we always thought him scarcely guilty in the matter.

His two chief friends had just been removed from him,—Dr. Vargas by death, Constantine Ponce de la Fuente by the summons of the Emperor to attend King Philip as chaplain in the Netherlands. At this critical time the malice of his enemies was aroused by his appointment to the Bishopric of Tortosa, the richest see in the gift of the Spanish crown. He was brought before the Inquisition on the charge of Lutheranism. Fray Bartolomé Carranza, whom he chose as arbitrator, was absent; and at length, deceived by false professions of friendship, he appointed Domingo de Soto his arbiter. Soto appeared quite to agree with Ægidius on all points of moment; and it was decided between them, that to free himself from all charges of heresy, Ægidius and Soto should each read a paper in the cathedral at Seville.

The day was appointed, and a very large congregation assembled, with the inquisitors. Ægidius and Soto took their places in their several pulpits. De Soto spoke first. The two pulpits were at such a distance, that the voice of the speaker in one could not be heard from the other; but Ægidius, fully confiding in the similarity of opinion which Soto had declared to him in private, nodded assent to his discourse. Then came his own turn. Fearlessly he began; but as he read on, he saw

dismay in the faces of his friends, and indignation and triumph among his enemies; why, he could not in the least comprehend. The prisons of the Inquisition, to which he was remanded, were not likely to enlighten him. To his horror, he was declared violently suspected of Lutheran heresy, and condemned to three years' imprisonment and ten years of silence from teaching. Bewildered, entrapped, alone, he lost his presence of mind. Enemies and friends had seemed dismayed at his words. What could it mean? There must be something wrong in what he had said. He recanted; and only long afterwards did he learn the base deception which had been practised on him. De Soto's public discourse had been entirely opposite to his private conversation, and Ægidius's confession had, of course, contradicted it in every point.

When the three years of imprisonment had elapsed, he was restored to freedom; but with his influence blasted, his character hopelessly stained with friend and foe, his heart broken. He only lived a little while to be soothed by the pitying affection of the Reformed Christians at Seville and Valladolid, and to warn them with a mournful earnestness rather to die then to belie their Lord. Worn out with regrets, he died shortly after his return from Valladolid to Seville. But he is no doubt rejoicing now; and perhaps his failure has taught us a lesson not less impressive than the death of San Roman.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MARTYRS OF VALLADOLID.

FOR many years the Reformed churches in the Castiles, Leon, Arragon, Valencia, and Andalusia, continued steadily to increase, in spite of danger and opposition of every kind. The inquisitors at Seville and at Valladolid must certainly have been less watchful than usual during those years. Their superiors proved that they thought so afterwards, by displacing them. How the faith was so long kept secret must, however, remain a mystery. Sometimes I think the Inquisition was watching us steadily all the time, and only waiting the right moment to spring on its prey : their long apparent blindness was otherwise so unaccountable, and the final catastrophe was so sudden and so simultaneous.

In 1555 our brethren of Seville were thrown into great alarm by an event which might have betrayed them all. Maria Gomez, a widow who had embraced the faith, became insane. She was received into the house of Dr. Zafra, vicar of one of the parish churches of

Seville, and placed there under a slight restraint. But she contrived to escape ; and, as is so frequently the case with lunatics, she conceived a hatred against all her former friends, and, as the secret way of ruining them, proceeded at once to the Castle of Viana, and denounced three hundred of our brethren by name as Lutheran heretics. The presence of mind of Dr. Zafra saved the Church. He received the information with perfect coolness, convinced the inquisitors of the madness of Maria Gomez, and was requested by them to place her under stricter confinement in his house. Her accusations were entirely disregarded as the ravings of insanity ; and Dr. Zafra continued, as before, to be frequently employed by the inquisitors, on account of his learning, as Qualificator, to pronounce on the orthodoxy of suspected heretics : and by this means he saved many from prison.

For three years after this no further peril of any moment seemed to threaten us. Julianillo Hernandez continued to introduce Bibles and Lutheran books, and contrived to deposit one large cargo of these dangerous treasures at the house of a Protestant at Seville. Don Carlos de Seso in the North, and the monks of San Isidro in the South, industriously distributed these seeds of life in the cities and villages, in the palace and the cottage. The numbers of the Protestants increased ; their faith was strengthened ; and many of us continued to hope that Spain might be evangelized, that a truer crusade than that against the Moors might at length

triumph, and a new world, richer than Mexico or Peru, be freely opened to the enterprise of our countrymen. Occasionally the ferocious and gloomy temper of King Philip caused us anxiety, and the steady pressure of the Inquisition, with the fanatical bigotry of the lower classes, made us tremble ; but we had seen so many narrow and closed hearts opened and expanded in the light of the truth, that we could not despair.

But at length the tempest burst—at once, without a warning, without an interval—on the North and South. In one month the houses of our brethren were entered, their inhabitants swept away, and the prisons of the Inquisition were filled ; or rather, I should say, with a more terrible discrimination, those in every circle we knew to be the most earnest, the most enlightened, the most certain not to escape, were seized. The emissaries of the holy office came most frequently at midnight ; and before morning the light and support of the household was gone, and the whole family had become suspected, and dared not stir, but must live henceforth in the full blaze of the Inquisition, countless suspicious eyes and ears watching every word and movement.

In our church at Valladolid the victims were Don Domingo de Rojas, and the seven nuns of San Belen. Among our kindred it was nearly all,—my three uncles, Augustin, Pedro, and Francisco de Vibero Cazalla, and my aunt Beatriz : in our house it was my mother. And of none of these have any of us ever heard one

word since then, except such fragments as have reached us of the processes of the Inquisition, or of the scenes at the *Autos-da-Fé.*

From that moment the history of those most honoured and beloved by us becomes a martyrology. And what we know is not what weighs most heavily on our hearts. Of those who confessed, and were burned as obstinate heretics, at least, we know the worst: the suffering was over before we heard of it, and we could almost bear to look at it through the light of the Presence in which we know they dwell. But of those who, they say, recanted,—who were remanded, as penitents, to long years of hopeless imprisonment in convents or monasteries,—it is for those that our hearts never cease to ache. Did they betray their faith? Did the agony of torture or the delusion of false promises induce them to recant? Did my mother, my gentle, tender mother, bewildered by their arguments, perhaps by false statements that others on whose judgment she relied had yielded,—deluded by the fond, passionate hope of seeing us her children again,—did she indeed, like many others, recant, as the inquisitors say, and return to their hopeless prisons to regret and repent in bitter solitude and silence that one irrevocable error, until she pined her life away? Or did she never recant? Were those unavailing recantations all a slander, invented by the cruel and cowardly hearts who dared not reveal to Spain how many of her noblest sons and daughters had embraced

the detested faith of the Reformers and the apostles? In this life we can never know. But on the testimony of inquisitors only, we will never believe of any of our brethren that they betrayed the truth, either on the rack or at the last moment at the stake, to obtain the wretched relief of being strangled instead of burned alive.

They have reported that my uncle, Augustin Cazalla, pastor of the church at Valladolid, had recanted; but we know from private accounts that the true record of his last hours was this:—

"Augustin Cazalla, when he came opposite the Princess Juana at the *auto*, kneeled down and said to her, 'Queen and my lady, for the love of God let your Majesty hear four things from me.' At which the chief alguazil ordered the procession to stop; and having petitioned her and received her consent, Cazalla knelt before the Princess, and, weeping, lamented his sins, exclaiming three times, 'Blessed be God! blessed be God! blessed be God!' and, kissing the cross in the standard, and looking up to heaven, holding a cross and uttering loud expressions of grief that seemed to burst his heart with sorrow, said, 'Hear me, O Heaven and men, and may our Lord be received with honour, and be ye holy witnesses how I, a repentant sinner, return to the absolution of faithful Christians. I truly repent to God, and to the holy commandments of Him the High Priest [that is, Christ]. I well and sincerely repent of

all my sins, and am going to die in the faith of my Lord and God. I acknowledge that, for the least of my sins, I deserve the gravest pains of hell that are bestowed upon the condemned; but our Lord has shown mercy towards me, by drawing me to the true knowledge of my former condition, to know that the way I was going was darkness on account of error and sin, and that the present is the way by which I and all Christians should walk.' And on this he said certain other words, and returned to his place again."

Was there anything in these words unworthy of Luther, or Ridley, or at least of the martyred Archbishop Cranmer? The inquisitors boasted that he was a penitent; but they did not think his penitence likely to benefit the Church so much as his death, and he was strangled, and his corpse committed to the flames. This was the course they pursued also with my uncle Pedro, and many others. The Inquisition and the Saviour have a different reception for penitents. We, at least, must ever remember our mother's brother, Augustin, with tender reverence; for almost his last words on the scaffold were an intercession with Juana, the Queen-Dowager of Portugal, for my mother and for us. Pointing to her as she stood on the scaffold among those condemned to perpetual imprisonment, he said, "I beseech your highness, have compassion on this unfortunate woman, who has thirteen orphan children."

For myself, I cannot doubt that the words they call a

recantation were an humble confession of Christ, meant to strengthen those who were to die with him. Had he spoken more plainly, they would have silenced him, as they did others, with the gag. My conviction is, that the last confession of Augustin Cazalla, chaplain to the Emperor Charles, was a confession, not of heresy, but of Christ; as his last thoughts, like those of the crucified Lord he served, were for his kindred and the disciples.

At all events, the inquisitors left no time for the penitent to retract again. Like the Emperor Charles, they doubtless considered the habit of heresy so inveterate that it was never safe to spare even the penitent. They procured from Rome, as a new privilege, the precious right to burn even those who recanted. The garotte, or perpetual imprisonment in their own impenetrable prisons, was the best welcome they had for those of whose retractations they boasted.

But the number of those to whom the Inquisition itself bears witness as obstinate or relapsed heretics, is more than I can easily recount. Our roll of martyrs is indeed large enough without my seeking to swell it by removing slanders from those declared to have recanted. The holy office itself shall be our martyrologist. We were at Villamediana, Costanza and I, when the terrible storm burst. My mother, my uncles, all we knew best at Valladolid, had been arrested at once, and were in the prisons of the Inquisition. Our first impulse was to return; but we were reminded that the dungeons of the

Inquisition are as impenetrable to those who live in sight of their walls as if they were in the New World. I was reminded also what a hindrance my feeble health must be to the escape of any party to which I belonged, and of the especial perils involved in the suspected name we bore. Day after day brought some fresh tale of woe. From Toro, from Palencia, Burgos, Hormigos, Pedrosa, Logroño—from every place which had to us been a point of hope—came the tidings of ruin and despair. Every band of Reformed Christians was evidently known to the inquisitors as well as to us. Every gathering of the most secret kind in the houses in the cities, every scattered group in the remotest villages, that we had thought concealed from all, was brought out into the glare of their midnight torches. And then followed horrible suspicions of those we had trusted. Some of the timid, in a delirium of fear, rushed to the inquisitors and denounced themselves; others remained paralyzed, without attempting to conceal the perilous books in their possession; others denounced themselves—alas, as surely!—by a precipitate flight. In every company of our brethren it was the noblest, the firmest, the most enlightened who were seized, when, indeed, any were spared. What wonder, then, that the sheep, deprived of the shepherd, were scattered! And yet in every company some feeble ones, from whom no one had expected such courage, showed themselves capable of the noblest things, and proved that it is not the shepherds only that the Chief

Shepherd supports, but every feeblest lamb of the one flock for which He died. Instances of treachery there were, but so few that they are easily named and counted. I think throughout our churches only two proved untrue: one at Seville; and the wretched wife of Juan Garcia, a silversmith at Valladolid, pensioned for life by the Inquisition for her murderous services. But why should I call even these traitors? The informer at Seville had long been a spy in the pay of the holy office, and Garcia's wife only obtained the knowledge of our place of meeting by secretly dogging her husband's footsteps one night when he had summoned our brethren as usual to hear a sermon. He had never trusted her with our secret. Traitress, indeed, she was to him, but not to us, for one of us she never had been.

At length the household at Villamediana was dispersed by the news of the arrest of Don Carlos de Seso himself at Logroño. The Doña Isabella insisted on having Costanza and me conveyed over the French border. "Nothing can save me," she said; "and I have nothing now in this world to be saved for. But life may bloom again for Costanza and for you."

Costanza had indeed one on earth to live for. At last she was persuaded to be married privately by the parish priest of Villamediana to the young Fleming, Van Rosevelt, who had loved her so long; and that same evening we started on mules through the less-frequented mountain passes, and in a few days reached the French side

of the Pyrenees in safety. Life had begun again for my sister; but for me, for a long time, it seemed to have closed. I felt like one dead, banished into a Hades,—a sunless world of shadowy beings unconnected with me.

Mother, brothers, and sisters, my mother's brothers and sisters, friends of childhood and youth, all lost and hidden behind a veil as impenetrable as that of the grave: the people around me, at first, kind as they were, seemed to me scarcely more to belong to me than if they had been ghosts of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. It seemed to me almost a treachery to the beloved—who, though lost, were *not* dead—to let any others take up their home in my heart: it is so cold, so terrible, that even the dead should be replaced, should return and find their places filled. And my beloved were *not* dead: at any moment, by escapes not more marvellous than our own, might they not be with us—my mother, my own mother, my uncle Augustin, all?

The people around me were good and Christian, but they were not my people. How few can comprehend the loneliness of such exile as ours!—the strange, cold language, learned not from a mother's lips, but from a dictionary and a grammar; the busy life around us—the homes, and the whole world of throbbing, eager human hearts, among which we are wandering detached atoms from another world. Often it seemed to me as if my identity itself were lost—as if I had died and become some one else.

Would St. Paul have felt like this? I know not. He could have been almost accursed for his brethren's sake, his kinsmen according to the flesh. But I was not St. Paul; only a poor feeble woman, whose whole heart had been bound up, like those of old in a little home at Bethany,—a poor, ruined, forsaken home, whose Lazarus never rose again. And what I ought to feel, or ought not to feel, I knew so little. I only knew what I felt: and I knew that Jesus loved, and Jesus wept; and on that assurance I leaned my broken heart, and to those two words I fled from comforter after comforter, who would have palsied my heart for ever with vain commands not to love so much, and not to weep. And this I know,—the anguish drew me nearer, nearer, ever nearer to Him who was touched with my infirmities, who understood, who had compassion, who groaned in spirit and was troubled, who wept. When the right time came He comforted me; but not with the comfort which paralyses, which deadens: He comforted me, and I was comforted.

The first comfort He sent me was not through His Word, but through His providence,—through the birth of my sister's first child, two years after our escape. My sister nearly died; and in the anxiety for her, every one seemed to forget the poor little feeble one whose life had so nearly cost hers. So it was left to me and Truyken, the faithful servant; and my whole heart went out to the little helpless one, and I cherished it and watched it

until its mother's strength began to be restored, and I had the great joy of giving the little babe into her arms.

Then in time the little one began to lisp in Dutch—its father's language—and the strange, cold, clipped accents grew familiar to me from the babe's lips; and the kindred of the child and the mother gradually, insensibly grew familiar and dear to me,—not replacing the lost, but recalling them less bitterly than of old.

And in fragments, from year to year, tidings came to us from Spain, and we learned that one after another of our beloved were no longer in the dungeons of the Inquisition, but with God, with Jesus, for ever: for, long before we heard that they were gone, their last cry of anguish had ceased, and their new song of joy had begun, which no persecutor can silence.

Of my mother, Costanza de Vibero Cazalla, we still know nothing. They said she recanted, and appeared among the penitents at the *auto* at which my uncle Augustin died, and where he pleaded for her and for us. Since then the prisons of the Inquisition have impenetrably concealed her from all our inquiries. But after many years our hearts were comforted about her: we had prayed so long, and God, we were sure, had heard. Now we feel certain she is either at rest with the martyrs in paradise, or that she has found rest for her soul on earth with Him who calls the weary and heavy-laden unto Him. Would I have failed to take her comfort in her prison, had I been able?—would distance or danger

have deterred me, a poor, crippled, faint-hearted woman? And would *He* fail to comfort her,—He who is always able and always near, of whose love and pity ours are but the faintest image? I have no fear for her. My prayers now for her have changed into the confiding aspiration, "Thou art with her,—Thou wilt not forsake her; with Thee she is in safe keeping."

In safe keeping, mother,—safe and blessed, whether in prison or in paradise! But it was long before we could feel this consoling assurance.

Let me speak of those concerning whom certain tidings have reached us. Of my uncle Augustin's last moments I have spoken. My uncle, Pedro de Vibero Cazalla, parish priest of Pedrosa, was burned in the second of those terrible *autos* at Valladolid, on the 8th of October 1559. It is said that he confessed his Lutheran faith on his arrest in 1558, but entreated reconciliation, but that only two of the inquisitors voted for a sentence milder than death; so that, seeing his sentence to be inevitable, he refused to confess any more. However this may be, he appeared gagged at the *Auto-da-Fé*, and was bound alive to the stake. Then the friars asserted that he made a sign of penitence; and accordingly they dealt out to him their largest mercy—the garotte—consigning his corpse to the flames. Whether this act of theirs was an act of tardy pity, or a fresh cruelty designed to dishonour his memory alike with

friend and foe, I know not. But I believe it was indeed voluntarily for Christ he died, refusing to confess to a priest, or to betray his brethren.

Yet it is of the first *Auto-da-Fé* at Valladolid I must speak first. It was a great festival for the inquisitors. Don Carlos, the ill-fated prince, was present, and the Queen-Dowager of Portugal, Juana. It began at six o'clock, on May 22, 1560, and lasted till two. The crowd assembled with the earliest dawn of the spring morning. But no one, they said, seemed weary during all those hours. It was more interesting, no doubt, than any acted tragedy. The spectacle was brilliant, and there was such reality and variety of passion in the actors! For the royal party there was a private entrance to their seat from the Town-Hall. They, of course, and the nobility, had the best seats. I know the whole terrible scene too well, and can only too vividly picture it to myself. The scaffold, brilliant with the yellow and flame-coloured robes — the gay dresses on the platforms — the eager faces of the citizens and peasants in the square, struggling for the best view — the great church-bells tolling — the murmurs of the crowd, and the buzzing of conversation among the ladies of the court, hushed when Melchior Cano, Bishop of the Canaries, mounted the pulpit to preach the sermon. The voice I had heard on the occasion of the martyrdom of San Roman could be trusted in that pulpit no more. Bartolomé Carranza — the preacher at that *auto* — Archbishop

of Toledo, was already under suspicion of heresy, and in the following August was arrested at Madrid and thrown into the prisons of the Inquisition, to linger through his trial of seventeen years. It seems that there is something infectious in those *autos*, after all.

But this ceremony was far more august than the one I had witnessed. Thirty heretics were on the scaffold instead of one. They were divided into two bands,—the "reconciled," and the "relaxed," sixteen of the former, and fourteen of the latter. By the "reconciled," the Inquisition, in the diabolical mockery of its technical language, mean those whom they assert to have reconciled, and therefore receive again to the bosom of the Church,—that is, commit either to exile or to lifelong imprisonment, with the robe of shame, and the declaring of the memory infamous for ever. In all cases the inquisitors are careful to confiscate the whole property. This is the welcome of the Church of Rome to her prodigals; —for the best robe, the coat of infamy; for the welcome to the home, perpetual isolation; for the father's house, the prisons of the Inquisition. Had not the "relaxations" of the Inquisition been so terrible few would have sought such "reconciliation." But in all this severity, we who have been tortured by it through our best beloved see the fullest acknowledgment of the strength of our Reformed faith, even in its weakest confessors. They dare not trust a Protestant Christian with freedom again, so irresistible they deem the power of our doc-

trine, so ineradicable the truth, when once it has taken root in the heart.

By the "relaxed," the inquisitors mean those on whom they will never relax their death-grasp, but whom, nevertheless, they, men of peace and ministers of grace, must not touch; the "obstinate heretics," whom they, pastors of the Church, deliver over to the secular arm, recommending them to mercy.

"It is not lawful for us," they say, like the Pharisees of old, "to put any man to death." It is singular how the rites and ceremonies of the Church of the Murderer —the World who hated the Master and hated the disciples—are handed down from age to age; that Pharisees should fulfil the Hebrew prophecies, and inquisitors repeat the formulæ of Pharisees, not from an intentional agreement, but from the deep inward identity of character naturally reproducing the same fruit.

And the secular arm always interprets "mercy" to mean the stake; yet the fathers of the Church repeat the formula again and again, and then proceed to hasten the execution.

Among the sixteen reconciled were my friend Doña Ana Henriquez de Rojas. She was an accomplished and noble lady, only twenty-four years of age, and the wife of Don Juan de Fonseca Mexia. She appeared in the Sanbenito. They condemned her to separation from her husband, and perpetual seclusion in a monastery. Don Pedro de Rojas, son of the first Marquis of

Poza, was despoiled of his decorations as Knight of St. Iago, and condemned to a perpetual dress of infamy, and to have his memory rendered infamous. Our faithful servant, Anton Minguez, was also among this band. Another of my uncles, Joan de Vibero Cazalla, with his wife, was sentenced to the perpetual Sanbenito and life-long imprisonment. And this, in spite of the entreaties of my uncle Augustin, was the sentence passed on my mother.

The infamy descends on us to all generations. We accept it, and would wear it as our most honourable title, if all the orders and titles of Christendom were heaped on us. But here, in Holland, that is easy. In Spain, where the people, the deluded populace, take up the cry, it is no light addition to the anguish of those who are thus condemned, to know that their kindred and children go about everywhere pointed at and scorned as those whose name is tainted with a crime worse than the basest of which men dare not speak.

Among the fourteen "relaxed" under sentence of death, were twelve whom they declared to be penitents, and who therefore were to be mercifully strangled before their bodies were bound to the stake, and two who were burned alive. Of the first twelve, as I have said, was my uncle Augustin Cazalla; and with him suffered my aunt Beatriz de Vibero Cazalla, two knights, and a priest. The presence of these priests and knights among the condemned gave great effect to the ceremony, since

every knightly decoration and every priestly vestment had to be publicly removed with all possible marks of contempt; and the criminals, thus divested of all earthly dignity, were presented to the derision of the people in the yellow robe and mock pasteboard mitre, painted over with flames and figures of toads and devils. This my uncles underwent. But of these savage mockeries I dare not think, nor of the secret cruelties which had preceded them, and maimed the sufferers, so that a sufficient interval had always to be left between the torture and the stake, to allow the disjointed limbs to regain strength to bear the martyrs to the *auto*. Of those who died under torture or from its effects, we know the names of more than one. But on these things I dare not dwell, lest I should grow savage myself with the unconquerable passion of indignation and horror they excite. The endurance of the martyrs may fortify us: and of this we will think and speak. The cruelties of the persecutors are of hell, and on the things of hell we may not safely gaze.

Is it not so even with the crucifixion of our Lord himself? It is not by looking at the hard and enraged faces, or listening to the mocking words, or dwelling on the cruel stripes and wounds, we gain so much, as by fixing our eyes on the patience of the spotless Lamb, the majesty of His silence, the mournful pity, the love, the compassion of the few words He spoke. Oh, it was that scene at the judgment-hall and on Calvary, that

Sufferer going willingly up to the death of shame for them, wounded for their transgressions, which shone before the hearts of our brethren at Valladolid and Seville, or they could never have endured as they did! The robe of mockery, the crown of mockery, the delivering over to the secular arm by the priests, who did not shrink from staining themselves with murder, but would not for the world have defiled themselves by a "legal irregularity,"—had it not all been enacted before in Jerusalem fifteen hundred years ago?

The servant is not above his Master; but (oh, words of deathless joy!) "every one who is perfect shall," when this day of pain and infamy has passed, "be as his Master,"—immortal, sinless, blessed for evermore!

In one respect, indeed, the persecutors have learned since then a lesson in their terrible art. They silence the martyrs. Those condemned to death usually appeared on the scaffold in Spain with a cleft piece of wood in their mouths, in which the tongue was inserted, producing at once speechlessness and pain. This was the gag: it was not always removed even at the stake. The inquisitors have learned the power of *words*, and few of the dying words of our beloved have reached us.

Two names, however, at that *auto*, the inquisitors themselves have never dared to slander with any report that they recanted. My uncle Francisco was one, the cura of Hormigos. They say he signified, by a movement of his arms, his grief at seeing his brother Augustin

among the penitents; and then himself was led to the stake, and endured the flames without shrinking. "Without shrinking!" without a murmur they need not say; for no words could escape the poor silenced tongue, gagged to the last.

But of the other of those two, how can I speak? Antonio Herezuelo, fearless, enduring, moved throughout his examinations neither by torture nor promise, what agony, worse than all, awaited him on the scaffold! His wife was there, his Leanor; but not among those condemned to death; she stood among the penitents. She had recanted. She was not to share death with him. They say nothing had moved him till he saw her. He had stood firm, with a look of unshaken courage and dignity, and impenetrable calmness, amidst all the ignominy of that day; but as he was led before her on his way to the stake, an anguish came over his face, which did not pass from it until his body sank among the flames. A Roman Catholic eye-witness, who stood near him, and could observe every change of feature and gesture, said that he could not observe in him the least symptom of fear or pain, only "*there was a sadness in his countenance beyond anything he had ever seen.*" O noble, tender heart, to burst with such anguish, and not be allowed to utter it! not a word of pity, or forgiveness, or faithful warning, to the last! He was gagged to the last; but his look of anguish had spoken to Leanor de Cisneros, his wife, more than words.

She saw it, and survived the unutterable misery it must have caused her, and did not lose her reason, as she so easily might. She returned to the prison, where false promises and false statements had, there is little doubt, deceived her into recanting, a "confirmed heretic." That parting look, did it recall another look of One betrayed, and mingle with her agony the hope and the purpose which sustained her in life and reason? Nine years she endured the prison alone. They might have been nine years in Paradise! But may it not have been necessary for that young and fervent heart to learn to distinguish between the love whose support can be removed, and the love which cannot, that none might be able to say of her, as of Losada, "a Lutheran for love?"

Immediately on her return to prison, she refused to continue the course of penance they had induced her to commence. Penitent indeed she was, but not to Rome. She was again thrown into the secret prison, whence no wail of anguish reaches the outer world. Nine years the conflict lasted between the Inquisition, with all its reckless barbarity in the use of its terrible weapons, and that one young widowed woman's faith. The Inquisition was baffled; "*nothing*," they said, "*could move the impenetrable heart of that obstinate woman.*"

On the 25th of September, nine years and four months after her husband's martyrdom, Leanor de Cisneros was brought forth in another *Auto-da-Fé* at Valladolid. No

human voice was there to encourage her, no human eye to pity. Those from whom she had learned the truth for which she died, and with whom she had worshipped of old, were all dead or lost to her, strangled, burned, exiled, or hopelessly imprisoned. She suffered, the last of that noble company, alone, but she accepted no treacherous mercy. As her husband died, she died, bound living to the stake, uncomplaining. From the flames her redeemed spirit, like his, was received by Him for whose sake they both laid down their lives. Their bodies did not perish at one stake; each passed through the fiery trial alone. But one Paradise has held their blessed spirits now, for more years already than the nine during which Leanor's faith was tried.

Thus passed that spring day in May 1559 at Valladolid. Before sunset, a heap of ashes lay outside the gates of the city, sacred as any ever stored in reliquaries. But no man gathered them. God had better things in store for that despised dust, than to be the adoration of poor idolatrous hearts.

I had almost forgotten to record the last dishonour inflicted on our family at this *Auto-da-Fé*. The bones of our grandmother, Leanor de Vibero Cazalla, were dug up, her effigy was exhibited on the scaffold, and both were committed to the flames. Her memory was declared infamous, her property confiscated, and her house, where the Reformed Church at Valladolid had met, was razed to the ground. Thus was every trace

of our family to be blotted out; and in our native city now, no memorial of us exists, but a "column of infamy" erected on the site of my grandmother's house, recording why it was destroyed.

In the autumn, another exhibition was prepared by the priests for the court, nobles, and people at Valladolid, more impressive even than the last. King Philip himself was there, Don Carlos, the Prince of Parma, three ambassadors from France, many prelates, and a brilliant company of nobles and ladies of rank. Twenty-nine heretics appeared.

Of these, sixteen again were said to be penitent, or "reconciled," and among these was the Doña Isabella de Castilla, wife of Don Carlos de Seso, and her niece, Doña Catalina. These were sentenced to the extreme penalty next to death—the perpetual robe of infamy, and lifelong imprisonment. I cannot but think that the Inquisition ventured in this as far as they dared with ladies of royal blood, and sought to deny us the honour of two royal martyrs by professing to believe them penitent. The falsehoods they circulated with reference to others, at least give room to hope the best for these.

Don Carlos de Seso and Don Domingo de Rojas were the most illustrious martyrs at this *auto*. They and Juan Sanchez endured the flames without accepting any mercy at the price of recantation.

De Rojas made one appeal to King Philip as he passed to execution,—

"Canst thou, sire," he said, "thus witness the torments of thy innocent subjects? Save us from so cruel a death!"

"No," replied Philip; "I would myself carry wood to burn my own son, were he such a wretch as thou!"

De Rojas attempted to say something in his defence, but the king waved his hand, and the gag was forced into the martyr's mouth. It was not withdrawn at the stake. It is the contradictory reports we have received of De Rojas's last moments which encourage us to discredit much that the inquisitors assert with regard to the recantation of our brethren. The inquisitors declare, that at the last, when the pile was set on fire, De Rojas's courage failed, that he begged for a confessor, was absolved, and strangled. But private letters tell us that "they carried him from the scaffold, accompanied by a number of monks; about a hundred flocking about him." (De Rojas had himself been a Dominican friar, and therefore the sanctity of the order was at stake.) "They railed and made exclamations against him, some of them urging him to recant. But he, notwithstanding, answered them with a bold spirit, that he would never renounce the doctrine of Christ."

The conduct of Don Carlos de Seso throughout his trial was worthy of the noble name and character he bore. He was arrested at Logroño. In all his examinations in the terrible secret prisons, the inquisitors

admit that his answers were calm and unchanging, as if he had nothing to fear. He refused to implicate any one.

At midnight before the *Auto-da-Fé*, when, as usual, the friars came to tell him of the dreadful doom awaiting him, that before another sunset he, the favourite of the emperor, must die as a disgraced and degraded felon in the flames, he called for writing materials, and wrote, not an appeal to his sovereign, nor a confession of error, but a confession of faith. He gave this to the officer, saying, "This is the true faith of the gospel, as opposed to that of the Church of Rome, which has been corrupted for ages. In this faith I wish to die; and in the remembrance and lively belief of the passion of Jesus Christ, to offer to God my body, now reduced so low."

"His body reduced so low!" By what means? Doubtless by the loathsome dungeon, the pulley, and the rack! Yet the spirit retained all its noble dignity and courage. And they say who have seen it, that the document, preserved in the archives of the Inquisition, containing his confession of faith, is vigorous and clear beyond what any one could conceive; seeing that it was written in the presence of death,

All that night and the next morning before the *Auto-da-Fé*, the friars laboured to persuade Don Carlos to retract. But in vain. He appeared on the scaffold gagged; and when the gag was removed at the stake,

and the monks once more clamoured for him to confess, he replied, in a loud, firm voice,—

"I could demonstrate to you that you ruin yourselves by not imitating my example. But there is no time. Executioners, light the pile which is to consume me."

He died without a groan or a symptom of struggle. He was in his forty-third year.

One martyr, the third who suffered at this *auto* without any relief obtained by yielding, was nerved by De Seso's courage in the flames to endure the same.

This was Juan Sanchez. He had been bound alive to the stake, and had asked no mercy; but when the flames consumed the ropes which bound him, with the unconquerable instinct of self-preservation, he leaped from the stake on the scaffold near it, where those were placed who recanted. The friars surrounded him, hoping to receive his confession. But he looked from those who were kneeling in penance on one side, to Don Carlos standing firm amidst the fire on the other; and walking deliberately back to the stake, again yielded himself to the flames, whose terrible power he had felt. He called on the executioners to heap up the fagots. "I will die," he said, "like De Seso."

He was in the prime of life, not thirty-three years of age; and among all the martyrs I think none deserve from us more honour than Juan Sanchez, resisting an

instinct of life so strong, and braving a second time the death whose bitterness he had tasted and escaped.

They were men and women in the prime of life, the greater number of our Spanish martyrs. Their sacrifice was no mere outburst of youthful enthusiasm—no weakness of age languidly resigning the life whose beauty had faded—no ascetic casting away of a treasure they despised. Life was a divine, precious gift to them; and they would have saved it if they could with fidelity. But they yielded it up in its prime and strength, calmly, deliberately, determinedly, rather than deny the truth of God, which they had tested. They yielded themselves up to a death, whose infamy and horrors they could but too well estimate, for love of Him who loved them, and gave Himself for them. And He will never forget it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARTYRS OF SEVILLE.

IT remains only for me to collect such further fragments of information as reached us, at various times by various means, of the crushing of the Reformed Churches in other parts of Spain.

The four *Autos-da-Fé* which gave the deathblow to the Reformation in Spain were those in May and October 1559 at Valladolid, of which I have spoken; and two great *autos* at Seville in September 1559, and in December 1560. Besides these, tidings were brought to us of some of our brethren who perished at many smaller *autos* in Arragon, Valencia, Murcia, and Old Castile. In some cities these terrible spectacles became for a time an annual celebration. But the number of Lutherans who appeared in them gradually diminished, until after 1571 we scarcely heard of one. The work of the inquisitors in this respect was accomplished. The prophets sent to Spain were killed or banished; and the love which would have gathered her children beneath its shelter was, for our generation at least, effectually repelled.

But let me relate first what I have learned of our brethren at Seville.

Of the four first teachers of the evangelical doctrine at Seville in 1558 (that fatal year to us), only one remained. Rodrigo de Valero had died in the monastery at San Lucar; Master Vargas also was dead; Ægidius had sunk beneath the pressure of his sufferings and his regrets. Only Constantine Ponce de la Fuente was left. Suspected, indeed, he was "violently" of Lutheranism, and had been for many years, and detested by the inquisitors. But he was too great and too popular a man to be arrested without a show of justice, and evidence was difficult to find. The Emperor Charles held him in high esteem. His Protestant friends would have died rather than betray him; and his own keen insight into character had preserved him from trusting traitors. At length, however, he was arrested on suspicion of heresy. Yet even then his answers baffled the examiners, and they could not make out a satisfactory process against him. Accident, however, delivered him into their power.

A Protestant lady of wealth, Doña Isabella Martinia, had been thrown into prison on suspicion of heresy. Before her imprisonment, Constantine had concealed some of his Lutheran books in her house. The inquisitors learned, through the treachery of one of her servants, that she had concealed her jewels in the house of her son, Francisco Beltrano. To his house the alguazil of the

Holy Office went. Francisco, however, hoped to divert the search of the inquisitors from the jewels by betraying the treasure, more perilous and precious than jewels, which lay hid in his mother's house; and he met the emissaries of the Inquisition at the door with the eager confession,—

"Señor Sotelo, are you come to my house? I believe you come for things which are in the house of my mother. If you will keep me from harm, I will declare to you what is there in concealment."

And receiving the promise, he guided the alguazil to the cellar under his mother's house, where were concealed many of the most unquestionably Lutheran manuscripts and books of Constantine Ponce de la Fuente. Francisco Beltrano's treachery availed the inquisitors much, but was of no use to himself. The alguazil, whilst greedily seizing the books, declared that his promise to Beltrano was of no value, since it was not books he sought, but jewels. Francisco was only too happy to purchase his own safety with the cession of the jewels; but his unavailing treachery had meantime entirely ruined the cause of the imprisoned preacher. When the manuscripts were presented to Constantine, he at once saw that all hope of defending himself was over, and acknowledged simply and frankly that those manuscripts were his own, and contained his confession of faith. They were not merely declarations of evangelical doctrine, but distinct controversial papers against Pur-

gatory, the invocation of Saints, and other articles of the Roman creed. No further proof was needed. But he determinately refused to betray one disciple or friend. Before the *auto*, however, at which he would have suffered, the loathsomeness of the dungeon into which the inquisitors threw him had done the work of the flames. His health failed. He is said to have exclaimed in his sufferings,—

"O God, are there no Scythians, or cannibals, or others more cruel and inhuman even than these, in whose power Thou couldst have placed me, rather than in that of these barbarians?"

He was spared the torture, or rather the rack was replaced by the worse torture of the pestilential dungeon. But these sufferings could not last long. Life, vigorous and healthy as it was in him, soon sank in the contest. Alone, and in those dungeons from which no wail of anguish, no heroic confession, no testimony of triumph over death escapes, the chaplain of Charles V., the Canon Magistral of Seville, died. Of whom the Emperor said, when informed of his condemnation as a heretic, "You could not condemn a greater." Of his dying words, none have reached us. But the dungeon is as open to Heaven as the Brasero.

Brother Fernando, a monk of San Isidro, and a Lutheran, called Olmedo, are said to have perished at the same time, in neighbouring dungeons, of atmosphere as pestilential, from the same cause as Constantine.

The Holy Office had therefore to content itself with burning the effigy of Constantine Ponce de la Fuente at the *Auto-da-Fé* of 1560. But there were enough victims left. The first *Auto-da-Fé* at Seville was celebrated on the 29th of September 1559, in the Square of St. Francis. The inquisitors there were probably at this time, with Munebrega at their head, more cruel and lawless than those of any other inquisitorial tribunal. The cruelties of the head gaoler at their prison in the Castle of Triana, at length became so unendurable that a riot was excited, and he was mildly rebuked by his superiors, removed, and sentenced to carry a torch at the *Auto-da-Fé*, where blameless and holy men were remorselessly burned alive. Such was the relative estimate of crimes with the Inquisition of Seville. But my concern is with the patience of the saints, not with the sins of the persecutors.

The *autos* at Seville were inferior to those at Valladolid in the splendour of the company of spectators, no royal personages being at hand to add to their impressiveness. But a large and distinguished assembly of prelates, nobles, and ladies of rank, were present; and what the Seville tribunal lacked in the grandeur of guests, was perhaps compensated in their eyes by the number and steadfastness of the victims. Eighty of the "reconciled" appeared at the *auto* of October 1559, and were sentenced to imprisonment, a robe of infamy, or other penalties; and twenty-one were delivered over to the secular arm and burned. But of these twenty-one

it was the glorious distinction that the Inquisition itself could scarcely venture to stain the memory of one with the calumny that they recanted.

Four of those who were burned alive were monks of the monastery of San Isidro del Campo. Six were women. To three of these I ought to say the inquisitors accorded the mercy of the garrote before the stake. The widowed Isabel de Baena—whose house at Seville was what ours, my grandmother Leanor de Vibero's, had been at Valladolid, the great gathering-place of the Reformed Church—was burned alive. For her no mercy could be expected. Maria de Virves, and Maria de Cornel, two young ladies of rank, shared the same fate.

Maria de Bohorques, a maiden connected with the noblest houses of Andalusia, had been educated with the greatest care. She read Latin with facility, and had been a pupil of Ægidius, from whom she learned the Reformed faith. Her mind was one of unusual clearness and power, and her character had that gentle firmness which can endure so much. Ægidius used to say she had taught him much; that an interview with her always made him grasp truth more firmly, and see it more vividly. She was not twenty-one when she was arrested by the Holy Office. Her youth, and noble blood, and many endowments, could not save her from the rack. She was severely tortured to induce her to implicate her friends. But in vain. The inquisitors were obliged to confess their admiration at the point of

her replies to their arguments. On the night before the *auto*, when these were fortified by the announcement of her terrible sentence, they laboured again to convince her. She received their persuasions with great politeness, but assured them that, as to her salvation, she was more anxious about it than they could possibly be, and would have renounced her convictions long since could she have been convinced they were not founded on the Word of God. At the *auto* the next morning her countenance was serene and cheerful, and she encouraged her sisters in martyrdom by beginning to chant with them a psalm. This endeavour procured her a rare distinction. She was gagged, and was the only woman on whom this final indignity was inflicted. The gag was removed when her sentence was read, and she was offered another opportunity to recant. She replied in a clear voice, heard by all present,—

"I neither can, nor will, recant."

One of the Protestants, whose courage had failed at the last, entreated her not to be too confident, but to weigh again the arguments of the priests. She upbraided him for his irresolution, and said,—

"This is not the time to weigh arguments. Let us employ the few moments which are left us in meditating on the death of the Redeemer, for whom we suffer."

This was her strength. It was not for mere Protestantism, for a cause, for doctrines, she had endured the loss of all things, but for the living Saviour, the Son of

God, who had sacrificed all, even Himself, for her. "She endured as seeing Him who is invisible"—the only source of endurance to be relied on.

One more effort the priests made to shake her constancy. She was bound to the stake, and the executioners were preparing to light the fagots. The friars requested a brief delay. They pitied her so much, they said, on account of her youth and talents. Let her only repeat the creed.

Perhaps she felt little value for the pity which had not shrunk from inflicting on her the extremity of torture, when none but God was there to see and have compassion. But the Apostles' Creed was indeed her faith, and she steadily repeated it. Yet even then she would not let the shadow of a doubt rest on the steadfastness of her fidelity to the truth for which she died. At the stake, with the fagots around her, and the torches waiting to be applied, she calmly proceeded to declare in what sense she believed in the Holy Catholic Church—not the Church of the Inquisition, but the living Church of the living Saviour.

This time the inquisitors had another method of silencing the faithful lips than by the gag. Her last confession of faith was interrupted by the garrote. The executioners strangled her. A lifeless body was bound to the stake, and her confession was finished in the presence of rejoicing angels, and of their Lord.

Among the obstinate heretics were Doctor Juan

Gonzalez and his two sisters. He was of Moorish descent, but had become a priest, and had been one of the most effective evangelical preachers in Andalusia. His courage did not fail in the examinations, under the torture, before the ignominy of being despoiled of his priestly vestments, or at the stake. God strengthened him, and he thought, like Maria de Bohorques, not of enduring merely, but of strengthening others. At the door of the prisons of the Triana he began to sing the 109th Psalm, the psalm in which is this verse,—

"Let them curse, but bless Thou."

Oh, there are unfathomed depths of strength and comfort in the Word of God, which only those who suffer know!

On the scaffold, in the midst of his own degradation, he remarked, or thought he remarked, a look of discouragement on the face of one of his sisters, and addressed to her some tender words of consolation. He was instantly gagged; but the words had been spoken, and had revived the drooping heart. Who can imagine what those meetings on the scaffold must have been? Brothers and sisters, mothers and children, husband and wife, had been separated from each other for months, perhaps for years. During all that time, not a word had passed between them. It had been a separation complete as death. Neither knew what the others had passed through, or how they had endured. In more cases than

one, garbled or false reports of the confession of one were brought by the inquisitors to the other, to perplex, or to persuade to recantation.

But on the morning of the *Auto-da-Fé* all these doubts were over. Those who had been faithful stood once more together, and knew it. They saw one another again, worn, indeed, by dungeon and torture, but unchanged in faith. This must have been a beginning of the joys of Paradise. Not a word was willingly permitted between them; but in some instances even this could not be prevented, as in the case of Juan Gonzalez. The certainty of the worst had set the martyrs beyond the power of their persecutors, and often dying words of mutual encouragement could not be silenced. And at the very worst, if the sufferers were gagged, the expression of love and immortal trust in the eyes could not be quenched.

To die thus, together with the dearest on earth, for Him in heaven who loves us more than the dearest on earth, must surely have filled the heart with a fountain of joy flames could do little to exhaust.

The inquisitors, having silenced the brother Juan Gonzalez, made another effort to persuade his sisters to insert the word Roman in the creed, which they were commanded to repeat. They longed to hear the beloved voice again which had taught them and strengthened them so often. They said if their brother might be suffered to speak, they would say as he said.

The gag was removed, and the brother, who had stood before beside them like a guardian angel, longing that they might prove steadfast, but powerless to speak, was again able to exhort them not to add another word to the good confession they had made.

The baffled friars gave immediate orders that they should be strangled; and, turning to the crowd, declared they had died in the Roman faith. But they have never dared to repeat the slander since.

Others, besides these, of this noble company of martyrs spent their last breath in encouraging one another. They gave their bodies to be burned; but faith, which worketh by love, and love stronger than death, burned in their hearts to the last; and we know assuredly it will "not profit these faithful sufferers nothing," but much, throughout the ages, that they thus endured.

The second grand *Auto-da-Fé* at Seville was held on the 22nd December 1560. At this, three foreigners were burned alive for the faith, contrary to the law of all nations. One of these was Nicholas Burton, an English merchant; and the narrative which reached his countrymen of his tortures and death, was, I think, better than a cargo of ammunition to the brave little fleet which, composed of volunteers and merchantmen, shattered the Invincible Armada of King Philip.

In this second *Auto-da-Fé* died Julian Hernandez—Julianillo, the brave little colporteur who had introduced so many Testaments and Lutheran books into Spain.

He had risked his life continually, and when the time came he yielded it up as willingly. He, like so many of the *auto* in the preceding year, when brought into the court of the Triana on the morning of the execution, thought chiefly of aiding his fellow-sufferers. "Courage, comrades!" he said. "This is the hour in which we must show ourselves valiant soldiers of Jesus Christ! Let us now bear faithful testimony to His truth before men, and within a few hours we shall receive the testimony of His approbation before angels, and triumph with Him in heaven."

"*Within a few hours*," and "*for Christ*," and "*with Him*." It was the old Christian battle-cry, unchanged from the days of Stephen, and Paul, and Polycarp, and the martyrs of Vienne.

Not for the Reformation, for justification by faith, not for a theory, not even for a principle, but for the living human and divine Person, for loyalty to a King, for fidelity to a Friend who had died for them—they laid down their lives for Christ.

Julian Hernandez was silenced immediately by the gag. At the stake, with the fervour of the character which had nerved him for his life of adventure, he knelt and pressed his silenced lips to the stone on which the stake was erected. Then he rose and laid his head among the fagots, as if to welcome them. When bound to the stake, he bowed his head meekly in prayer. Doctor Fernando Rodriguez, one of the friars near, him-

self a recreant, flattered himself this was at last a sign of yielding; and the gag was removed, that Julianillo might have another opportunity to recant. But he firmly confessed his own faith, and then reproached Rodriguez with betraying his.

Doctor Rodriguez had a reply in his power, which he did not fail to use.

"Shall Spain," he exclaimed, "the conqueror and mistress of nations, have her peace disturbed by a dwarf? Executioners, do your office."

The fagots were kindled; and the guards, whether in mercy or in contempt, ended the dwarf-martyr's sufferings by thrusting their lances into his body.

At this *Auto-da-Fé* also, as at the preceding one, a family group were reunited.

Maria Gomez, whose temporary insanity had so nearly betrayed the Reformed Church a few years before, appeared on the scaffold with her three daughters and a sister. It seems to have been from the sister that the four others first received the evangelical doctrine; at least this was the case with one of the girls—for on the scaffold she went up to her aunt, and, kneeling before her, thanked her for all she had taught her, implored forgiveness for any offence she might have given her, and asked for her dying blessing.

What this "offence" was which weighed on the poor girl's conscience, we know not. Perhaps some words, confessing that her aunt had been her teacher in Chris-

tian truth, extorted by the agony of torture; perhaps only some of those little omissions or misunderstandings which seem so great when the heart is made tender by the approach of death. However this may be, the aged aunt raised her niece with her feeble arms, and assured her she had never given her a moment's pain; and then she reminded the young girl of the support their Divine Saviour had promised in the hour of trial, and of the joy set before them, when these few moments of anguish were over.

After this the five women embraced, and bade each other farewell, with tender words of mutual comfort. And thus they were bound together to the stakes, and died together in the flames. They need scarcely have taken leave of one another. The words of farewell could scarcely have died away when they were exchanged in the other world for the words of welcome; such welcome as martyrs may give and receive in Paradise—receive from one another, from angels, and from Christ.

Of many others who thus suffered, no dying words have been borne to us, and no details of their last moments. But even of what we have heard I cannot speak at length. I have chiefly selected such incidents as show the voluntary nature of the sufferings of our martyrs, and the love which glowed in their hearts to the last to one another, and to God.

They were tortured, not accepting deliverance. They fought the battle with the Tempter inch by inch; for at

point after point some mitigation of the threatened doom was offered them as the price of recantation, even up to the stake, when the garrote, in place of the dreadful flames, was held out as the reward for inserting the one word "Roman" into the Creed.

It is this which ennobles the *Autos-da-Fé* for us from a slaughter into a sacrifice, from a scaffold into an altar. The martyrs of Spain were not victims merely, they were willing sacrifices; they were not slain, they offered up themselves. The Spirit of Him who could to the last have called down legions of angels, and saved Himself, and come down from the cross, and did not, but saved *us*, was also in those Christians—in Him without measure, in them in measure. Not, indeed, that they could have exchanged the anguish and shame for visible victory and glory, as He might have done; but, step by step, the rack, the pulley, the flames, might have been evaded, and they were *not* evaded, but fully borne. One, Dr. Fernando de San Juan, calmly argued with the priests at the foot of the stake in Latin. Another, a poor servant, Juan Sanchez, at Valladolid, returned voluntarily to the flames he had escaped, rather than join the band of penitents. We owe much to the friars and priests who harassed the last moments of the martyrs with their vain entreaties and offers of mercy, because they proved this.

It is this which ennobles the martyr's death; although I trust the sufferings of many in sick-beds, perhaps as acute as the rack and the flames, may in God's sight

be as voluntary, because the sufferer ennobles them by acquiescence. Willing submission, springing from trusting love, may indeed raise any sufferings into sacrifices, for God loveth a cheerful giver. In all sacrifices it is the offering up of self, not of things, which is precious—the love, and not the mere act. But the testimony to the world of these voluntary public deaths for truth is indeed a glorious service—serving the world, by proving the reality of invisible things, and the Church, among other things, by proving that suffering is serving.

But what can we think of the persecutors? We should never think of them except with the remembrance that the apostle Paul was once a persecutor; that among the very inquisitors, besides hypocrites and covetous men, who persecuted for gain, and weak men and traitors, who persecuted from fear, were men of intense conscientious convictions, who believed that in inflicting torture they were doing God service, cutting off the gangrened limb to save the body, perhaps even destroying the body to save the soul.

Of such perhaps was Carranza, a "Black friar" of England, afterwards himself a sufferer for seventeen years, on suspicion of Lutheran heresy, which he could certainly have avoided by simply retracting all suspected statements. Among such honest but deluded consciences we have more than one instance of conversion (like St. Paul's) to the truth they had sought to uproot. It is by keeping steadily in view how voluntary were the

martyrs' sufferings, and also by remembering that the persecutors were not devils (as it is so easy to consider them), but men, who might yet be saved, and themselves transformed into martyrs, that thinking of these terrible *autos* can soften our hearts or do us any good; otherwise, their contemplation would be hardening and imbittering, as that of any other story of wrong and crime.

One other lesson has also been deeply impressed on our hearts by these persecutions—that there is no strength in the highest Christian to be relied on but such as is daily drawn from Christ. Those from whom we expected most did not always bear the noblest testimony. Those from whose gentle and timid retiring characters we expected little, sometimes showed the most unflinching courage. One of the most striking examples of the last fact was Dr. Garcia de Arias, called the Maestro Blanco, on account of his white hair. Timid and temporizing, so as to perplex his best friends, while the danger only threatened at a distance, when he was at length brought to trial, he expressed regret that he had not spoken more boldly before. He even carried the war into the enemy's quarters; and not content with answering their arguments, perplexed his examiners with unanswerable questions and unasked proofs. Feeble with age, he ascended the scaffold leaning on a staff, and was bound to the stake with a countenance beaming with joy. Much as this noble conduct of his perplexed both friend and foe, can we not understand it? Can we

not imagine the joy with which, when at length he cast aside all his cautious schemes for self-preservation, and ventured himself wholly on Christ, he must have learned how free the single-hearted are, and how strong that almighty arm can make the tread of the weakest who lean on Him!

The second grand *Auto-da-Fé* at Seville in December 1560, closes the most important page of our new Spanish martyrology. But from time to time we received tidings of one and another burned alive and condemned to other penalties for Lutheranism at Toledo, Granada, Saragossa, Logroño, and in Valencia and Murcia. It was in this way only that we obtained any tidings of the progress of the evangelical doctrine in Spain. When, among criminals condemned for the worst offences—for bigamy, sorcery, and other infamous crimes, or for relapsing into Judaism or Mohammedanism—we heard of one or two or more burned, or condemned to penance, as Lutherans or Huguenots, we knew that the truth was not quenched in that district, that some had been found faithful enough to speak the message of our reconciliation through the One Sacrifice; and we trusted that for each one who had spoken and suffered there might be many who, though too confused in thought or weak in faith to speak, had yet listened and believed.

At Logroño the inquisitors were exhorted by the superior tribunals to more vigilance, because Philip, ambassador to Queen Elizabeth, wrote that the English

boasted the Reformed doctrine still found adherents in Spain, and especially in Navarre. For many years, at least until 1568, by the confession of the Inquisition, there were found many at Logroño who followed the doctrine they had learned from Don Carlos de Seso, burned at Valladolid in 1559; receiving the books of their sect by sea, or across the mountains, from France. It seems, therefore, that Julianillo also had his successors.

The Inquisition of Toledo was so zealous, and multiplied victims so fast, that the inhabitants of one town, St. Cifuentes, in the province of Guadalajara, sent an entreaty to the Pope, that the Sanbenitos of the condemned might be removed from their parish church, because the walls of their church were so tapestried with these robes of infamy, painted with flames, toads, and devils, that it filled them with horror in attending the services.

Gradually, however, as I have said, after ten or twelve years, we ceased to receive those tidings of the sufferings of our brethren, so full of pain, and yet of hope, for us.

Mohammedans were still burned at the *Autos-da-Fé*, and relapsed Jews, and criminals; but the name of Lutherans and Huguenots disappeared from the terrible lists.

Spain remains "the Catholic." Many of her noblest families will, no doubt, find means to obliterate the taint which heresy has brought on their "old Christian" blood. The names of the martyrs will be blotted out of the

noble pedigrees to which so many of them belong, and will be forgotten.

But will the Inquisition do for Castile what the Bible would have done had it been allowed free access to our countrymen? Will the *Autos-da-Fé* teach them Christianity as the Gospels would have taught it? Will Spain be always what Rodriguez called her, "queen and mistress among the nations"? Or will her misused power, like her Armada, disperse into nothing before the breath of God, or crumble into nothing by its own hollowness? The inquisitors have indeed silenced the Reformed teachers in the land. With what words will they fill the silence? Individual hearts there may indeed be now, and always, in every city, convent, and village, which may be opened to the truth, and love, and God, and silently transformed by Him. But for Spain, will Rome ever do for her what that noble band of Christian men and women could have done, trained and endowed as they were by God to be the teachers and leaders of a nation?

I have spoken little of those who, like ourselves, escaped from the storm of persecution in our country by flight. There were many. The Protestant Churches of Geneva, France, and England, received us cordially.

Queen Elizabeth, prudent and cautious as she is, has steadfastly resisted all demands to yield our brethren up to our enemies. Testimony has been rendered them by a bishop of the English Church, which we accept.

He speaks of the Protestant Spaniards taking refuge in England for the faith as "few, poor, and miserable, despoiled of all, driven from their country." It is true. The words are spoken with a tender and reverent pity, for he acknowledges them as "brethren, afflicted members of Christ, compelled to bear His cross." And he says of the four thousand Reformed Christians who have found a haven in England from persecution in Italy, Spain, and the Netherlands:—"They are our brethren. They live not idly. If they take houses of us, they pay rent for them. They beg not in our streets, nor crave anything at our hands, but to breathe our air and see our sun. They labour truly, they live sparefully. They are good examples of virtue, travail, faith, and patience. The towns in which they abide are happy, for God doth follow them with His blessing."

But our hearts, in spite of all the brotherly welcome we have had, are still in our country. It cannot content us to see the pure Church of Christ openly planted in other lands; we want it to take root in Spain. We are Christians first, and therefore find a home wherever our brethren are. But we are also Spaniards, and we must be exiles out of Spain. There is also a gravity and reserve about our national character, which perhaps makes us more lonely than others, of a lighter character, in a foreign land.

The best among us are still labouring for the spread of evangelical truth throughout our country. Montanus

writes the history of our martyrs. Cassiodoro de Reyna and Cipriano de Valera retranslate the Bible into Castilian.

Will these narratives of our martyrs yet encourage others to witness, and perhaps to bear a witness the Holy Office shall at last be unable to suppress?

Will this sacred Word of God, through the translations of our brethren, yet find its way into our country, and sow the precious seed there in happier times—seed that shall not only ripen, as it has done, for the garner of God, but spring up irrepressibly on all sides, till all the land shall be filled with the blessing?

Who can say? But with the Word of God in our hands, and His faith and love in our hearts, what power can banish hope?

"Now abideth these three—faith, hope, and charity." And if the greatest of these is love, it is a love which "hopeth all things,"—a love whose upward gaze is faith, and whose forward gaze is hope. For,

"Stronger is He that is in you, than he that is in the world."

THE LIBERATORS OF HOLLAND.

The Story of Costanza Cazalla.

THE LIBERATORS OF HOLLAND.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW WORLD.

MY sister Dolores has often said that when first we came from Spain to Antwerp—where my husband, Mark van Rosevelt, lived at that time—it seemed to her like having died and passed into a world of shadows, such as the old Pagans imagined. But to me it could not be the same. The world, which was Mark's and our child's, could not but seem like home to me: too much like home, I used to be afraid, sometimes.

It seemed, I feared, almost heartless to be building another home so soon on the crumbling soil from which I had seen the whole of my former world fall at once

into the ocean. But I am not afraid of it now. I do not think the command to live "as pilgrims and strangers" means "rejoice in nothing," but "be careful for nothing." God does not, I think, desire us to tremble, as if we were living in a world without foundations, hanging over a void; but to trust, as those who live in a world founded on His word, and hanging on the firm support of His loving will. When He wills, we know the whole universe will fold up and be changed; but then we shall have the support of His arm with nothing intervening: and that will be as well.

But for Dolores it was so different. Her whole world had perished—all but me; and tender as she was to me—my second mother—I could see she sometimes thought me guilty of a kind of disloyalty in looking forward instead of backward. But I could not help it, because of Mark and the child. And then it was a long time before Dolores understood Mark. They never said so; but I could feel they did not understand each other. Dolores thought Mark phlegmatic, cautious, and cold. She ought not, certainly, when he had risked life and all to save us. But he had a way of making sacrifices, as if they were no sacrifices, which I have often regretted; because I think people often believed him, and thought he was doing just what he liked, when he was yielding his dearest wishes for others. And, besides, I believe Dolores would have thought nothing a sacrifice which was done for me. She loved me for what she had

suffered for me, as women do. She thought it quite natural that any one should be ready to risk life as she had done for me. But that was not just to Mark. And, on his side, I could see that Mark thought her too fervent, impetuous, and Southern, and, to counteract these tendencies, put on his coolest and most deliberate manner in her presence; which was very provoking to me. But, of course, all my attempts at explanation only made matters worse; so that at last I left it to circumstances to interpret these two to each other, and had to content myself meanwhile with the conviction that I understood them both.

Dolores, moreover, did not at first at all comprehend or like the Flemish character and life. She thought the merchants calculating and money-loving; the people free-spoken, to insolence; the women sadly wanting in reserve and habits of keeping at home. She was disposed to be offended even with the very houses for looking so much out of window into the streets, instead of modestly contemplating their own court-yards; and with the furniture for being so luxurious and effeminate. She did not consider that the luxuries of the sunny South are air and water and space, flowers and shade, cool marble courts, and halls containing indeed little but necessary furniture, but beautiful with the flickering shade of vines, and musical with fountains; and that here, in the gray and sober North, these are only poorly replaced by rich carpets, tapestries, and pictures. But

Dolores had not Mark as a link, and could not at once be at home with the free Northern people, as I naturally became through him.

I can never forget the sadness of my sister's look during those first months of our exile. If to her the whole of the busy, noisy world around her seemed shadowy, to us she seemed herself too like a silent shadow, noiselessly and mechanically moving about, as one that belonged to us no more, but was slowly gliding from our midst. She shed no tears, and made no complaints; but it seemed as if her whole bodily life had concentrated itself in the large, dark, penetrating eyes. Their gaze haunted me. It was as if they had looked beyond all things visible to us into the unseen world. No tears moistened them—no smile ever brightened them—no sleep seemed to veil them, for if at night I ventured anxiously to her bedside to see if she was at rest, the same unceasing, steadfast, spiritual gaze met mine. At times, indeed, their expression would change. When any truth about God or Christ and the eternal world was spoken of, or when any narrative was related of martyrdom or of faithful confession of the truth, the solemn, penetrating, passionless gaze would change to an upward look of lofty confidence. To the stories of Flemish and Dutch martyrs—of which there were, alas! such countless numbers—she would have listened for ever. Her spirit seemed to have made its home on these terrible heights, and only to descend to the common

interests of life with a patient tolerance which made me sadder than any agony of grief would have done: I was so afraid my sister, my guardian angel, my only relic of the world we had lost, was fading away from us altogether. Not that she was self-contained or gloomily silent; but she seemed to have lost all sense of proportion between earthly things, and would listen to Mark's plans for the deliverance of his country, or to my discussions of how to furnish a room, with the same disinterested courtesy, evidently caring for the things only because we cared for them.

We all tried our various ways to comfort her. My sister-in-law, Christina, the Vrow van Broek, used to send her fruits, and poultry, and various dainties from her farm near the city, and insist on taking her to see the rural or civic sights she thought of interest.

"We must not let her dwell on the past, sister Costanza," she would say; "I know too well what that is. When my Hansken died, I would have liked to shut myself up for ever. But my husband knew better; and after a time—a proper time, you know, must be allowed for every visitation—he surprised me with a new coach, made by the coachmaker of the Duchess Margaret herself, and insisted on my joining the procession when he was elected President of the great Company of Clothiers. I shrank from it, indeed, just as Dolores does; but I made the effort—I felt it was my duty—and from that time I began to recover."

To Vrow van Broek, I thought, bereavements were like illnesses, the rallying from which depends partly on physical constitution and partly on the determination of the patient. Ursel, my husband's unmarried sister, took entirely another view of the matter. She said,—

"My sister Christina means very well, but she is entirely mistaken about Dolores. Grief like hers cannot be distracted by the amusements of the world. It is meant to raise us above the world and its poor transitory follies; to detach our hearts from the creature, and fix them on the Creator. And, as far as I can see, this work is being accomplished in your sister. She seems raised above all earthly pleasures and cares, and to be altogether in a very exalted state of mind. It would be well if we could all resemble her more. I can see her in Christina's coach, gazing at the empty vanities of the processions and the feasts without a change of countenance. But her whole face changes, and looks as grand as an angel's, when I tell her of the sufferings of our brethren for the faith; of the two young brothers who were burned at Tournay; of those who were cut alive into pieces; of others who were broken on the wheel or racked to death; of those who were slowly roasted at—"

"But, dear Ursel," I said, endeavouring myself to escape this recital of horrors, "I am afraid such narratives drive sleep from her eyes, and will end in making her an angel indeed."

"Ah," said Ursel, compassionately, seeing the tears in

my eyes, "we are not all strong enough for these things; but Dolores and I understand each other."

Then I had my own plan of consolation—more foolish, I have thought since, than any one's. I persuaded Mark, against his judgment, to fit up a room for Dolores, something like the old room we used to sit in together at Valladolid. It was a little room at the back of the house, looking to the south, over the Scheldt, and opening on a low roof. We had the roof surrounded with stone balustrades, and brought earth on it, and placed large vases with flowering shrubs in them, and had water conveyed with much difficulty into a marble basin, from which it trickled among the flowers. Then we bought a harp, like the one Dolores used to delight in; and books, the Spanish translation of Luther on the Galatians, and the Castilian Bible. The floor was of inlaid wood, with only a Persian rug underneath her couch. The sunshine came in through Venetians; and, in my childishness, I had thought it would make her feel like home.

On her birth-day we took her into it. But I can never lose the recollection of the anguish which met me in her face, when I looked to see if she was pleased.

At least, however, there was one good result. The patient, uncomplaining lips quivered a moment, and then her self-control gave way entirely, and she threw herself, not into my arms, but on the floor, and buried her face in the couch, and burst into an agony of tears.

"Mother! mother!" she sobbed. And then I understood it all.

Yes; every little detail of the old room had been planned by our mother and arranged by her hands—hands which were not cold in death, but which we might never touch again.

It was this terrible uncertainty which weighed most of all on my sister's heart—this terrible unnatural burial of the living from us, of which we had not dared to speak, and of which I had scarcely dared to think. I could say nothing. Mark left us to each other. But gradually I drew her on the sofa beside me, and we wept together.

And from that time I began to understand that in great sorrows that is nearly all we can do for each other —"weep with those that weep." It seems poor aid, just to go down into the grief and share it. Yet it was what Jesus did. Indeed, afterwards He did more; He raised the dead. But he wept first with the bereaved. And tears are all we have—tears, and a hand to point the weeping eyes to Him.

I suppose those tears did my sister good, for she spoke first, and took her old place, and began to comfort me.

"Yet, darling, we must not despair," she sobbed. "She is with the Saviour. In heaven or earth, in paradise or in the convent-dungeon, she is with Him. They cannot banish her from His presence. But, oh, Costanza," she continued, "do you think she can have recanted?"

"Who knows?" I said. But then a sudden hope flashed on me. "St. Peter did worse; but he could not get beyond the reach of that look."

"Yes, that look of love!" said Dolores; "for only love can melt the heart. But, oh, Costanza, if we knew anything! I do not know how to pray. What do you do?"

"I say, 'Lord, Thou knowest,'" I replied.

And so our hearts were opened to each other, and the stony look passed from my sister's face.

Often after that her eyes were swollen with tears. But that unnaturally deep and spiritual gaze had vanished, and I rejoiced. Ursel, however, was not satisfied.

"I am afraid," she said to me one day, "your sister's soul is sinking from the height it had attained. She looks often now as if she had been weeping; and when I relate to her any new narrative of our martyrs, a shiver passes over her face, as if she thought more of the suffering than the reward; and last night she even begged me to tell her no more. She said she could not bear it. And when I reminded her that if our brethren could have courage to endure, we might surely have courage to hear, she said, 'When the time comes, God gives strength; but the time is not come for me. I have not the strength. It recalls too many things.' I hope her soul is not becoming once more entangled in this poor perishing world."

But this time I was bolder than usual on Dolores's account, and I replied,—

"Sister Ursel, the blessed Lord wept."

"He wept," she replied, "for the sins of humanity."

"It does not say so," I answered. "It says He wept for the sorrows of Mary and Martha. And I think it is too much like the old monks and nuns to think that God would have us care less for our beloved, in order to care more for Him."

Ursel was not pleased. She said,—

"The Lord our God is a jealous God. But to think of accusing me of favouring the abuses of the monasteries, when I attend Francis Junius, and all the Reformed preachers every time they can be heard, at the risk of my life!"

But Ursel learned much after that, from One who teaches many things only through tears.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW MAY.

THE first thing, however, that seemed entirely to restore Dolores to life was the birth of my child; and her first firm link with our new kindred and country was Truyken Ketel; and it happened in this way:—

Truyken and Dolores were not always friends. Indeed, they started on anything but an amicable footing; and I used often to fear how they would get on if I were laid aside. So little can we foresee how anything will turn out.

Truyken was an old servant of the Rosevelt family. She had been my husband's nurse in his infancy, and then his housekeeper, until we were married, and altogether had acquired a place in the house which it was at times certainly rather difficult to reconcile with that of a wife, still more of a wife's sister. Moreover, she was not a little inclined to look on me and my sister as two stray waifs who had drifted from a barbarous shore, where they knew nothing of the world or its ways.

And she undertook to set us right in a very frank and decided manner. Dolores, who had been accustomed to the mingled homage and caressing familiarity of our southern household, where we might be disobeyed, but were never contradicted, could by no means comprehend this freedom; and more than once, when Truyken had quietly, but positively, refused to obey some order which was contrary to her Flemish code, I saw my sister's colour mount, the lips compress, and the soft eyes flash with an ominous Spanish fire.

Great, then, was my amazement, when I began to recover from the danger in which I had lain for many weeks after the birth of my child, to find the understanding established between Truyken and my sister; Dolores having meekly subsided into a second-rate power in all matters relating to the health of the baby, and thankfully accepting from Truyken's good pleasure every office she was permitted to perform.

I learned afterwards of the nights and days of devoted watching by me and the child—of the sleepless care and self-forgetful attention which saved our lives, and swept away the barriers between those two hearts; for Truyken's manner was quite as much changed as my sister's. Decisive it was, certainly, and with the dignity of superior experience; but a tender reverence blended with this, as if Dolores was to Truyken something between an infant and an angel—a creature not yet quite disciplined to the ways of this earthly sphere, that must be treated very

daintily, but yet could not be suffered always to pursue its own well-meaning but self-destructive intentions.

Thus was established the protectorate of Truyken, which if sometimes a little oppressive was, nevertheless, on the whole, a mild and beneficent form of government.

One serious difference, indeed, existed between us. Truyken was a firm adherent of the "old religion," as she called it, although she was yet a firmer adherent of the Rosevelt family.

I believe she looked on my sister and me as a kind of irregular Christians, whose general outlandish manners, and ignorance of Dutch, would, it was to be charitably hoped, save us from too severe a scrutiny at the gate of heaven. And as to Mark, the idea of a Rosevelt being excluded from any place of privilege in earth or heaven, probably never seriously entered her imagination. How the dear, faithful, old soul contrived to reconcile these conflicting services—of her Church and of us—none of us could ever comprehend. But these were not the only internecine dogmas which, in spite of all logic, contrived to lie down peaceably like the leopard and the lamb, in the broad heart of Truyken Ketel. Her belief depended on her character, rather than on her reason; and the two great elements of her character were intense pertinacity of will, and devoted loyalty to what she recognized as "master." No irrefragable chain of argument, and no accumulation of historical evidence, would have moved her faith in the bone of St. Ursula, or one of the Eleven

Thousand Virgins, which she wore in a large silver heart suspended around her neck. St. Ursula had been her mother's patron saint. Truyken's mother, the most pious of women, had reverenced that relic, and no words should ever persuade Truyken to cast it aside as a vain thing. Had it not been worn by her blessed great-grandfather in a battle, by her blessed grandfather in a wreck off Zealand, by her blessed mother in a fire; and had not all three escaped unharmed? How it could be of any use she could not pretend to say. Who could understand the clouds, or the growing of the corn, or half the wonderful things the Almighty did?

Yet when we spoke to Truyken of the sufferings of our Saviour and his love, have I not seen tears steal over her wrinkled cheeks, and a light kindle in her grave gray eyes no legends or relics could enkindle there? I cannot help being thankful, that, in days and circumstances of such suffering and wrong as ours, when it was so natural to look on Papist and Protestant as beings of different races, when the furies of Spanish soldiers, and the deliberate tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, so often tempted us to think the Pope's adherents rather fiends of hell than human creatures made by God and born of woman, this human link was preserved to us between the new religion—the Bible religion—and the old. For, after all, it was the old religion. Our ancestors—Mark's mother and father even—had died in it, and whole generations before; and if God had not forgotten the world for centuries (which

no one could believe) it was necessary that there should always have been some channel piercing the clouds, through which the sinner's eye could see the Saviour, and the heavenly light and dew of pardon could come down.

One of the first family discussions held when I began to rejoin the circle, was about the naming and baptism of the child. Mark's sisters were both Protestants, although of different confessions—Christina belonging, with her brother, and the greater number of the better classes in the Netherlands, to the Confession of Augsburg; whilst Ursel was a fervent disciple of the Genevese Reformer.

I had wished much to call the baby Dolores Costanza, after my sister and my mother; but to this my sister objected.

"Why call her, like me, after Our Lady of Sorrow? Why not, sister, if you want a name which recalls mine, call her after the Mother of Consolations? not Dolores but Consuelo?"

But Ursel interposed,—

"Surely you will not sanction any such superstitions? If Dolores has had the misfortune, as I must deem it, to be christened after an idol, surely the delusion will not be perpetuated in the harmless babe?"

"With your permission, Sister Costanza," remarked Christina, "I am sure the last thing you would wish is to treat the infant's Flemish and Dutch grandmothers

with any disrespect. These were Hermentrud and Dieuwert."

I trembled a little, lest my child should be endowed with names our Spanish lips would never be able to pronounce; but Ursel resumed:—

"Before we decide on the name, would it not be well to know according to what rite, or by what minister, the baptism is to be accomplished?"

"By our own Lutheran pastor," answered Mark.

"With godmothers and godfathers?" asked Ursel.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Indeed, brother," said Ursel, "it would grieve me very much to make a division at such a time; but you know what my conscientious feelings are on that point. I think the Lutheran doctrine on the sacraments little better than that of Rome, and how can I sanction it by attending?"

"One thing I must say," interposed the Vrow van Broek, "if Ursel has her way, and the babe is to be baptized by one of the fanatical new French ministers from Geneva, I cannot risk my life or my peace by attending. I was told the other day that one of them actually said that the good God had foredoomed the whole human race to everlasting fire, except a few whom he arbitrarily excepted. I think that is making the Almighty no better than King Philip, and I will have nothing to do with such heresies. I would almost as soon join the Anabaptists, and have no baptism at all."

Ursel would have retorted, but Mark said I was becoming pale and weary, and summoned Truyken with restoratives.

"You have been teasing the poor young thing to death by talking," she said severely.

"We were only speaking of the baptism of the child, Truyken," said Mark, apologetically.

"Then if you had condescended to consult me," replied Truyken, "you might have saved yourselves that trouble. The babe was named and christened some weeks since."

"What do you mean, Truyken?"

"Do you think I was going to let the little angel be a heathen? especially when she might have died at any minute, and the precious little soul have remained wailing for ever in the darkness outside the gates of Paradise, belonging to no one? One night, when we scarcely thought you would both of you have lived, I sent for Father Antony, and had her baptized in the old way the master was christened in, and all the family before him."

"And the name, Truyken?"

"I named her more for the other world than for this," replied Truyken; "because it seemed as if every breath of the darling might have been the last; and therefore I thought more of the Patroness than of the mothers or the grandmothers—which I hope you will excuse. The babe was christened after the Blessed Mother herself. I thought we might all agree there is no better saint

in heaven; and certainly there is no better name on earth."

And Truyken crossed herself.

Thus our child was robbed of all the high-sounding appellations which were to have been heaped on her, and the name of Marie, or Mayken, has been ever since the joy of our home.

I must confess to a cowardly sense of relief in having the discussion thus summarily closed, and also the danger of a Protestant baptism in any form avoided.

None of us ventured any remonstrance with Truyken at the time, knowing how useless it would be; but Christina, as an experienced matron, thought it her duty to say to us afterwards,—

"Excuse me, dear sister Costanza, but does not poor Truyken take liberties; and is there not danger of her getting too much the upper hand?"

"She does take liberties," I said, "and she has the upper hand. I thought it was the Flemish way."

But one thing in this discussion made a deep and painful impression on me, and I spoke to Mark about it that evening.

"What are all these divisions?" I said. "You are all Protestants; and in Spain we Protestants were all one."

"Yes," he replied, sadly, "the stake makes us one,— and so will heaven."

"But we all submit to the Bible," I said; "and the

Bible must teach the same thing to all. How is it then that people bring such different things from the Bible?"

"I suppose," he said, "because we take different notions to the Bible. We none of us go to it with minds quite clear from error, or hearts quite free from sin; and the vessels we carry to the fountain colour the water we bring from it."

"Then is no one quite right?" I asked.

"I suppose not," he answered, "since no one is quite holy."

"Then if all is so uncertain," I said, "why is the whole world convulsed for such uncertainties? Why not remain in the old Church, and say nothing, but think what we like?"

"All is not uncertain," he said; "the things all Protestants agree about, are those we die for."

"And these?"

"Are not things," he replied; "not abstractions or opinions, but truth about God;—the right to read His Word; the right of access to His presence; the right of rejoicing in His love; the truth that Christ, not the Pope, is our Head; that Christ, and not the priest, forgives our sins. Luther did not begin with denying, but with asserting, with unveiling once more to men the love of God, to sinners the heart of the Saviour."

"But why, then, all these divisions?"

"Partly from the light and partly from the darkness.

In the night colours are all the same; the daylight shows the diversity."

"But it is so different from what I imagined. Instead of that living union which in Spain made us all seem like one family, are we Protestants to be only like neighbours who may think it happy if we can live side by side without a quarrel? It is love we want, Mark, and this is not love."

"Love springs from relationship, Costanza," he said, "and not from agreement. As there is but one secret of true union among Christians, and that is union with Christ, so there is but one true preservative of communion among Christians, and that is communion with Christ. My little wife will never get the Churches right," he added, smiling; "but I do not despair of her doing something for Christina and Ursel."

"And, meantime, is no one wise enough to keep the Protestant Churches from quarrelling?" said I.

"Most Protestants think it a treacherous lukewarmness to try," he replied; "so persuaded is every doctor that he and his party only are right. In Switzerland, the Zwinglians have drowned the Anabaptists."

"But the Anabaptists are very bad, are they not?" I said. "Are they not like the Turks? Have they not more than one wife?"

"Some of them had at Munster four-and-twenty years ago," he replied; "but those I have met have been

quiet, orderly, inoffensive people. The Prince of Orange thinks they should be tolerated."

"You speak so often of the Prince of Orange," I said.

"He is the one hope of the country," he replied.

"But the Protestants have not gone so far as drowning the Anabaptists here in Flanders?" I asked.

"No," he answered; "the Pope and the King have not yet done with drowning and burning us. King Philip and William the Silent, between them, may perhaps even yet teach the Protestants of our country to love one another."

"And meantime," I said, "we must try to teach Ursel and Christina;—and to learn."

CHAPTER III.

OLD SCENES RENEWED—SPANISH DRAMA, WITH A FLEMISH AUDIENCE.

FOR some time our little household went on so peacefully, that we were almost forgetting the tempest that still raged in the world without. Mayken seemed to have come as a dove of peace among us all. Christina declared she was the image of her lost Hansken; and with many a quiet tear (which the coach and the procession of the Company of Clothiers had not, after all, quite dried) she opened a sacred little chest, containing the little wardrobe, and insisted on investing her with many a stately starched ruff and frill, from which the little face used to peep with a look, to me, as strange and quaint as if the Duchess Margaret's milliner had undertaken to attire a cherub of Fra Angelico's in court costume. But I never objected, and Christina's satisfaction was reward sufficient. She said it made the little darling look quite another thing. And it certainly did.

Then, by one of those unaccountable fancies which

sometimes get possession of babes and other unreasoning creatures, Mayken formed the strongest attachment to Ursel; why, I could not at all comprehend, unless it was for a look in her eyes a little like Mark's when he was particularly grave. But whatever the cause in the child, the effect on Ursel was magical. What woman, armed to the teeth with the strongest asceticism that ever mailed priestess or nun, could resist the fascination of the spontaneous love of a little child?

So Ursel's heart, before she was aware, was entangled in the strong meshes of creature-love; that by loving, she might learn better to adore Him who is love. For how can God's providence or chastenings teach us anything, unless we love? Without love there may be pain; but there can be no softening, sanctifying, Christ-like sorrow.

But more than all was the little one to Dolores, whom she learned to call, lisping, Madrecita, or, in Flemish, Little Mother—the name I had called her since the accident which lamed her, and bound us together with that peculiar tie. To my sister she was a link to our new country, to life, to earth.

She said to me one day,—

"Do you know what you and your Mayken have taught me? To give thanks. On that night of agonized anxiety when you were spared to us, I knelt in my little room—the room you had prepared so lovingly for me. I knelt by that couch, and sobbed out my thanks in such

a flood of tears as I had not wept since that day with you. And then something seemed to melt from my heart, and I looked up, and felt God's love, as on the day when first I learned to believe in it. I felt again it was not mere benevolence, but love; and that He cared, as you had done, that I should notice the things He provided for me, and thank Him for them, not with averted, joyless eyes, but as if I cared. And I thanked Him from my inmost heart for the child and for you. And from that time, it has seemed as if a barrier were gone between me and my God. With nothing between us and Him, we *must* rejoice. It is that, and not Mayken only, which is the joy to me; but it was Mayken who brought it."

For a time our home was like a soft nest, hidden deep in the forest, sheltered from the glare and din of the outside world. I used to fear sometimes that Mayken, the object of so much love, might grow into that worst isolation of gathering all this love into herself, and becoming a centre. And I made countless little plans for counteracting this in her education; for instance, to take an orphan child to bring up with her, if she had no brothers or sisters. But I need not have troubled myself. We did commit the little one to God, and He took her life under His care, and saved it from being too soft and weakening, in ways we could never have had courage to use. But that was because God sees so much further than we do, and loves so much more. And if

we see that He dealt thus with us, now that events have interpreted each other and we understand them, may we not trust He has dealt the same with His Church in the Netherlands in this great anguish and sorrow through which He has suffered it to pass, even in the events which have not yet interpreted themselves, and which we cannot understand?

The first break on this happy home-life of ours—at least, the first sound which startled me—was on the 3rd of October 1563.

It was a stormy night, and the wind howled fitfully through the narrow street in which we lived; but every now and then sounds came to us which were not the sighs of the wind, but deeper, steadier, and more musical.

As we were listening, a number of people came quietly past the house, some of them carrying lanterns. My husband went to the door, and then returned, and began hastily putting on his cloak.

"What is it, Mark?" I said. "Is it a fire? Why must you go on this boisterous night?"

"There will be a fire to-morrow, wife," he said, significantly, "unless the deed of darkness be done in the darkness. Christopher Fabricius is sentenced to the stake to-morrow; but King Philip has advised secret executions in the prisons in cases where the people sympathize with the sufferers, as they do in Antwerp; and a great number of our brethren are already collected outside the prison to comfort the martyr with

psalms, and to hear his voice from time to time, and see that no foul deed is done."

"But you, Mark," I said—"why must you go? Your voice will be only one in the crowd, but it is all to us."

"The Lord who suffered for us, and for whom Fabricius suffers, will hear if my voice is in the crowd or not, my love," he said; "and would you have Him say, 'Ye did it not to Me'?"

I could not say another word; but I held the door open for him, and looked after him till he was out of sight, and then went up to the cot of my sleeping child. My heart beat so violently that I feared it would wake her; and through the gusty wind, I fancied, again and again, I heard the shouts of the soldiers seizing the heretic band, and the music changing to wails and deep cries. That night was a solemn night to me. Dolores was in her room, and I would not disturb her. I felt that something had to be decided between me and God.

The religion which says, "Love not; quench earthly affections, that God may be supreme," may have its conflicts; but I think they are light compared with the conflicts and sacrifices of the religion which says, "Love fervently; love others as yourself, but love God more; love best Him who loves you best." Faith needs to be strong to inspire the right choice at such times; and that night my faith seemed very weak. I thought if I had been Mark, I would have done as he did; but to see

Mark go, was another thing altogether. Yet I would not have recalled him—not for the world. So, after trying to feel as I thought I ought to feel about it for a long time, trying to be willing that Mark should be there, I gave up the conflict, and hid my face in my hands, and said,—

"My Saviour, pity me. I am not willing; I cannot wish it. But I know Thou lovest us. Thy will be done." And then it seemed as if a voice brought the words, "Not my will, but Thine be done;" and I felt greatly comforted. Were they not our Lord's own words? And other comforting thoughts followed. I thought, "If my Mayken had some little treasure which was precious to her, and which I had to take from her—if she gave it me without a rebellious murmur when I asked, would I be angry because there were tears in her dear eyes, and the little lips quivered though they did not complain?"

Then I thought, "Yes; better than a mother! Thou lovest us as much better as Thou art better. Father, Lord, I will trust Thee with my very best."

And soon after, the morning dawned, and Mark came home. And then I felt I would not have missed that night.

He smiled to see the bright look, through the traces of tears, on my face.

"God has comforted thee," he said. "Thou wilt trust Him better next time."

"Yes, Mark," I said; "I did not trust Him well this time. But did not the soldiers come on you?"

"No," he said; "there was no disturbance. The guard was increased, but there was no disturbance."

"Has Fabricius a wife?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied; "that is one of his chief crimes. He was a monk at Bruges; and when he learned the gospel, he left the monastery, and soon after married. Then he fled to England, where he might have remained safely till now; but love of his countrymen brought him back—love of country and love of Christ. For many months this spring he preached in various houses in Antwerp; and in July he was seized and thrown into prison. A woman, called Long Meg, who had professed to desire instruction, sought him out, learned to know his places of retirement, and then, like Judas, betrayed him to the government."

"He has been in prison these three months, Mark?—these three months here at Antwerp—while I have been so happy; and I didn't know! We might have comforted him in some way, or his poor wife."

"I was afraid to tell thee," he said, "thy heart is so tender. I knew it would distress thee so much. For they have laid him on the rack again and again; but not one word could they extract touching one of his friends; whilst of his own faith he confessed frankly all they asked. To his friends he wrote as a comforter

rather than a sufferer; and to the woman who betrayed him, he sent a letter of forgiveness and tender warning."

"O Mark," I said, "you would not have my heart tender, just as a limb is tender that has been wounded! I might have helped!"

"Ursel has visited the prison with others; and the wants of both Fabricius and his wife have not been neglected," he said.

But Mark did not stay long with me then. Crowds were beginning to reassemble in the streets, groups of men looking dark and determined, and women talking eagerly—all hastening towards the prison. As we listened from the open window, we could hear them speaking of the letters Fabricius had written from prison to his friends, and even to the traitress, Long Meg, full of forgiving, pious words.

Mark said—"This morning the sentence is to be carried out; and the day will hardly pass without a riot. I, and all who love both the Reformation and order, must be there; for such times always cast up many who profit by disorder, and we must not have the good cause disgraced."

By degrees the street became so quiet, scarcely any one passed the window. The whole of the unquiet elements of the unquiet city had collected in the market-place. There, Mark told me, the scene had been strange and sad indeed when he passed, on his return from the

prison, in the early morning. The peasant women, with their vegetable and fruit baskets, had been turned back from the square; and the stalls of the noisy fishmongers, and sellers of wares of all kinds, had been removed. And when the dawn broke, the long shadows of the tall many-gabled houses fell across an empty space. Instead of the pleasant fragrance of the fresh fruits and vegetables, and the cheerful eager talking of the women arranging their wares, there was perfect silence in the empty square, whilst a few men were quietly bringing fagots to the middle of the clear space, and laying them round the stake, from which hung a chain. A few mounted soldiers were keeping guard. But these did not speak.

In the Netherlands it seems the people have never been brought to look on the *Autos-da-Fé* as the festive occasions they have been made in Spain.

When Mark returned only an hour afterwards, all was changed. The market-place was no longer empty, but full of a heaving mass of citizens. "The silence," he said, "was nearly as great as before; for scarcely any one spoke. But it was like the silence before a peal of thunder. All faces were turned towards the street leading to the prison."

Soon the soldiers came, and formed an avenue for the monks, who followed with the prisoner. But the crowd closed instantly behind them, and pressed close around the sad procession. They passed near Mark; and Fabri-

cius, seeing the threatening aspect of the crowd, said, in a calm, clear voice,—

"My brethren, let none of you attempt to release me; but suffer God to accomplish His work in me."

Then the multitude, pressing close on the procession, seemed for the time quieted; and from the whole vast assembly, instead of threats and imprecations, burst forth the psalm,—

"From the depths I have cried unto Thee, O Lord."

When he approached the middle of the square (the progress being necessarily slow on account of the throng), the psalm ceased, and Fabricius's voice was heard again, entreating the people not to forget the truth he had taught them. Responsive voices came from the crowd—"Fight manfully, brother; fight manfully! Now is your time!"

The commander of the troop hearing this, shouted to the soldiers, "Seize them—kill them!" and threatened to give the order to fire.

At the stake the martyr knelt down, and would have prayed aloud, but the monks and guards would not suffer him to speak. Without a minute's delay the hangman chained him to the stake, and fastened a rope round his neck.

Then some of the brethren in the crowd began again to chant the Flemish version of Clement Marot's Psalms; but the halberdiers, knowing too well the power of those

solemn words, sought to silence them with blows. The more turbulent of the citizens returned the blows with showers of stones; and at length such an irresistible rush was made towards the stake, that monks, soldiers, and halberdiers all fled as best they could through the tumult.

Once more friends surrounded the martyr. The chain was loosed, the rope unbound. But it was too late. The hangman, ere he fled, had struck him a blow on the head with a hatchet, and plunged a dagger into his body; and all the tender entreaties of the friends, to whom he had been so faithful, could not draw another word from those lips. Yet some who stood near before the soldiers fled, and had seen the fatal blow given, said the lips moved even after that for a few moments, as if in prayer, until the flames arose and hid the face from view.

They did not remove the body from the stake. It remained in the market-place all day, and its grave at last was the Scheldt. The river is his monument, as a river was that of King Attila. But if every place in Flanders hallowed by a martyr's death were to be set apart as consecrated ground, not a village or a square but would have its memorial. The whole land is desecrated by murder, and consecrated by martyrdoms. If ever Protestants should deem it good to hallow their temples with dust of martyred saints, I think they might safely take almost any of the soil of this devoted land.

The tumult lasted two days. The next morning a

crowd of angry citizens were gathered round the doors of the town-hall, reading a placard, which had been secretly affixed there in the night, announcing, in letters written literally with blood, vengeance on the murderers of Fabricius. Long Meg, the traitress, was barely saved from summary punishment by taking refuge in a house. But no further results followed.

The cruelty of the inquisitors, with Titelman, the renegade, at their head, seemed to become more daring and fiendish every day. Processions to the stake grew familiar as the festive civic processions had been in the cities, and gibbets became as established an institution in the villages as the church towers.

Horrible jests were repeated to us; how the common prosecutor, Red-Rod, had said to the inquisitor Titelman,—

"How do you accomplish your work so easily, while I find so much difficulty in securing my prisoners?"

"It is quite simple," replied the inquisitor; "my prisoners are submissive, orderly people, who do not make any resistance."

Then said the prosecutor,—

"Between us we shall make short work in the land, if I hang all the bad and you burn all the good."

But on words such as these, and on the unutterable cruelties inflicted on the martyrs, we endeavoured not to dwell. They filled the heart with such uncontrollable bitterness, or froze it into such unnatural horror; and if

we were to forgive, we must remember, as far as possible, that these persecutors were not demons, but poor deluded, pitiable men, doing the devil's work, and too surely laying up for themselves his wages. We tried to remember that the malignant spirit hated the persecutors as much as the sufferers, and certainly injured them more, since it is far worse to have the soul polluted and torn with crime, than the body lacerated with torture. But for this we must have become in heart as ferocious as the persecutors; as, alas! a few Protestants who were not real Christians did.

With the heroic and patient words and deeds of the martyrs it was otherwise. These were their precious legacies to us, and many of the most impressive exhortations at our secret meetings for prayer and instruction consisted of those sacred words.

Two or three of these sayings especially dwelt in my memory.

At the Hague, a man, named John Gerrits Keteler, after being terribly tortured, wrote that he wished he could describe how he felt when on the rack; "for the Word of God and my Saviour's bitter sufferings for sinners made so deep an impression on me that I thought of nothing else."

Then there were the two friends at Tournay, who had read the Bible together in childhood, attended the same meetings as youths, and finally sealed their friendship and their faith in the same prison, and at the same stake.

There was the brave woman, who, on her way to the scaffold, passed the prison where her husband had been, and called to him, "Farewell, my dear! adieu! I am going to another wedding;" not knowing that they had slain him already. And so, with an intrepidity "that shone in her eyes," she mounted the scaffold, and was laid in the open coffin, where the executioner strangled her.

There was the maid-servant, who dressed herself for the scaffold as for a wedding. There were many who spoke of "joy unspeakable" in their hearts when they were led out to die. There was one who said his chains for Christ were like "precious jewels." More than one on the scaffold, or at the stake, declared that, could they be raised and die again, they would do so joyfully, "yea, a hundred times, for this gospel of Jesus Christ." More than one might have escaped from prison, and would not, because they felt "ready to depart, and had no wish to linger longer."

Yet there was no imitative infection in this dying experience. Some confessed that they looked back with tender longing to wife and children, and "would have lived, if they could without disloyalty to Christ; for life was sweet." And Peter Mioce said to his tormentors, "If God had furnished me with an opportunity of escaping, I would have made use of it, and kept out of your hands; yet, since I am fallen into them, do with my body as you think fit. But my soul is not in your power."

The memory of that old soldier martyred at Mons was especially dear to us, who said, "I have risked my life often for the Emperor; and shall I shrink from offering it now for my Saviour?"

As in Spain, more than one family was united at the stake to be reunited for ever in heaven. A father and mother and four sons suffered together at Lisle. When the father was arrested, two of the sons, young boys, were absent; but as they returned home they met their father in the hands of the officers of the Inquisition. The two boys yielded themselves up also.

"Will you also go to the new Jerusalem?" the father asked.

"We will go," they said. And they have gone.

One young wife at Valenciennes, with a cruel mercy, was respited for a time, after all dearest to her on earth had been martyred.

"Ah, my lords!" she said, "I have languished sufficiently. Why do you keep me any longer? I am strong enough, God be praised, to follow my father, husband, and brother."

The delay of their reunion was not much prolonged.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CARDINAL'S DISMISSAL.

BEFORE long, affairs in Antwerp returned to their usual course. The Scheldt bore merchant fleets on its bosom as proudly as if no bones of martyrs lay beneath. The great market-place was thronged every morning with peasant-women in their gay costume, spreading their fresh fruits, and vegetables, and poultry; and good housekeepers bargained and gossiped among the stalls as eagerly as if no martyr-fire had ever been kindled there, and no martyr's soul had mounted thence to heaven. Thousands of merchants congregated twice every day in the exchange, and the business of that busy commercial life went on as actively as ever; at least it seemed so to us Spaniards, accustomed to a society divided into nobles and peasants, where commerce might, indeed, be a necessity, but certainly could not be a glory.

Yet Mark used even then to say Antwerp was a desert compared to what he remembered it, before the Inquisition came (as he said) like a thunder-cloud on all

political life, and like a poisonous malaria of distrust in every home.

To me, the ships on the Scheldt still were a constant marvel, and the waggons of merchandise that entered the gates; and the palaces of the great merchants in the long broad streets seemed grand enough for the royal house of Castile and Arragon. Yet more than one of them, indeed, was closed. And once, I remember, as we were standing on one of the great quays, looking at a fleet of merchant-ships just sailing up the river, Mark turned sorrowfully away, and said,—

"They are all sailing the wrong way."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Those ships are laden with Flemish silks and cloths, the work of Flemish weavers. But they sail from English ports. Ten years since they would have been laden at Antwerp, the workmen would have formed part of our strength, and the produce would have brought wealth into our homes. But King Philip and his priests have driven the industrious weavers from our cities to enrich the ports of England. The Reformed doctrine spread largely among those skilled workmen, and many thousands have emigrated already from this country to Norwich and Sandwich in England, and to Rotterdam and Amsterdam in the Northern Provinces. Antwerp is a doomed city, unless some miracle turn the tide."

"Happy for our brethren to have found such an asylum," I said.

"Yes," he replied; "and happy for the country which welcomes them."

That evening, however, good news awaited us. We received, at the house of John van Broek, the joyful tidings that Cardinal Granvelle was recalled from the government; and the next day all Antwerp was ringing with the news of the fall of the hated minister.

This was in March 1564. Throughout that year hope seemed to rise again. It was reported that the Duchess Margaret had quite changed in her demeanour since the cardinal's departure—that she was "like a child set free from a pedagogue." "Was she not," the burghers said, "the daughter of the Flemish Emperor Charles, and was not her mother a Fleming?" It was said, moreover, that she began to treat the Counts Egmont and Horn, the Prince of Orange, and other friends of the old free institutions of the country, with cordiality and confidence.

In January of the following year, still greater hopes were excited by the mission of Count Egmont to Madrid, to induce the king to respect the ancient charters of the free cities, and to moderate the edicts against the heretics.

People seemed to move about more freely. Social festivities were ventured on. John van Broek and Christina moved into their new house in the market-place, which had been built for some time; and among us there were many family gatherings. The house was magnificent, with princely halls, corridors lined with

pictures, buffets loaded with plate; but Christina's tastes were rather for comfort than for high art or for splendour. Her chief delight in her new abode was in her store-room, and her own private room, with the store cupboards, which were stocked with all manner of dainties and luxuries, as if for a siege—Spanish fruits, Italian confects, German hams and sausages, preserved meats and fruits—enough, it seemed to me, for a city, or a lifetime. She opened every cupboard and drawer, to show me the exquisite arrangement of her treasures, and insisted on loading me with specimens of her various goods: and then she led me to her private sitting-room, carpeted throughout with the richest Persian rugs, and furnished with the softest cushioned seats of velvet and damask; whilst in one corner was a fauteuil and a kneeling-stool, before a table on which stood a Flemish Bible, and in another a private entrance to the linen closet, amidst whose snowy stores my sister-in-law delighted to expatiate with her maidens. Dolores and Ursel had not much patience with Christina. They thought her so incomprehensibly bound in bondage to *things*. But to me there was something that always touched my heart in all this. It seemed like a heart that had been baffled in its natural outlets, trying to create for itself a world in the inanimate things around her, and calling the stores of linen, and ranks of preserves, and costly furniture, "*home*," in order that she might love them.

She had been married early to a man much older than herself, whose life was in the exchange; and whose one mode of showing affection to her was in heaping her with costly presents, jewels, lace, carriages, until her life seemed overwhelmed and buried in a multitude of *things*. Their only child, little Hansken, had died young; and after the brief interval of life and love the short-lived nursery awoke, she had relapsed into her old inanimate world. But I could not forget the little chest where the dead child's wardrobe lay; nor that the carved table on which the Bible was placed contained, in a secret drawer, many tracts of Luther's—in themselves, if discovered, a sentence of death.

I often tried to make her care more for others. With the great world of suffering, struggling men and women and children around her, it seemed so dreary to be wasting the heart on things which could give nothing back. She would do anything I asked her. And before I asked, there was no lack of alms in her house. Beggars and pensioners were fed daily from her abundant kitchen; blessings followed her when she entered her chair to leave the house, which she never did without bestowing money on some petitioners. And, at my request, she even accompanied Dolores to one of the hospitals. But time could not often be spared from the great household institutions for personal work; her purse was opened, indeed, but her heart remained uninterested; and thus the people were to

her little better than things—a kind of reservoir for alms.

At that time I used often to disquiet myself about remodelling people's lives, and try to be a kind of providence to them—to my own Mayken, for instance, or Dolores, or Christina. But since then I have learned that, on the whole, the best we can do for others is to pray, and to love, and to seek to follow the Lord Jesus Christ ourselves, and trust to God's providence, and not try to make a providence of our own.

Meantime, a true affection sprang up in Christina's heart, as I have said, for Mayken and me; and that, no doubt, was much.

All did not quite share the general hopefulness. Ursel could not forget that Count Egmont was a Catholic; and the teaching of her Huguenot pastors, trained to judge of courts by the perfidious policy of their Catherine de Medici, made a solemn comment on the text, "Put not your trust in princes." Dolores mournfully said, "Cardinal Granvelle was not at Valladolid, nor at Seville, when our brethren were burned there." And when Count Egmont returned, full of brilliant accounts of the affability of King Philip, and of his cordial reception at Madrid, many besides Mark began to ask, "But what has he brought back for the country? Are the edicts moderated or repealed? Is the Inquisition abolished?" Indeed, I think most of us hoped from the mere necessity of hoping. One weight

was removed; and, in proportion to the depression of the past, people's spirits rose, scarcely venturing to speculate on the future. The thunder-storm was over; and we sang just because the air was lighter, without daring to look at that part of the horizon where the great black masses of lurid cloud were rolling up. Besides, who could prophesy the course of storms? The slightest changes in some unseen current of upper air might turn them aside, mountains might attract them elsewhere; or, at the worst, have there not been miracles before now? Had not the bells of one faithful church been known to avert the thunderbolts?

So, for a time, at Antwerp, the checked current of life began to flow again. Enterprises which had been deferred were undertaken. Protestant merchants and workmen, who had been intending to emigrate, paused, and recommenced their former occupations. Some even who had emigrated, returned.

Then, not stealthily like a pestilence, stalking in darkness, or like a storm in winter, but like a burning mountain, suddenly pouring out its stream of fire over quiet fields and peaceful homes, the terrible decision came from Spain.

The decrees of the Council of Trent were to be enforced. The edicts of persecution were republished. The inquisitors were confirmed in their authority. King Philip "would rather rule over a desert than over a nation of heretics." Informers against heretics were to

be rewarded with part of the confiscated goods of the accused. Those who knew of the existence of any heretical opinion, or of the performance of any heretical rite, and did not inform the inquisitor, were liable to the same punishment as the heretics themselves. All privileges, municipal or aristocratic—all charters—were to be nullified, by a decision of the Inquisition. One alteration only was made. To deprive the heretics of all "those hopes of glory which were a powerful incentive to their impiety;" and yet, "without making any deduction from their sufferings (which certainly was not the royal wish, nor likely to be grateful to God or salutary to religion)," it was decreed, "that the condemned should be executed secretly in prison, ignominiously bound, and then slowly suffocated in tubs of water."

This was the thunderbolt which fell among us one summer morning at Antwerp, after all our hopes. Our case, and that of all confirmed Protestants, was plain indeed; but there was not a man or woman in the city who might not be condemned according to these edicts. No Catholic, however bigoted, was safe, if he had ever at any time held a controversy with a heretic, and had not betrayed him. No rich man was safe who had an enemy who could introduce a tract of Luther's into his house.

The edicts placed the whole country under sentence of death, liable to be executed at any moment, and only to be escaped by denouncing others.

All hope of justice or mercy from the king vanished.

Suspense was over. All who could abandon the country did. Protestant foreigners fled precipitately along every road leading to the ports. Industrious Flemish artisans might be seen, with their wives and children, carrying whatever was portable of their household furniture.

One morning Truyken came back, greatly disgusted, from her expedition to procure food for the family. The baker's shop was closed; and, on knocking, she could obtain no response, until a neighbour looked out of an opposite window, and said,—"You may knock till doomsday. They sailed last night for England."

And that night Mark came back, looking tired and worn.

"We cannot fulfil our contracts," he said. "The master clothier on whom we were depending says his best workmen have this week emigrated in a body, some for Norwich, some for Sandwich, some for the Hanse Towns."

But hundreds and thousands could not leave, or would not, and on these the edicts had an effect very opposite to the intention of the author. Since no caution could save, caution might as well be laid aside. Since suspicion was as dangerous as guilt, concealment was useless. One cry of execration rose throughout the land, not as an appeal to the king (that was felt useless), but as a protest in the face of heaven.

As the Prince of Orange was said to have whispered to one who sat next to him at the council-board, "The

curtain had opened on the great tragedy," of which we, young when it began, in our gray hairs are still watching the development.

In the midst of all this terror and misery, two great marriages were filling Brussels with festivities and splendour; that of the young ill-fated Baron Montigny, and that of Alexander of Parma, son of the Governess, the Duchess Margaret.

The festivities extended to Antwerp. Mayken was delighted with the triumphal arches, the illuminations, and the sculptures in sugar of all the great personages concerned in the marriage, which decorated the civic banquets. But, except as reflected from the child's happy face, the festival brought scarcely a gleam of pleasure to us. Who could forget the abyss beneath?

What interested us more was, that, on the 3rd of November, the Prince of Parma's wedding-day, Francis Junius, the brave French Reformed pastor, was summoned to preach before a large assembly of nobles at Culemborg-House, in Brussels, and was listened to with the deepest attention, before they proceeded to discuss certain grave political projects. "For," as Mark said, "if the politics failed, the Word of God never could."

CHAPTER V.

THE GUEUX.

ONE evening, in January 1566, we were sitting, Dolores, Mark, and I, in the little sitting-room which we had prepared for her, and which had now become our favourite resort when we were alone. It looked very different from its aspect on the summer-day when we had first introduced Dolores to it. A northern atmosphere of snugness and comfort had gradually crept over it, and there was little in its appearance now to remind us of sunny Spain. The window, which looked now over the white terrace of snow-covered roof below to the ice-bound Scheldt, had been closed early, that we might open our hearts to the northern sunshine within. And of that there was plenty. Huge logs from the pine forests flamed and crackled on the hearth, and flickered on the heavy draperies which curtained the window and door; and on the corner of the room, sacred to Mayken and her toys, her puppets, and tiny cart, and all her miniature world, surmounted by her bright-winged bird, brought for her by a sailor, from the Indies, as a grateful

remembrance for some kindness rendered him by Mark. Dolores was seated on a high-backed chair on one side of the fire, embroidering. Mark and I were leaning over a table near, reading the Confession of Faith of the Reformed in the Netherlands (first published three years before, in 1563), and to be revised and republished this year. At the end of it was a letter to the King of Spain. We knew the eloquent words well, yet it stirred our hearts to read them again. The brethren, in those pages, "protested, before God and His angels, that they had not the least intention to raise up tumults and riots, but only to reform themselves according to the Word of God; that the excommunications, banishments, racks, and tortures, they had suffered, proved that their desires were not carnal; forasmuch as many of them might have been much more easy according to the flesh, if they had not embraced those doctrines; but that, having the fear of God before their eyes, and being terrified with the threatening of Christ, who had declared in His Gospel, that if they denied Him before men, He would deny them before God the Father, they, therefore, offered their backs to stripes, and their tongues to knives, their mouths to gags, and their whole bodies to the fire; knowing that such as will follow Christ must take their cross, and deny themselves. They did not only profess the principal articles of the Christian religion contained in the Symbolum, or Communion Creed, but the whole doctrine revealed by Jesus Christ for our justification and salva-

tion, preached by the evangelists and apostles, sealed with the blood of so many martyrs, and preserved pure and entire by the primitive churches, till at length it became corrupted by the ignorance, ambition, and covetousness of the clergy, and by human additions and inventions." We had just come to the conclusion: "We bless God that even our enemies themselves are forced to bear witness to the integrity of our lives and manners, insomuch that it is a common saying with them, 'He does not swear; he is a Lutheran:' 'He does not live riotously, nor drink; he is of the new sect!' And yet, notwithstanding so honourable a testimony, no kind of torments are forgotten in the punishing of us;"—when we heard a strange voice talking loud in the passage, responded to in very gentle tones by Truyken. Those were not days when unexpected visits could be welcomed unrestrainedly, and Mark rose and hastily hid the dangerous document in a cupboard by the chimney. Then the door opened, and Truyken appeared with a letter.

"It is a gentleman below, who says he has business of importance with the master, and talks big of great names—Count Louis of Nassau, Brederode, and other great nobles. But the times are perilous, and politics are safer, to my thinking, in the council-chamber than at the hearth."

"It is all right, Truyken. I will bring the stranger up myself," said Mark, leaving the room.

"Where nothing is told, nothing can be retold,"

muttered Truyken sententiously, laying violent hands on a large Bible which lay on the table, and disappearing with it.

There was nothing very reassuring in the stranger's aspect, when Mark returned with him, and introduced him to us. A black Spanish doublet, puffed hose and sleeves, a short courtier's cloak, a velvet Milan bonnet, and a long rapier; these breathed of a courtly atmosphere, not favourable to us and our heretic kind. The gay, frank manner, and the candid, friendly smile, disarmed suspicion, but did not exactly command confidence.

Mark introduced him to us as the Seigneur de Clairvaux.

"The ladies are not Flemish," he said, bowing low.

"My wife is Spanish," replied Mark; "and this lady is her sister."

"You come from the paradise of the Catholics," remarked the stranger, "a paradise guarded by many flaming swords."

"You need not be afraid," said Mark, "to open your commission in our presence. We are of one mind here."

"We are no rebels against the Church, ladies," continued the stranger, persisting in taking our orthodoxy for granted. "The old charters of the land, the old privileges of our order, the old faith of our fathers, that is all we want. Only, if people are to burn in the next world for their heresies, we think they might be spared in this. Count Egmont, we believe, wishes us well. Yet Egmont is a fervent Catholic, and his wife, they say, the

most devout of ladies. Viscount Brederode, one of the chiefs of our confederation, has not, perhaps, much to boast of in the way of religion ; but he is as impartial in his indifference as the Prince of Orange in his tolerance. The gallant Count Louis of Nassau is indeed of a Lutheran family; but our aims are national not religious. We will not suffer any murderous Papal inquisitors to devastate our cities and villages. We want Flemish charters observed, and Flemish nobles respected. We do not want to see foreign priests ruling in our castles, or foreign soldiers commanding in court and camp. It is as a scion of the ancient house of Rosevelt that I have ventured, sir, to address you, and to enlist your sympathies in our cause."

Mark smiled.

"My little watch-tower on the marshes of Holland has procured me a great honour," he said. "Has the Prince of Orange joined your confederation ?"

"No; there are some names like his—Egmont's and Horn's—greater alone. But his brother Count Louis is with us, and Count Charles of Mansfeldt and St. Aldegonde. You can see the signatures," he said, seating himself at the table from which we had just swept the Confession of the Reformed, and unrolling a parchment with numerous noble and knightly signatures ; "we only wish you to affix your name to this."

Rapidly Mark read through the protest aloud. There were glowing words against tyranny, and in favour of

religious freedom. The king was appealed to with many loyal expressions; and all the misery of the country was represented as proceeding from the Inquisition, which was stigmatised in strong words as "iniquitous, contrary to all laws, human and divine, surpassing the greatest barbarism ever practised by tyrants, and redounding to the dishonour of God, and the total desolation of the country."

"Thank God!" Dolores exclaimed, when he had finished reading, "that the nobles of this land are at last rising to their place as leaders of the people, and that the truth is told by other voices than those of weavers and peasants."

(It was long before Dolores would trust any movement springing from below, as the Dutch Reformation for the most part did.)

The young Seigneur turned to her with great respect.

"The lady expresses exactly what we feel," he said, eagerly. "We are a confederation of nobles. Hitherto it has been an affair between a mob of well-meaning but low-born artisans and peasants, and the priests. Now it is an affair between the Spanish courtiers of the king, who know nothing of our Flemish customs, and his Majesty's loyal Flemish nobles, who will by no means suffer our ancient rights to be trampled under foot. That is quite another thing. The poor honest weavers could and did die courageously for their convictions; but we are not contending for new convictions, but for solid

established rights, and we can fight and win as well as die."

"Did you say fight?" asked Mark, quietly. "Against whom?"

"We are loyal knights and barons of King Philip," said the young Seigneur, twirling his long moustache, "but knights and barons have rights as well as kings."

"And weavers," observed Mark.

"And weavers," responded the stranger, looking doubtfully at my husband. "Yes; peasants and artisans have rights; at least *we* have the right to defend them from wrong. And burghers, Flemish burghers, Antwerp merchants, have even charters. We will protect all."

"If I sign," said Mark, "it must be as an Antwerp burgher, rather than as a Flemish noble. Your objects seem plain; but what are the means by which you purpose to obtain them?"

"Petitions, sir; protests and petitions. We mean to overwhelm the duchess and the king with petitions from every city and every condition in the land."

"And if the king will not yield?"

"The king *must* yield, sir."

"I see," replied Mark. "If the king will not yield, he must. That is, if petitions fail, rebellion remains."

"It is not rebellion," replied the young Seigneur, "to insist on the performance of oaths which the king has taken, and on the observance of charters older than the titles or title-deeds of his royal house."

"I think not," replied Mark, quietly.

The young man was encouraged, and opened his heart more fully. "If Flanders were once more for the Flemings, would any one be wronged?" he said. "Things which have a beginning must have an ending. There are old men among us who saw the first of foreign domination among us. There may be young men among us who will see the last of it."

"Possibly," said Mark, with that quiet manner of his which to others seemed at times so cold, but to me meant so much. "But you will perhaps not mention these further intentions in your petition to the Duchess Margaret? Ladies are easily scandalized, and sometimes, it is said, more easily with words than with deeds."

The young Seigneur laughed.

"She may be scandalized by both ere long," he said; "but you will sign?"

"I would not have my name absent from any protest against the great confederacy of plunder and murder, which, in the name of religion, is desolating our country," he replied. And he signed the document called the Compromise, "Mark van Rosevelt, cloth merchant, Antwerp."

"Seigneur," he said, then rising, and laying his hand on the young man's arm, "times are before us which no pride of order, or gaiety of nature, will carry us through. I believe that protest will lead further than you think, and *therefore* I sign it. This is a contest, believe me, for

faith, and not for charters; and nothing but faith, the faith of the Bible, will carry a man through it. We begin under one banner, but with a different faith. I believe you will one day either desert our banner, or embrace our faith."

"Desert our banner? Never!" replied the Seigneur de Clairvaux. "Embrace your faith? Scarcely, if you are indeed Lutherans. My family has been too long on the other side."

Dolores interposed.

"Señor," she said, "nobles of the purest blood of Spain have embraced this new faith, and gloried in dying for it."

"I have heard so," he replied; "but my life has been in camps, and we learn perhaps there to think too lightly of these things. However," he added, gaily, "I have a mother and a young sister, as devout as any saint in the calendar, and they pray for me constantly, so that I trust all will be well."

"Will you stay while we have our evening reading of the Bible?" asked Mark.

A perplexed look came over the young man's face. "I have not much experience of grave books," he said, "and my mother and sister's priests have warned me against that one especially, unless it is in Latin."

"We will read it in Latin if you like," said Mark.

The young Seigneur laughed. "That would certainly do me no harm," he said. "My brother has the family

living, and he used to do my Latin for me at the college."

"Your brother's learning it has not then taught you Latin," observed Mark, dryly.

"Hardly," was the laughing reply; "but it has saved me from punishment."

"If you had important secret business at Rome, and could only communicate with the cardinals in Latin, you would perhaps wish you had endured the punishment, and learned the Latin in your own person."

"Perhaps," was the reply.

"I was only thinking," said Mark, "since vicarious studies do not seem to teach Latin, whether you have found vicarious piety teach you holiness. If prayer is the language of the court of heaven, may you not wish one day you had learned it for yourself?"

The stranger looked grave.

"And if so," continued Mark, "perhaps it might help you to hear what our blessed Saviour himself taught about prayer."

We all sat down. The Flemish Testament was taken, and Mark read part of the 13th, 14th, 16th, and 17th chapters of St. John.

The young Seigneur listened with the most unfeigned attention. When Mark paused, he said,—

"Is that what the heretics—what you read in your assemblies?"

"Such words as those. God's words."

"They go singularly to the heart."

"Certainly. God made the heart, and sees it. We will ask Him to teach us."

And before he could consider, we were all on our knees, as so often before and since, around the great Flemish Testament, by that fireside.

When we rose, the Seigneur de Clairvaux said, after a considerable silence, "Is that the way you pray in your meetings?"

"We pray from the heart," Mark replied.

De Clairvaux said no more; but as he was leaving the room he turned, with a frank, kindly smile, which lighted up all his face, to Dolores and me, and said,—

"I am glad I stayed. And perhaps you will all, if ever you think of me, sometimes mention my name in these devotions of yours. We are not of the same religion, you know; but I feel sure it would help me, and I think my mother could not object."

I said afterwards to Mark, "You were humble in your signature!"

"Hardly," he replied, smiling; "to my Dutch imagination, a fleet of ships at sea, an army of artisans in pay, such as obey the great cloth merchants at Antwerp, is more a subject of pride than a ruinous old tower in Holland, with the glorious distinction that my ancestors lived in it for some centuries, and did nothing to distinguish themselves."

Three months afterwards, when the Scheldt was un-

bound from its fetters of ice, when ships and swallows began to come and go, on the 5th April 1566, Counts Culemburg, Van den Berg, and Louis of Nassau, and Viscount Brederode, assembled in the great square of the horse-market at Brussels, before the Culemburg mansion, with three hundred confederate nobles and knights. Almost all were young, and of ancient houses, blending the hope and vigour of youth with the grave weight and solidity of ancestral centuries. They marched along the great street to the palace of the Duchess Margaret. There a great crowd had met to welcome and cheer them on, as the deliverers of their country.

The Duchess was not so much pleased. Seated on her chair of state, she received them with evident agitation, which did not diminish as the Compromise or Petition was read aloud. Tears rolled down her face, not at any time remarkable for its feminine expression. They were tears of mortification and fear. Nevertheless, as one by one the young nobles made their courtly bow in retiring from her presence, through her tears she contrived to observe many whose presence on that day was never forgiven.

As they were departing, Count Barlaymont, one of the most bigoted of her counsellors, is said to have exclaimed,—

"What! is your highness afraid of these beggars, these *gueux?*"

The derisive epithet of the great noble was overheard,

and proudly adopted by the lesser nobles, who constituted the confederacy.

When next we saw our visitor, the Seigneur de Clairvaux, his courtly dress was exchanged for a sober suit of gray—gray doublet and hose of the coarsest materials; a felt hat clasped with a rude copper medal, for the plumed bonnet; a beggar's pouch and bowl by his side.

And throughout that summer Antwerp echoed with the cry, "Vivent les Gueux!" sounded in all tones and voices, from the fierce, hoarse cries of the turbulent mobs, to the merry shouts of little boys parading the streets with their miniature bowls and wallets.

A party name, a party cry, a party badge had been found.

But, Mark said, true and deep changes began from within, and time would show who were ready to be really beggared for the good cause.

Yet it was impossible not to hope, with spring and summer opening the countless leaves of the trees around us, and the power of new life bringing freshness into every dingy court of the city in which sprang a blade of grass; and our Mayken, our perpetual May, in the house. Could all the power of life we saw around us in these young nobles, these enterprising merchants, these bold burghers, be crushed by the wintry, icy will of one man in his palace hundreds of miles away in Spain?

Would the King, *not* afar off, on His throne in heaven, suffer it?

That was the great hope, after all; and it never fails.

Only His ways are not our ways, and until we see them spread below us from the heights above, with Him to interpret them to us, we shall never understand them all.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PUBLIC PREACHINGS.

MIDSUMMER-DAY 1566 is a day we often speak of. In the first place, it was Mayken's fifth birth-day; and which of us can forget the wonder and delight in her bright little face, when she came into Dolores' room that morning, and found her toy-world converted into a bower of roses, in which her bird, with its bright emerald plumage, seemed quite at home; while several new puppets, dressed some as Andalusian peasants, with velvet jackets and bright petticoats, some as Spanish court-ladies, and some as Flemish or Dutch burgher-women, kept court among the flowers.

Dolores and Ursel always insisted that there never was childish beauty like Mayken's. I hardly think that; her features were not regular enough. But I must say, when her little face was flushed with pleasure, as it was on that midsummer morning, and her blue eyes, usually so earnest, sparkled as if the light came through them from a sunny world within, and the sweet lips

quivered with pleasure, it made any one happy to look at her.

Her great delight, however, that day was to take a little basket of clothes, and toys, and flowers, to a little child who lived near us. It took her some time to select all the most fragrant flowers she could find; and it was a serious affair to decide what toys she could spare, because to Mayken the old toys had, in the course of her short life, become invested with associations which no one else could appreciate, but which made parting hard; and the new toys could not always be given away, out of respect to the donors. At length, however, we started, Mayken insisting on the privilege of carrying the basket. It was a great pleasure to see the delight of the poor crippled child at the unexpected gift; and we had to stay some time that Mayken might initiate her into the meaning and use of the various toys, and the position they occupied in their toy-world.

By the time we reached home, I found Mark waiting, with a donkey ready caparisoned, at the door, his birthday gift to the child. Two saddled mules stood beside it.

"Come at once, Costanza," he said. "There is not a moment to be lost. We are all going to the great preaching at the lord of Berchem's wood."

In a few minutes we were dressed, and on our way. The streets were thronged with people, all in full holiday attire; for it was St. John's Tide; and those who

were too aged or infirm to move about, sat at the doors of their houses, commenting on the passers by. As we passed John van Broek's great house in the market, I said,—

"Let us ask Christina to come."

Ursel, who was with us, smiled, and said, "You can try."

I ran up to her private room, and Ursel followed.

"My dear child," she said, "you quite startled me. I scarcely see how it is possible. Besides, is not the preacher a French Calvinist?"

"He is a Protestant Christian," I said, "like Fabricius."

"But it is such an inconvenient day. It is the very morning I had arranged with my housekeeper to look over the preserves; and, in a large household, if things are not done at the appointed time, it is astonishing how long it takes before order is restored. And, besides, I am not very strong. Last night I sneezed four times; and John said—"

"Christina," interposed Ursel, impatiently, "the King of Spain will not wait till your preserves are finished, to execute his edicts. Who knows when there may be another public preaching!"

"Ursel never can understand the responsibilities and duties of a household," said Christina, appealing to me.

But I took her hands and said,—

"You are risking life and all every day you keep that Bible in this room. You share our danger. Do come and share with us the joy of the good tidings."

"But how am I to go?" she said, relenting. "I cannot walk."

"I can walk, thank God," said Ursel. "You shall ride my mule."

And Christina came.

Mark was pleased, and Mayken clapped her hands in welcome. Ursel walked with Mark, rather rejoicing in the sacrifice; and we started.

The streets were full of people. Burgher fathers and mothers gravely marching before a train of children, all dressed in quaint miniatures of their parents' costume, and copying closely their parents' demeanour. Groups of apprentices of the various trades flinging jokes on all sides, or walking silent with their sweethearts. Old men were willingly led to the various shows by little eager children like Mayken. Of shows there were plenty. In one place, French dogs were dancing; in another, there was a bear baited, or a riding at the Quintain; in another, a "true Spanish bull-fight" was announced, with a matador from Seville. All languages were spoken around us, and costumes of all nations met our eye; but among all the rich velvet doublets, gay hose, and dainty slippers, gold chains and plumed bonnets, the most popular costume evidently was the coarse gray doublet and hose, and the felt hat of the Gueux. Wherever this appeared, shouts or murmurs arose from the crowd of "Vivent les Gueux!" They indicated too plainly what a volcano smouldered under all these festivities.

We thought the crowd would diminish when we left the city-gates, and we should be able to pursue our way in peace.

At first, however, the road outside the gates seemed almost as much thronged as the streets within. Many, no doubt, were going to the various summer-houses and pleasure-gardens in the neighbourhood; but as the pleasure-gardens were left behind, the road still was thronged. The travellers, however, seemed of a different order. The variety of costume, rank, and age was the same; but they were no longer saunterers, pausing to exchange a jest with all who were so inclined. All were going in one direction, and with the steady pace of men who had a purpose.

At the entrance of the wood we were challenged by armed men on horseback; but seeing Mark, they readily let us pass. We were glad to leave the dusty road for the wood of the lord of Berchem, where the preaching was to be. It was very pleasant to enter under the sheltering shade of the tall old trees. Mayken's delight at the wild-flowers—the briar-roses, honey-suckles, and wild convolvulus—which garlanded the branches, was unbounded.

At last the avenue through which we had been riding opened out, and in a large grassy clearing of the wood we saw a vast multitude already assembled. In the centre was erected a rude pulpit, formed of planks laid on a waggon, but the preacher had not yet mounted it.

The women were, for the most part, collected in the centre, around the pulpit, for safety. Around stood and sat, or moved about in groups, a cordon of earnest, determined-looking men. There were no barricades of waggons on this occasion, as was usual. The surrounding wood was deemed sufficient fortification. But at every broad avenue, even at every narrow woodman's path, armed men were stationed, whose swords, daggers, pistols, or muskets, gleamed strangely amidst that peaceful scene; peaceful, indeed, to the eye, but environed with perils. Every man and woman, by the act of coming there, placed themselves under sentence of death —death by any torturing method that the ingenuity of the inquisitors could devise. And all knew it. There was little danger of levity or slumber in that congregation.

The greater number were sitting silent and still, but some were talking in low grave tones.

These meetings had not long been ventured on. The first had been held in West Flanders on the 14th of June, only ten days before. The preacher who had dared to preach the first open-air sermon was Herman Striker, or Modet, once a monk, but now a Reformed preacher at Oudenarde. The scout or sheriff of Gentbrug had endeavoured to arrest the minister and disperse the assembly; but Herman Modet had escaped into a neighbouring wood, and the people, although only armed with sticks and staves, had driven off the sheriff.

But the great subject of conversation was the meeting held only the day before in a meadow near Ghent, barricaded with waggons, and guarded by armed sentinels. Here Herman Modet had preached to many thousands, and a child had been baptized with water from a neighbouring brook.

The sermon on that midsummer day was to be in Walloon, and the preacher a French Calvinist—either Francis Junius, pastor of the secret French Church at Antwerp, or Peregrine de la Grange. La Grange and Junius were both men of noble French families—Junius from Bourges, and La Grange of the old Provençal blood, with the old Provençal fire in his heart, in a nobler cause than that of Crusader or Troubadour. He used to ride to the preaching, like his ancestors to the battle, and call the attention of his audience by a pistol shot; and certainly the sermon to him was as perilous as the battle to them.

Our little party preferred to remain at the edge of the congregation, under the shade of the great trees. The mules were fastened to the trees, and before the service began, Mayken was among them, filling her arms with flowers. That day was quite an era to her, in her way. Henceforth in her dreams and plays she was always among the great trees; and wonderful were the narratives of forest-life, of the birds, flowers, and insects, told to her little crippled playmate on our return. She had her own sermon that summer day, if it was not the same as ours.

It was a scene never to forget. The woodland quiet scarcely broken by the presence of these waiting thousands, so that the little brook which flowed near, and the occasional songs of birds deep in the wood, could be heard distinctly. The women were seated in the midst, the men outside; and amongst them hawkers of religious books, all prohibited by the Inquisition, silently moved in and out—not noisily commending their wares, but disposing of them silently to eager purchasers; for every book thus eagerly bought was a warrant of arrest. Nothing interested me more than watching these men, as they were welcomed by group after group, and left the happy purchaser earnestly bending over the new treasure—some commentary of Luther or Calvin, or, better still, some portion of the Sacred Scriptures themselves, then first obtained. Poor peasants bought them, to whom the price must have involved many a scanty meal; rich burgher traders, to whom their possession was a legal confiscation of all their wealth. But the price of these forbidden books might have to be paid, not in gold or silver, but with life; and seller and buyer knew it, and knew also that at that price the truth in them was not dearly bought.

I could not help offering many a prayer, as book after book was bought, and read silently, or in low tones, to eager listening groups, that God might speak their precious words to the heart.

At length there was a silence. Every murmur and

conversation was hushed. Mayken was recalled from her wanderings, and seated on my knee. The preacher mounted the pulpit, and the verse of one of Clement Marot's Psalms was given out. Before it was read through, however, a cry came from the outskirts of the crowd from some of the armed sentinels,—

"The militia are upon us!"

The women clustered closer together; the men formed in ranks and made ready their arms; whilst from the whole multitude broke the reply,—

"Let them come; we are ready for them."

It was a false alarm: no enemy appeared, and in a few moments the preacher calmly recommenced reading the psalm. Only one verse was read—most of those present knew it by heart; and then from the four or five thousand present burst forth a psalm such as I never expect to hear again. Slow, grave, and solemn, deep as an organ in the great Antwerp Cathedral: yet to compare that burst of living music to any product of strings and pipes would be a profanation. Every voice steady with determination, thrilling with emotion, it was a song of praise and confidence soaring to heaven; but it was also a battle-song, sung perhaps in the hearing of mortal foes. It was such a song as Israel sang by the Red Sea, or rather such a song as the army of Jehoshaphat sang before the battle—a song before which the enemy fled as from a charge; for our victory was not yet gained. In one sense, indeed, it was gained, and all our hymns

since Calvary may be songs of triumph ; but the pathos of poor trembling human hearts mingled with the glowing tones of trust and praise—hearts that must separate from this inspiring concourse to fight out the fight in undefended homes, and perhaps in solitary prison chambers.

The last note of the hymn died away ; and then, on the silence of that midsummer noon, in the forest stirred by light summer winds, arose the one voice in prayer—low at first, but swelling, deepening with emotion, as low, quiet sobs responded to it here and there among the crowd. All stood during the singing ; during the prayer many knelt. The prayer was not long. Its range lay principally between to-day and heaven : remembering the brethren who too certainly lay in close dungeons on that midsummer noon throughout the once free Flemish land ; the martyrs who might too probably be on the rack or at the stake whilst we prayed in the great forest ; the persecutors who were heaping up misery on earth perhaps for us, and for themselves too certainly misery unutterable when the Judge should come—the Judge of unjust judges, the King of kings. Amongst us, perhaps, now adoring God thus at the risk of life, were some who had once thought it doing God service to slay His children ; the hearts of others might be changed as much and as easily : he prayed God to do it. There were few amongst us, I think, who did not rise from that prayer with the feeling that all life is but to-day, but a summer's

day, and to-morrow the morrow on which God and not man will judge—eternity.

Then came the sermon: the closely-reasoned commentary on the text; the hopes and fears springing from it; the appeal to the power of God, before which man is nothing—and the love of God, to which every man, woman, and child there was so precious.

Mayken sat on my knee. The psalm had quite overcome her; but soon her tears had stopped, and then before long she had fallen asleep, with her hands wreathing her flowers. But when, towards the close, his voice grew deep and low with feeling, and the silence became more intense—as he spoke of Jesus having borne our sins on the cross, and borne them away, and having power on earth now to forgive sins—I saw her large, earnest eyes fixed on him, as she lay with her head on my shoulder, and her lips murmured the sacred Name, as if she understood.

In concluding, he read to us the eleventh of Hebrews; and at the end of it he said,—

"The list is not closed yet.

"This spring, when these leaves, now rustling above you in the summer noon, were one by one bursting their wintry prisons, and expanding in the pleasant sunshine, some dear to God were bursting the prison walls of this poor earth, passing into the sunshine of His presence.

"The hand which broke their fetters of flesh was no

gentle one. But, beloved, it set them free. At Lisle this spring were burned, by King Philip's inquisitors, Martin Bayert, Claudius du Flot, John Dautricourt, and Noel Tournemine. Remember their names: you will hear them again in the face of heaven and earth, of kings and inquisitors, from the lips of the Judge of all. Noel Tournemine was but a youth, and for him there was a sorer trial even than the flames. His father pressed through the crowd as the four martyrs were being led to the stake, and fell on his son's neck, kissing and embracing him, and cried, 'My dear child, are you going to die thus?'

"The young man answered at first with a steady voice, 'It is a small matter, my father; for now I am hasting to live for ever.'

"But as the father wept and groaned, and clung to him, the youth's firmness gave way, and he also wept; and turning to the clergy who were with him, urging him to recant, he said—'Oh, ye priests and friars, if we could have been prevailed on to go to your mass, we had not been here now. But Christ Jesus has not instituted any such sacrifice.'

"Then his father was taken from him, and the four went on to the place of execution. At the stake they sang with one voice the verse, 'The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid?' And then the Song of Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest Thou thy

servant depart in peace.' And so their singing and their life ended together.

"Beloved," the preacher continued, "let us not deceive ourselves. The Lord does not for us quench the violence of fire, as for the three children of old; nor does our faith quench the agony of parting. We follow a Master who suffered as none else ever suffered; because (partly, at least, because) He loved as none else ever loved. Likeness to Him does not steel the heart; nearness to Him does not extinguish the flames. The heart may be torn with anguish, and the body may writhe in torture. Let us not deceive ourselves. He has not promised us exemption from tribulation and pain; but, beloved, He has promised to be with us. This is our *one* promise. Not, 'Ye shall never hunger;' but, 'I, the bread of life, will not forsake thee:' not, 'Ye shall never be shut up in noisome dungeons;' but, 'I will never leave thee:' not, 'The fire shall not kindle upon thee;' but, 'I will be with thee in the furnace.' Brethren, is this promise enough for you? I can offer you, truly, none beside. I could tell you, indeed, of some to whom the very fire has caused little pain: of one John Tiskan, a tapestry weaver at Oudenarde—a young enthusiastic disciple of twenty-two. They sentenced him to be burned slowly to death. But in a quarter of an hour his sufferings were over. And think, brethren, of his welcome in heaven: think of the mockings of cruel men here; think of the 'Come, ye blessed'—of the welcoming song of angels.

Think of them? Can we not almost hear them still? Their echoes have scarcely died away in heaven; for this was on the 8th of June,—a fortnight and two days since! Beloved, he has learned but little of Paradise yet; and yet I think that fortnight may outweigh the quarter of an hour in the flames. But I do not promise you only a quarter of an hour of suffering. I have no such commission. It may be hours; it may be renewed, as the poor worn frame can bear it, during many years. Count the cost carefully. But, afterwards, can you count the reward? A quarter of an hour to a fortnight!"—he continued slowly, as if computing. "We can count that, but who can measure the proportion between twenty, thirty, seventy years of suffering, and an eternity with Christ?

"Nor can I tell you," he proceeded, "what deeds the inquisitors may consider sufficient to merit the doom of the vilest criminal. This year, John Cornelius Winter, formerly pastor of the Great Church at Horn, was sentenced to the axe, after a long imprisonment, because he had translated the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and several passages and sentences of the Holy Scriptures into Dutch, to teach them to the little children of the school, and other ignorant persons. And this year he laid his head cheerfully on the block. On the scaffold the aged priest sang the *Te Deum* in Latin; and it was observed that when he came to the words, 'The noble army of martyrs praise Thee,' his head was separated

from his body. 'Praise Thee! praise Thee!' His language could have needed little change, as he took his place among the noble army above!

"You see, the glorious catalogue, the muster-roll of that noble army, is not closed yet. Which of our names will swell it? Still our brethren are bearing trial of cruel mockings, of bonds and imprisonment, of fires whose violence has not for them been quenched. The ages that have passed since the apostle wrote, and was martyred, have not lessened the malice of the enemy; but they have, alas! increased his ingenuity. The deaths inflicted are more cruel, the pretexts more false; escape is more hopeless. The first Christians were persecuted as Christians; our brethren now are called apostates, and persecuted in the name of Christ. But the enemy is the same. It is the great enemy of God and man, the accuser of the brethren, who, through the lips of informers and inquisitors, is accusing our brethren now. It is he who was a liar from the beginning who is deluding these poor idolaters blasphemously to adore the images of the saints, while they murderously destroy the image of God in His living saints. It is he who was a murderer from the beginning who, through the feeble hands of monks and princes, is murdering our brethren now. Woe, woe not to us, but to them; for Satan does not cast away his instruments when they have served his purpose. He has wages in store for them, and they will be paid to the last farthing; or rather, they will

never be paid. The dreadful debt will never be liquidated. Those fires, which need no fagots to feed them, will never be quenched. Weep not for the martyrs, for the victors, for the crowned. Weep for the inquisitors, for those who, when death comes, have nothing but a painted image, or a poor priest's word, or an indulgence from the Pope, to fix their dying eyes on. Weep for them, and pray. Pray that, while there is yet time, they may look to that living Saviour, crucified for them and for us, Who, when images, and priestly absolutions, and papal indulgences, and kings, and popes, and Rome, and the world itself, have crumbled into dust, is able to raise the bodies of His saints from dungeons and river beds, and to gather their ashes from the air, and to fashion them like unto His glorious body, strong, immortal, incorruptible, and free from every trace of sorrow, and every stain of sin. Brethren, an ancient inquisitor became an apostle, and chief of the apostles. Stronger is He that is in us, than he that is in the world; stronger than the persecutor Titelman, or the king and armies of Spain; stronger than the one great Enemy whose malice is deadly, not when he persecutes, but when he deceives. Therefore, let us pray."

Then followed the prayer; and then a silence, broken only by the low murmur of the brook, and the soft noonday songs of birds, and the sound of quiet weeping.

It was announced that another sermon would be

preached in Low Dutch on the following Saturday; and afterwards the vast assembly quietly dispersed through the various avenues of the wood. We waited till nearly the last, to avoid the crowd. Christina was deeply moved, and could say little. Mark said, "It is words and prayers such as these, not the wallets or carbines of the Gueux that must save the country."

There is always something very solemn in watching a great congregation disperse, in seeing the multitude so recently one body, animated by one purpose, scattered into units, each with his different circle and aim; in looking round on the empty space so lately throbbing with human life. But in the forest on that midsummer noon it was more solemn than usual. For every one that passed quietly away, and was lost to sight among the long vistas of the wood, was moving under sentence of death, too likely to be executed on many. There was, indeed, little probability that that assembly would ever be gathered entire on earth again. And the strength of the words heard there, might have to be proved on many a scene of torture and temptation. Through those green paths how many might be issuing forth to the dungeon, the block, or the stake.

And yet the leaves rustled, and the sun shone, the birds sang, and the brook murmured its sweet music as peacefully as if there had been no cries of anguish, no injustice, no sin, no graves on earth.

And our Mayken, riding home in the cool of the even-

ing on her new donkey, prattled sweetly of the butterflies and flowers, and waters, and the good minister, and the people who looked so kindly at her, as if the whole solemn service had been an especial birth-day festival for her. And we could not hinder her!

Is nature, then, like the child, prattling her sweet songs in happy unconsciousness, through all the miseries of men? Or is she not rather like the angels, who sing their benedicites, and shine, in their festive garments, through all our darkness and distracting noises, because the light of God's countenance is on them, and they see the meaning of things, and know the end?

CHAPTER VII.

WILLIAM THE SILENT.

TRUYKEN was not at all pleased at our attending that service, and the one held on the following Saturday in Low Dutch in the same wood.

For some time afterwards she steadily attributed every ailment of Mayken's or ours, to "gentlefolks playing the gipsy in the woods like beggars."

"We are Gueux, you know, Truyken," I said once, gaily; "at least they call us so, and we must not be ashamed of our profession."

"Ah, poor lambs," sighed Truyken, "you little know what you are talking of. Many of those who march about so jauntily in their gray doublets, with their little dandy wallets and bowls engraved with silver, will tell a different story, I trow, when they have the beggary without the wallet, and would be thankful to have the bowl filled with bones, instead of ornamenting it with silver! As far as I can see," she continued, "that is what we are all coming to. Then to think of Mistress van Broek, who would scarcely put her foot on the street, or sit at

an open window, or speak to an artisan without a scent-bag at her nose, spending hours on the grass among the rabble of the city. It may all seem natural to some people; but to me, who have seen the world standing on its feet these fifty years, it is hard to be expected to think it quite a matter of course that it should stand on its head; gentlemen dressing like beggars, gentlewomen turning into the woods like gipsies, weavers turned into priests, fields into churches."

"What can you expect, Truyken," said Dolores, gravely, "when priests have turned into executioners?"

"Of that I can say nothing, Señora Dolores," was Truyken's reply. "The monks and priests for a long time might have been better; but we are none of us angels, and the world has grown beyond my comprehension altogether."

In spite, however, of Truyken Ketel and the Duchess Margaret, the public preachings continued to be held near Antwerp for many weeks. The attendance became larger and larger, sometimes amounting to twenty or thirty thousand people, and these, many of them, the richest and most respected citizens, with their wives.

We did not enjoy all the services equally. Some of the sermons contained bitter and exciting invectives; and others, especially those in Low Dutch, were enlivened with broad jests on the lives of the monks. Some of the preachers were not men of education, being qualified only by a native mother-wit, and a sincere

piety; but the greater number were at least as educated in secular learning as the priests of the old faith; and all were learned in the Scriptures, as few indeed of the priests had been.

In many instances the ministers confined themselves simply to unfolding the great truths of the Bible. But controversy was as inevitable as battles in marching through an enemy's country. The simple proclamation of our Saviour as the one-sufficient Sacrifice for sin, the Priest accessible to all, to whom alone all need confess, and who alone could forgive, demolished the whole laborious erection of altars, altar-screens, and confessionals. But the preachers did not limit themselves to stating the truth, and leaving falsehood to fall by its own weakness. There were plain positive evils which they plainly denounced. It is true that lies have no innate strength, and will crumble ultimately to pieces by their own incoherency; but crumbling is a slow process when the route of an army has either to be forward through those fortresses of error, or backward. The whole force of argument, indignant denunciation, prophetical menaces against idolatry, sometimes even sarcasm and jest, were often directed against the old crumbling edifice of superstition. As in a popular outbreak, whatever weapons were nearest at hand were used, and it was no wonder that often they should be uncouth.

These enormous gatherings of men, armed, yet peaceful, so contrary to ancient order, and yet so orderly, per-

plexed the magistrates of Antwerp greatly. Tossed about between the indignant menaces of the Governess and the firm protests of the people, they were reduced, as Mark said, to rotating on their own axis, and doing nothing. The Duchess sent furious remonstrances, and they placarded them on the town-hall. The people tore down the placards, and they were not punished.

The only plan they could devise was to recall the priest of a church near the city, whom they had banished on account of his Lutheran tendencies, in the hope that the Lutherans might attend his sermons in the church, in preference to the forest-meetings, and so be divided from the Calvinists. This device partially succeeded. John van Broek, for instance, who had never been quite easy about these irregular assemblies, was delighted to be able to recall his wife to a quiet drive to an orderly church, where they could sit on benches under a stone roof in a respectable way.

Meantime the two thousand nobles of the party of the Gueux were holding a rather tumultuous assembly at St. Trond, in the bishopric of Liege, to prepare further petitions and protests. Exciting news came to us from all quarters during that eventful year, of field-preachings throughout Flanders and Holland, near Haarlem, Alkmaar, and Amsterdam, of thousands of Protestants travelling distances of many miles to be present at the sermons, listening with rapt attention for hours together, and yet all dispersing as quietly as they met. All kinds of places,

meadows, forest-glades, suburbs of populous cities, quays, and sandy shores,—all hours of the day, from dawn till after the last rays of the long summer days had disappeared, witnessed those gatherings, yet no enemy ever accused them of being disorderly. Solemn they were, as any congregation ever assembled in consecrated walls; indeed, how should they be otherwise, when they were surrounded by walls of fire, when every prayer and hymn might have to be atoned for at the stake?

The Prince of Orange was not present at the noisy assembly of nobles at St. Trond; and to him day by day the perplexed citizens of Antwerp began to look, as to the only man who could mediate between the government, the magistrates, and the people, Catholic, Lutheran, and Calvinist. Entreaties were poured on him from the Duchess and the city, to come to Antwerp. At length it was announced that he was coming.

I shall never forget the 13th of July, the day on which he entered the city.

The whole city was absorbed in the one thought—that the deliverer was coming. All the day the people were full of feverish expectation. Tens of thousands of the citizens lined the streets and roads for miles outside the gates, to welcome him

Our house lay in the street near the gate. Mark had gone out, with hundreds of the most influential men in the city, on horseback, to meet the Prince. When he came in sight a pistol-shot was to be fired. We, of course,

could not hear that; but scarcely a minute afterwards the news was communicated to the city by the enthusiastic shout of welcome, which spread like lightning along the vast uninterrupted masses of people, extending for several miles between the place of rencontre and the city gates. Mark told us how the people thronged and pressed around him, like bewildered children round their parents, calling him deliverer, protector, father; but it seemed to distress the prince, and a look of anxiety and uneasiness disturbed his firm and usually impassive features. I noticed it also as he passed our house.

And once, when the wild cry (of late become so common among us) "Vivent les Gueux!" burst from the crowd as he passed, Mark heard him say, "This idle cry must be stopped. I cannot have it. They will rue it one day."

At length when it was perceived that the prince did not like this noisy greeting, the multitudes quietly dispersed. The force of that firm will was on them; and because it was understood he wished it, the city in a few hours resumed its ordinary aspect. The silent dispersing testified more to his power than the noisy welcome.

Late in the evening, when Mark returned, he looked weary and exhausted; but there was a cheerfulness in his manner I had not seen for many days.

"The prince is at work already," he said, "and is setting every one to do his share."

"But why," I asked, "did he look so grave and sad?

The acclamations of the people scarcely seemed to move him."

"Do you think," said Mark, "that the man to whose arm a whole nation is clinging, can feel his arm strong? He is like a brave seaman steering his boat through the breakers to a wreck. Do you think he can return the rapturous shouts of grateful welcome with bows and smiles? The crew is not rescued yet; and they can only be rescued by every one doing his utmost, at the risk of life to the deliverer and to all."

"But," said Ursel, "are not people putting too much trust in one man, and he a Lutheran, and scarcely even that, it is said?"

"Sister Ursel," said Mark, "you may read in your Bible that when God would save a people, He sends them a man to do it; and that the destruction of any nation is the not recognizing the man whom God sends to them. The God of Israel did not rescue Israel from Egypt, or lead them through the wilderness by a synod. I believe there is hope for our country, because God has given us this man; if only we will acknowledge him. No ship was ever steered safely through a storm by a committee. The council, whether of the Confederate nobles, or of the Reformed pastors, would debate us into ruin; William of Orange will save us, if God wills, and we will let him."

"I see," observed Ursel, thoughtfully, "'they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them

out of their distresses,' by sending them Moses, Joshua, and David."

That evening, when I went for a few minutes to Dolores' room, I found her weeping.

"Are you wishing a William the Silent had been given to Spain, Dolores?" I asked.

"I was only thinking," she said, "what the world might become if it would welcome its Deliverer, as Antwerp has welcomed hers!"

The next few weeks were weeks of hard but hopeful work to all good men at Antwerp. The prince made every one feel that the city could only be saved by every one doing his best to save it. He seemed, Mark said, to inspire all, from the highest to the lowest, with the sense that each in his place must do his work, or nothing would be done. And he set the example, by working night and day himself. No one's rights and no one's interests were, in his eyes, too insignificant to be respected. He met all the guilds and companies of merchants, and even the "rhetorical" societies. He summarily punished disorder in the adherents of any party; and he boldly risked the indignation of all parties by yielding fully to the demands of none. Mark came home every day more enthusiastic in his praise. Dolores began to understand my husband. She said to me one day,—

"Costanza, I always thought Mark would not give himself heart and soul to any cause, because he saw

the defects of all. But I see now the loyalty in his heart was only waiting for its true sun to wake up."

Thus, not the least of the blessings the Prince of Orange brought to me, was that Dolores and I understood each other about Mark. Even the cautious John van Broek was brought to act cordially with the Reformed; and Ursel and he were seen exchanging friendly and confidential communications. Truyken, meantime, followed her usual plan, when incontestable virtues were discovered in heretics, of denying that they were heretics at all.

The concessions made to the Protestants were small indeed. Yet for the time they satisfied all. No church or place of assembly was conceded to Lutherans or Calvinists within the walls, but public worship was permitted us in the suburbs, and the prosecution was arrested.

Meantime, while William of Orange was quietly working to restore order at Antwerp, the two thousand confederate nobles were drinking, fighting, and drawing up remonstrances at St. Trond.

Yet, at that time, the whole nation, nobles, burghers, and the Duchess, seemed to place their chief reliance on the Taciturn Prince. The King and the Governess wrote him fervent letters of thanks. Antwerp idolized him. The nobles told the Duchess all would be well if his counsels were followed. But if we wondered sometimes then at the coolness with which he received all this

popularity, expressions of royal favour, popular applause, confidence of the nobles—we wondered more as events unfolded themselves, at the insight which seemed from the beginning to have shown him the hollowness of all this; and more still at the self-devoted patriotism and faith which made him risk life and honours for men so little worthy of him.

For, as we learned afterwards, and as he knew then, at this very time King Philip and the Duchess were steadily devising his ruin. In less than two years the confederacy of nobles had scattered right and left; in less than a year the citizens of Antwerp, enraged at his opposing their will in a course which would have been their destruction, presented pistols at his breast.

What marvel that one who saw, by some mysterious means, the secret papers of King Philip, and saw, moreover, into the secret heart of the hollow world around him, was wrinkled and worn with care at thirty! The wonder was, that seeing what he saw, he did not become a misanthrope, but yet felt his country worth living and dying for. Surely he must have learned that lesson from Him who knew what is in man, and yet laid down His life for man.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ICONOCLASTS.

WILLIAM THE SILENT was wanted everywhere—at Antwerp; in his own government of Holland and Zealand; at Brussels, where the Duchess Margaret demanded his presence, to defend her against the confederate nobles. At length, sorely against his own judgment, he was constrained to leave the city before the 15th of August, the Great Festival of the Assumption of the Virgin, on which an outbreak was much dreaded. The calm of his presence seemed, however, still to rest on the city, and during the day no act of violence was committed.

The numbers of the Protestants in Antwerp far exceeded those of the adherents of the old religion. Unhappily for us, the newly-revived truth won to its banner not only the lovers of what was true, but the partisans of what was new. The turbulent and destructive elements of the turbulent old city were for the time on the side of the gospel. The Viscount Brederode had paid Antwerp a visit before the sojourn of the Prince amongst us; and

the jovial baron had his converts, proselytized at his "beggar" banquets, and ready for any wild words and deeds.

The festival of the Assumption was one calculated to excite all the contemptuous irreverence of the Gueux, as much as it awakened the grave indignation of the Reformed.

On that day, from time immemorial, had taken place the great procession of the Ommegang. The colossal image of the Virgin was brought out from the cathedral, dressed in its costliest robes, to make the circuit of the city. On the 15th of June 1566, the procession was as gorgeous and noisy as ever. Long before it passed our house, we heard the sound of trumpets and drums heralding the approach of the "Queen of Heaven."

We thought of the approach of William the Silent, only a few weeks before! No drums and trumpets had been needed to proclaim his coming. That one long shout of welcome had rung all the way from Berghem, where the magistrates met him, to us; but on this festival the music seemed all instrumental. Except a few who knelt at their doors as the image passed, the people received the procession with gloomy silence, with murmured execrations, or with bitter sarcasms.

And no wonder; this *thing*, this wooden, helpless, bedizened thing, if to the Papists it represented Mary, the spotless mother, to us represented the Inquisition and the stake. Those fraternities of monks who accom-

panied it had led Fabricius to the flames in the great market-place only three years before, and menaced every one of us, his fellow-believers, with the same fate now. Those bands of military had guarded the martyr, and hindered his rescue. The citizens who marched in the procession, with the banners of their various guilds, looked, I thought, ashamed of their office.

After the procession followed a rabble of noisy boys and idlers, shouting from time to time the cry of the Gueux, or derisively calling on the image.

Truyken persisted in planting herself at the door of our house as the procession passed, and reverently knelt and crossed herself. Unfortunately, however, for her tranquillity, just at that moment some of those boys, who do so much of the noise and mischief of the world, shouted to the image in their shrill voices,—

"Mayken! Mayken! your hour is come. It is your last promenade. The city is tired of you."

And at the same time some of the urchins threw stones and mud at the image, part of which alighted on Truyken's spotless kerchief. Her dearest feelings, secular and ecclesiastical, were outraged; and it was well for us that a riot did not commence at our door. For Truyken, always prompt in her measures, and not reliant on legal processes, seized one of the miscreants by the hair, and sent him howling after his comrades with a box on his ear, which for the time gave him an impressive lesson in religious tolerance.

The image, however, was landed safely again in the cathedral, and we slept that night in peace.

But the quieting effect of the Prince's presence had unhappily been nearly effaced by this more recent impression. The ordinary working habits of the people had been interrupted by that fatal holiday. The desire of excitement had been stirred up. Every one was expecting some outbreak. Uneasy groups met here and there, just to discuss what might happen, and what should be done. The habits of busy, industrious life were broken; the habit of disorderly concourse was formed. On the morning of the 16th, a great crowd had assembled outside the cathedral, the most part, Mark said, as usual, "not knowing wherefore they were come together."

No one had any definite purpose, but all had vague apprehensions. And the helpless image still stood in its holiday clothes inside the cathedral. But, with that fatal readiness to concede and resist precisely in the wrong places, which, Mark says, besets weak governments, the magistrates, who had suffered all the irritating ceremonies of the previous day to be carried out to the full, had now removed the image from its usual place during the Octave of the festival, in the centre of the nave, to what they deemed a safer retreat, behind the iron screen of the choir.

Many idle apprentices, ragged urchins, and genuine beggars and vagabonds, who had an incontestable right to the popular name of "Gueux," soon began to gather

outside the choir, and peep through the wire-work of the screen at the image, jesting at its dethronement from its place of pride.

"Mayken, Mayken," one and another cried, "art thou terrified so soon? Hast thou flown to thy nest so early? Dost thou think thyself beyond the reach of mischief? Have a care, Mayken, thine hour is coming fast."

Others called on the defenceless thing to join in the beggars' cry, and made the arches of the church ring with the shout, "Vivent les Gueux!"

The barrier had been passed, the sacred stillness which had filled the beautiful old church for centuries was broken. Walls which, since they first were made, ages before the childhood of the oldest there, had echoed only with solemn chant and murmured prayer, resounded with wild jests and party cries. A band of idle boys and youths sauntered through the church, scoffing at image, crucifix, and all the pomp of the old ritual.

Yet not a hand was raised that day against the decorations. Noisy as that mocking band were, it was said that at no time did they amount to a hundred. Fifty resolute men might have checked the tumult at the beginning. Even when a rude mechanic, in a tattered black doublet and old straw hat, daringly mounted the pulpit, and began to preach a rude parody of a monkish sermon, although some of the bystanders laughed and applauded, more cried "Shame," and many threw their sticks at him, and tried to drag him from the place. A

young, impetuous seaman, fervent for the old faith, even ascended the pulpit from behind, and grappled with the profane preacher, until both fell, rolling together down the steps. A pistol-shot, however, wounded the sailor's arm, which showed that elements of a more dangerous kind of excitement were not far off. Yet the church was cleared, and the church doors were safely closed on the mob that night. Once more, and for the last time, while the tumultuous tide of human life flowed noisily around, the shadows of evening fell quietly within the silent church, peopled only with sculptured forms of saint and martyr, the recumbent effigies of the noble and royal dead, and their bones crumbling beneath. There had been no priests that day, indeed, to celebrate masses there, and there were none that evening to light the lamps before shrine or host. But otherwise all was the same as it had been for centuries. The echoes of that day's tumult had left no vibrations on the chill and tranquil air. But outside all was din, tumult, and uncertainty. The people hovered about the streets until a late hour, and Truyken returned from a visit to a friend, burning with indignation.

"The Calvinists," she said, "had sacked the churches of St. Omer and Ypres, broken and mocked the saints, and even the sacred image of Our Lady herself."

Such rumours were circulating throughout the city that evening, and they gave a definite direction to the agitation on the morrow.

Mark came home, looking care worn and distressed.

He said that, after endless discussions, the magistrates had decided that, as every proposed course of action was liable to objections, it was safer to do nothing. He had offered, with a hundred orderly artisans under his command, armed with stout bludgeons, to keep the cathedral. But one influential man intimated that the safety of the city could not be securely trusted to any but an unsuspected Catholic, whilst another suggested that if the Lutherans were supplied with arms, the Calvinists would demand the same privilege. And so it ended in the worthy magistrates sighing for the Prince of Orange, issuing neither order nor proclamation, and retiring each to his house.

The next morning Truyken and I went early to market, fearing that the day might be one of tumult, and wishing to reach the shelter of home before the streets were crowded. On our return we stepped aside into the cathedral. Truyken crossed herself with holy water, left her basket at the door, under my charge, and went forward to the choir, where she knelt on the stone steps, outside the iron screen, before the derided image of the Virgin. To her it was the symbol of a faith to which her loyal heart clung with all the more tenacity because of the insults recently heaped on it. To the Protestants of Antwerp it was the symbol, not of a morbid sentimental idolatry merely, but of a cruel and murderous superstition, whose forms were these childish mummeries, but whose essential acts of worship were human sacri-

fices. To our belief the cathedral had not first been profaned yesterday by a disorderly mob—but every day for ages, by blasphemous assumptions at altar and confessional, and recently through the utterance of the praises of God by the lips which denounced torments on His children. To me the desecration of the temple was the presence of that wooden image in its midst, before which Truyken knelt.

Yet, with this conviction deep in my heart, the beauty of the place at that quiet morning hour stole like a charm over my senses. The eye was lost among the pillars of the five lofty aisles, with the long morning shadows crossing each other on the pavement, as among the trees of the forest of Berghem. Yet there was scarcely a foot of the vast space unenriched by elaborate sculptures. The walls were crowded with shrines; every recess was a chapel, the especial pride of some noble family or city guild; banners, glorious with the rents of war, and blazoned with the arms of the Golden Fleece, of dukes and kings, hung in heavy folds from the roof; and the golden morning sunbeams shone through windows brilliant with the richest colours, and checkered the pavement with countless tints. Here and there the light fell on the sculptured brows of kneeling saints, or brought out in vivid outline some wreath of perfect foliage; while in the choir stood the crowning glory of the cathedral, the repository of the host, rising from a single massive column, arch above arch, to the height of

eight hundred feet. And all this was no sudden arbitrary mechanical work. This cathedral had grown slowly through the centuries, like a forest. Every jewelled shrine, and gold or silver vessel, and richly-sculptured chapel, was the record of human conflicts, joys, and sorrows, the memorial of human gratitude, or mortality. The affections and prayers of ages seemed to hang about the building, as the fragrance of the incense which still pervaded it.

Only one living worshipper was there at that early hour, and that was honest Truyken Ketel, murmuring her prayers on the steps of the choir. Just as Truyken was finishing her devotions, and we were about to leave, an old woman, of rather severe aspect, entered the great door of the cathedral, with a basket full of wax tapers, and various ecclesiastical trinkets, and began unfolding her wares on the steps of the choir, where she seated herself in the midst of an array of crucifixes, Agnus Deis, medals, beads, tapers, and little "books of piety," adorned with rude paintings.

"These are evil days," she said to me as she entered. "People have no respect for king, or pope, or saint. Many a jeering word the wretches cast at me yesterday. But I gave them as good as they gave me. It would be strange indeed if I could not stand my ground against the curses of a few beggarly boys, when my wares have had the benediction of bishops and cardinals."

Truyken paused to exchange a few words with her,

and to buy a taper, which she lighted and set up before an image of St. Ursula. As she was doing this, groups of idle people began to stroll in. They did not pause to sprinkle themselves with the holy water, but sauntered from one chapel to another, talking loud, and laughing derisively at many of the statues as they went. Two or three of them stopped before the old taper-vendor's wares, and held up her tapers and beads with contemptuous gestures. Her voice soon became as loud as theirs; others gathered around to see the result of the affray, and when Truyken and I left the cathedral, the lofty arches were echoing with angry voices, mingled with rude laughter.

As we walked away, we met a great number of people thronging towards the church; and we had scarcely reached home when a messenger came, out of breath with running, to summon Mark to consult with some of the principal merchants for the safety of the city. There had been a tumult in the cathedral of Our Lady. The old taper-vendor's wares had been destroyed. The church was full, but not of worshippers. The sacristan and others had endeavoured to clear it, but in vain. Mark left us, not to go to the magistrates, who, he said, would do nothing, but to conduct one of the Reformed pastors to the cathedral to still the tumult, if possible, by addressing the people.

He found the Calvinistic preacher, Herman Modet, who accompanied him, and boldly ascending one of the

pulpits, endeavoured to persuade the tumultuous crowd to abstain from excesses. But they would not listen. The mob in the cathedral was composed of entirely different men from those who came at the risk of life to attend the public preachings, and after listening for hours in devout attention to the Word of God, dispersed peaceably to their homes. The Reformed preachers had as little influence over them as the Catholic priests. They dragged Modet from the pulpit, and proceeded, as before, with their wild Gueux cries.

At length the Margrave of Antwerp, with the two burgomasters and the senators themselves appeared at the door of the cathedral, hoping to calm and disperse the people by their presence and entreaties. Many, indeed, were persuaded to depart, and those who remained were for the time quieted. Throughout the day no damage was done; and as evening drew on, the magistrates made one more effort to persuade the mob to disperse quietly. Many more left at their solicitations —probably all the better disposed; for the remaining crowd grew bolder as their numbers decreased, and refused to depart without hearing the Salve Regina.

No priests were found to chant vespers to such an audience, and, accordingly, some of the mob said they would chant the service themselves. A verse of St. Aldegonde's translation of one of Clement Marot's psalms rose from harsh voices here and there. But the sacred words were sung with no sacred feeling. Cries

and yells mingled with the hymns, and stones began to fly at the various images. At this point it occurred to the magistrates that it would be prudent to retire. They suggested to each other that if they departed, perhaps the mob would follow them. It was remarkable that this idea did not occur to them until the missiles actually began to be thrown. But they carried it out conscientiously. Unfortunately, the mob were undutiful enough not to follow their example. Anxious to preserve the forms of order, whatever became of the reality, the senators prudently ordered the church doors to be closed, courteously, however, leaving one little door open, that the people still left within might retire. It did not occur to them, no doubt, that a door is a way in as well as out. The Margrave alone courageously remained. But the little open gate was too strong a temptation to the ragged and riotous mob outside, and the good senators had scarcely disappeared when a tumultuous crowd pressed into the church, broke open the other doors from within, expelled the Margrave, and remained in undisputed possession of the cathedral. Once more the patient fathers of the commonwealth returned to remonstrate with their disorderly children, but their gentle voices could no longer be heard above the din; and wishing at least to save the pillars of the state, they fled hastily to their own homes.

We had all collected in the house of John van Broek, by the instinct which draws families together in danger-

ous times. None of us went to bed that night. Throughout the long, dark hours, men kept passing with lanterns, ladders, pulleys, and ropes; and now and then a fearful yell burst on our ears, through the broken windows of the cathedral. Mark went out from time to time to bring us tidings; but no human arm could now stem the torrent. All through that disastrous night the work of destruction went on. They began with dragging down the colossal image of Mary, and breaking it into a thousand pieces. From this they proceeded with a destructiveness as ruthless and systematic as that of the inquisitors themselves. Only, their war was not with flesh and blood, but with wood and stone. Every shrine was demolished. Every image on the highest minaret, or in the most secluded niche, was torn down. The great Repository itself was shattered to atoms with axes and hammers, amid shouts of derision. No women were present, save those of the lowest character, who urged the men and boys on by jests and cries. The priestly vestments were torn from the chests, the sacred vessels from the altars, whilst the reckless mob drank destruction to the Inquisition in chalice and paten with the church wine, and danced wild dances arrayed in the embroidered robes of the ecclesiastics.

The morning light broke on a very different scene from that which Truyken and I had witnessed on the previous day. The interior of the stately old church was one heap of shapeless ruins. Yet, strange to say,

not a human being was injured, not even the provoking old taper-vendor, and not a trinket was stolen.

Mayken found Truyken that morning, on her return from market, weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying for, dear Truyken?" she said, throwing her arms around her neck.

"The saints, the saints, they are all torn to pieces," sobbed Truyken.

"The saints in heaven?" asked Mayken, bewildered.

"No, no, child. Thank God! the mob cannot get there."

"Who, then?" persisted the child. "The good people here on earth?"

"No. The saints, the holy images, in the cathedral."

"The stone saints?" asked Mayken. "I am very sorry. But you know they cannot feel; can they, Truyken?"

"It is not that, child. You cannot understand. They are sacred to God and the blessed Virgin; and it is sacrilege, and the Almighty will be very angry."

"But," said Mayken, "if they are God's, I think you need not mind so much; because mother told me everything belongs to Him, and I think He can so easily have more made."

But Truyken was not to be comforted.

"The font," she said, "at which the master's mother was christened, the altar at which she was married; the shrine at which my mother offered every week; the

image of our blessed Lady herself, all a heap of dishonoured ruins! That I should live to see it!"

Two days and two nights longer the storm raged. Every Madonna at the corners of the streets, every crucifix and saintly image was demolished. All the churches were devastated. Then from the city the mob proceeded to the neighbourhood.

Two whole days and nights, and nothing was done to stem the torrent! Catholics and Protestants alike seemed seized with a panic, and the only thought of every one seemed to be to provide for the safety of his own hearth. Nuns fled from their convents to the houses of their friends; monks were unceremoniously turned out of their monasteries.

Only two summer days and nights! And in that brief time every church in the city and the suburbs was sacked, and every shrine and image demolished! By the leading of not more than one hundred reckless men and boys!

Yet during all that storm of wild excitement, reckless destruction, and hopeless panic, not one man, woman, or child was attacked or injured; not one of the desolated churches was pulled down, or set on fire. Not one instance was proved of appropriation of the plunder.

The war was neither against men nor churches, but against images, idols in whose name God's living saints had been tortured and slain by thousands.

In one case the rioters hanged one of their number

who had basely attempted to appropriate one article of value. When the tempest had done its work, gold and silver, costly vestments, precious stones, were found scattered contemptuously among the fragments of the shrines, and the ecclesiastics quietly resumed possession of their treasures.

The injury done by these tumults to the cause of Protestantism was incalculable. The mass of the Reformed and Lutherans disapproved of the whole proceeding as much as the Catholics, although on different grounds. The pastors vainly endeavoured to moderate the storm. But, nevertheless, an indelible stain was cast on us all by this tumult; as on the Anabaptists in general by the excesses of the few fanatics at Munster. Lukewarm Catholics were roused into fervour by these outrages; waverers were recalled; men and women of a reverent and devout temper were repelled from us. The educated and refined drew up their robes from contact with people whose associates had burned libraries, and barbarously destroyed the most precious works of art; timid Protestants were frightened back into the bosom of the old church; many of the nobles indignantly deserted us, and endeavoured to prove their suspected orthodoxy by persecution.

The Duchess Margaret was enraged, and began to levy troops in earnest. Faint friends found an excuse for abandoning us. Our enemies had found a pretext for condemning us not only as heretics but as rioters.

The seven days and nights of August, during which the fanatical outbreak lasted, were a prelude to years of war and misery.

And yet the whole wild insurrection was not disgraced by one act of cruelty, or murder, or theft. One hour of Alva's blood-council shed more innocent blood than the seven days' misrule of all those excited fanatics.

One sacking of a city by Alva's troops destroyed more trembling, entreating, tortured, agonized human beings, than all the inanimate stone images broken by the mob.

And at a judgment-seat where life is more sacred than consecrated stones, and men and women will be worth more than the statues of any artist; no doubt the terrible account will be justly balanced.

CHAPTER IX.

A LULL.

AT first, however, many thought these tumults had wrought deliverance for the Protestants. The Duchess Margaret was terrified as an emperor's daughter should scarcely have appeared to be, and was with great difficulty persuaded to remain at her palace at Brussels, instead of flying before the menaced assault of the image-breakers. Count Egmont and Count Horn promised to defend her with their lives, and saved her from the disgrace of abandoning her post; for which service she repaid them by sending calumnies about them to King Philip, which brought them in less than two years to the scaffold. She, however, as well as the nation, felt, with her woman's instinctive insight, that there was one arm in the country strong enough to lean on with confidence; and the support of that valiant arm she claimed. The Prince of Orange came to her rescue, and toiled conscientiously to pacify the nation. With his city of Antwerp, and his provinces of Holland and Zealand, he in great measure succeeded. Three churches

were assigned to the Protestants in Antwerp and the other great cities. The concession was immense. Liberty of public worship to those who had before been denied, as far as possible, liberty of secret belief.

This was the accord of the 25th of August. Little more than two months after that sermon in the wood of the lord of Berchem, which we attended at risk of life, Mark, Dolores, Mayken, and I, with John van Broek and Christina, were peacefully sitting in a church at Antwerp, with every image and every trace of ruin removed from it, listening to an orderly sermon from a Lutheran pastor.

But I am not sure that we enjoyed the sermon so much. There was leisure now to comment on the superiority of Augsburg to Geneva ; there was leisure to comment on everything in an orderly unabbreviated manner, under a great many well-arranged heads. But the words had scarcely the same burning concentrated force. And I remember Dolores saying, on our way home,—

"I wonder, if the Netherlands becomes a recognized Protestant country, with Protestant universities and synods, whether the ministers regularly educated at the orthodox universities will preach as those we have heard, who have graduated in the school of bitter experience and perilous conflict."

But Mark smiled, and replied,—

"We need not fear. While God has soldiers to train, He will not let wars cease."

Mark had many happy weeks that year and the following. The Prince of Orange, Burgrave of Antwerp, came often to the city; and Mark toiled to carry out his intentions, the prince had no idea how hard. Nor did Mark care that he should know; nor I. The great disinterested passion of loyalty had subdued his heart—loyalty based on patriotism, and inspired by religion. He believed that the prince was the only man who could save the country, and he believed God had given him to the country to save it. He trusted the prince entirely, and thought it the noblest and most effective use of his every faculty to carry out his designs. And as a reward, the prince trusted him. More he did not ask. Nor could I wish for more. But I think if Antwerp had had a hundred men like Mark, the Netherlands, as well as Holland, might have been rescued from the barbarous tyranny of the Inquisition and the king.

Most around us were so different. With the right hand pursuing their own interests, and with the feeble left occasionally giving a parenthetical turn to the cause of the nation; or when thoroughly roused, each full of his own small plan of rescue, and deeming it more dignified to head that than to work as a lowly subordinate in the prince's ranks.

Then, during this brief calm, the divisions between the Reformed and Lutherans waxed warm, and many of the ministers seemed to deem it their chief vocation to prove what an immense chasm divided Luther from Calvin.

The ice began to form once more around Christina. The linen-closet, and the preserve-chamber, and all the great household institutions, were fast resuming their sway over her. The world, in the soft form and subdued voice of ease and comfort, began again to lull her heart; as mammon, in the substantial form of dollars and bales of merchandise, animated that of her husband.

Her health began again to render it difficult, indeed impossible, for her to visit her sick brethren and sisters, and even little Mayken's voice became often too noisy and discordant for her sensitive nerves. If Mayken could only have remained an infant, a soft *thing*, to cushion on down and array in exquisitely-got-up lace and lawn, instead of becoming the small *person*, with will and thought, and distracting power of uttering both, and asking perplexing questions! And "how Ursel could endure the ranting declamation of those French preachers, she never could imagine! The noise was enough for her, without the doctrine." Thus the sick and suffering poor were gradually once more becoming cares to her instead of friends. Things were again assuming a tyrannous personality, while persons were sinking to the level of things.

On the other hand, the fire began once more to kindle in Ursel's very opposite nature. She began to wonder how Mark could continue to attend sermons whose doctrine was a mere feebly-disguised Popery, and which made half the Bible a dead letter. And of our hero the

Prince of Orange, then a Lutheran, she had the gravest suspicions. She should not be surprised to see him at the feet of King Philip yet. Who could say, indeed, to what absurdities a brain illogical enough to accept the Confession of Augsburg might not be led?

There was one Reformed minister, however, at Antwerp about this time who penetrated deep enough into the heart of Christianity to get above these wretched controversies which distracted the surface of the Protestant churches. And he had courage enough to avow his conviction in a noble letter to the Lutherans.

"Let Peter continue to be Peter," wrote Antony Coranus, "and Martin (Luther), Martin,—that is to say, men that are capable of being mistaken. But let the Spirit of God be received by the means of such instruments as He shall stir up, whether Paul, or Zwinglius, or Œcolampadius, or others of less authority. As for us, we shall receive, honour, and hold such in singular esteem as instruments of God; but we will not maintain that they are infallible,—that is to say, that they can neither commit sin nor error, or that they know and understand all things; but we rather believe that the Lord will raise up such instruments from day to day, to increase the light of His holy truth, if our own unthankfulness do not hinder it. The aforesaid persons lived at an unhappy time, and were more busied in removing the dung and filth of Popery than in the discovery, observation, and introduction of the pure truth. They were

chiefly employed in withstanding the rage of Antichrist —in answering and refuting calumnies and reproaches— in writing apologies — in disputing with monks and priests; so that they had little opportunity for study and serious meditation on the truths of Christian doctrine revealed in the Word of God. This was the cause that their works abounded with satirical and reviling expressions, reproachful names, and other improper arguments, such as did not become the true ministers of God and preachers of the gospel of peace. Nevertheless, we must bear with these infirmities, with a view to the unhappiness of the times; but now that God has disclosed to us so many bright rays of His truth, ought we to have any more regard to the light which proceeded from thunder, and which soon gave place to a more clear and constant light? When the Lord Jesus would give a mark of distinction to His disciples, and the children of His Father, He did not require them to follow the Confession of Augsburg, nor the Catechism of Martin (Luther) or John (Calvin); but He said to them, 'By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another.' Alas! what blind and miserable creatures are we, who, by our disputing about the true and false interpretation of the words of the sacrament of union, break and dissolve the union itself; who, by cavilling and too curious searching whether the unworthy receive Christ's body in the sacrament as well as the children of God, run the risk of not receiving it at

all; who, by inquiring whether Christ is carnally or spiritually present in the sacrament, deprive ourselves of the true communion of Christ, Who does not dwell in him that hates his brother; who, by too nice inquiry whether the body of Christ is given us *in*, *under*, or *with* the bread, cut ourselves off from the true body of Christ, and make ourselves members of Satan, the father of strife, discord, and contention."

These noble words of the pastor Antony Coranus were printed in French and Low Dutch, and, with a little book, issued about the same time at Vianen, on the essential unity of the faith of the Lutherans and Calvinists, were great treasures to Dolores, Mark, and me. Not many peace-makers like these lifted up their voices in those days; although, I believe, many of those whose voices are not heard in the noisy scene of public life, but in the home and by the sick-bed, held the same truths. That little book, published at Vianen, called forth an especial prohibition from the Duchess Margaret, commanding all into whose hands it fell to burn it, on pain of the severest punishment. She understood but too well the maxim of Catharine de Medici, the old maxim of the Enemy from the days of Abraham and Lot, "Divide et impera." Were not the Pharisees always wiser in their generation than the disciples?

A petition, however, was framed towards the end of August (after the fury of the image-breakers had spent itself, and three of the ringleaders had been hanged),

which was signed by both Lutherans and Reformed, entreating King Philip to grant the Protestants religious liberty. It was drawn up and signed in the house of a wealthy merchant, a countryman of ours, a Calvinist, Mark Perez. The arguments for religious freedom were enforced by the learned ministers not only from the Gospels, but from the example of pagan emperors, and were thought very convincing by those who used them. They were enforced also by an offer to purchase this boon by a gift of thirty tons of gold, to be presented to the king by the Protestants on his issuing a decree of toleration. But some thought King Philip might be scandalized at being compared to the heathen emperors. Others deemed it imprudent to display such wealth as this offered bribe must imply. And others said in secret that arguments or bribes were alike in vain with King Philip, since he would condescend to no arguments with heretics but fire and sword; and an offer of a portion of our goods could be a small temptation to a sovereign who had confiscated the whole, and was about to come in person, or to send an army, to take possession.

CHAPTER X.

THE STORM.

IN March 1567 there was little in the aspect of Antwerp to mark that that month was, as it proved, the last of the independent existence of the ancient free city, so long rioting in prosperity; little, at least, to the general observer.

There had been another insurrection since that of the image-breakers; but the resolute Count of Hoogstraten, then the prince's deputy, had gone boldly among the rioters, had himself shot the ringleaders, and thus quiet had been restored. And now the Prince of Orange himself was among us. The bragging Brederode had been secretly enlisting recruits in the city and neighbourhood for an expedition against the government, or rather an expedition to compel the Spanish king to respect the ancient government of the country, to call the States-General, and observe the charters to which he had sworn.

In the beginning of March the result of this secret recruiting appeared before us in an army of three thou-

sand men, headed by Marnix, Lord of Thoulouse, brother of St. Aldegond—a young Protestant nobleman of an ancient Savoyard family, who had left the university to devote himself to the championship of his persecuted brethren in the faith. He was scarcely twenty. His young wife was residing in Antwerp.

Against this newly-levied band, with their gallant but untried leader, Philip de Lannoy, Lord of Beauvoir, commander of the Duchess Margaret's body-guard, led eight hundred picked veterans. They met at Oosterisle, near Antwerp. The battle was carried on within sight and hearing of the city. The three thousand men were cut to pieces, driven into the Scheldt, hunted into barns, and burned, too quickly for any rescue to be organized. The young wife of Thoulouse, already a widow (although she knew it not), ran distracted through the streets, calling on all men to rise and defend her husband and the little band who had ventured all to rescue the Protestants. Very soon ten thousand men assembled, armed indeed, but not trained. They were frantic with indignation, and would have rushed, without further preparation, from the gates. But the prince knew too well how little the bravest undisciplined men, unaccustomed to act together, can do in the field against a compact body of veterans, animated by one will, and trained to act as one man. Immediately he was at the Red Gate, to prevent their issuing forth to what he knew would be destruction. Enraged at his opposition, they threatened

his life. They called him traitor, coward; and one handicraftsman even presented a pistol to his breast. It was not the last time the pistol of an assassin was levelled at that heart! But he was not to be moved. He would not suffer the people to rush forth to slaughter. And he succeeded. His one voice, with its true words, saved them. All but five hundred were persuaded to remain in the city. These would not listen, and pressed madly through the gates. Once without the gates, however, and in face of the fiery and victorious body-guard, they began to feel the hopelessness of their enterprise. Their forward pace soon slackened, and in a very short time they returned. The only result of the expedition was, that Lannoy, seeing them advance, ordered the instant massacre of the three hundred prisoners, who alone had been spared from the slaughter of the three thousand.

But the tumult in the city lasted three days and nights. Fifteen thousand Calvinists encamped on the Meere. With them were united all the turbulent spirits of the city. The peaceable burghers dreaded the worst. Day and night the prince laboured to restore peace; and at length, by setting the foreign merchants—Italians, Spanish, Portuguese, and English—each to guard his own property, and by calling out four thousand Lutherans, and inducing them to combine with the Catholics for the preservation of order, he succeeded in persuading the Calvinists to listen to terms, and save the

city from the horrors of a war from street to street and from house to house.

Again and again in this conflict he risked his life—riding more than once alone in face of the cannon into the midst of the armed thousands of the rioters.

Never was there a more terrible night than that of the 14th of March. Thirty-five thousand armed men were out—fifteen thousand Calvinists on the Meere, four thousand Lutherans on the Strand, from fifteen to twenty thousand Catholics in the Great Square—all eager to shed each other's blood, all burning with wrongs to avenge; the Catholics with bitter religious hatred, and wearing the medals of the outraged image of their Queen of Heaven; the Reformed, alas! as furious, with the bitterer memories of murdered and tortured parents, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters.

There could be no doubt in our minds on which side the wrongs were deepest; but, alas! there was much doubt on which side there was least of the frantic, diabolical spirit of hatred and revenge. It might be even felt that the cause of God and His Word might be stained, not with the destruction of inanimate images, but with the murder of helpless women, the sack of the Roman Catholic houses. From this the Prince of Orange saved Antwerp and the Reformed Church.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 15th, he rode to the Meere with Hoogstraten and a hundred troopers, to the midst of the square where the fifteen thousand

Calvinists were encamped, and entreated them to accept the terms of peace, which included the right of public worship within the city, and the refusal to admit a foreign garrison; warning them of the consequences if they declined.

Once more that voice, so eloquent in its truth, prevailed. A hearing was gained. Then the prince cried, "Vive le Roi!" And after a brief pause, the cry was responded to by the thousands present, and peace was secured.

It was said to be the last time those words ever passed the prince's lips. But at that moment he was nominally the king's deputy, and the avoiding of fearful carnage and crime were involved in the declaration.

Then the prince once more insisted on the Duchess Margaret accepting his resignation of every office he held from King Philip. With his last "Vive le Roi!" he had saved Antwerp. He would utter the hollow words no more.

In one month from that 15th of March everything was changed. Protestant Tournay had been subdued; the siege of Protestant Valenciennes was over. Egmont was massacring Protestants in his provinces to prove his loyalty. Count Horn was blundering deeper and deeper into the royal displeasure, although he had abandoned the national cause. Brederode was basely entreating Horn to intercede for him with the duchess, ready to abandon any person or cause if he might riot a little

longer in his pleasure-gardens at Vianen ; but, too late in his submission, he was obliged to fly to Embden, there to die within a year. Antwerp having lost the prince, was at the feet of the Duchess, meekly welcoming her when she came on a visit on the 28th of April, and receiving the foreign garrison she brought.

Only the prince was unchanged. After vainly endeavouring to save Horn and Egmont—the love for whom had rooted itself so deeply in his heart—he went forth from his country ; not to rescue himself, but deliberately henceforth to devote property, honour, life, to the defence not only of the freedom of the Netherlands, but of a cause which, during the last months, had become dearer and more sacred to him still,—the freedom of all men to read the Word of God, and to believe and worship as it commanded.

For the rumours of the preceding year had been but too true. The Duke of Alva was actually on his way with his army of irresistible veterans. But of the misery involved in that fact none among us could yet conceive the extent.

The whole country was prostrate. Once more the emigration began, which when Alva came it was felt would be impossible. Thousands—and these the best and bravest and most industrious — fled the country. Thousands more were burned, beheaded, drowned as heretics, by order of the Duchess Margaret, anxious to prove how unjust it was that the king should supersede

one who so zealously carried out his orders. The ministers and people were hanged in mockery from the beams of their unfinished churches—churches erected in reliance on the Duchess' solemn permission. And, alas! too many forsook the faith and returned to the Catholic Church; resuming their devotions with a desperate zeal, which did not deceive the Government.

On the 22nd of May the old edict of persecution was once more placarded in the streets of Antwerp. We were reminded that all grown persons who had attended the public preachings were exposed to the gallows, and little children to be beaten with rods; that all who had sung Protestant hymns at the burial of a relation, or bought a religious book, or uttered a word against a priest, were under immediate sentence of death, with confiscation of property.

But what did these edicts of the duchess avail? They were too discriminating; they made some exceptions. The king was indignant at their clemency. In a few weeks Alva was coming with a proclamation that the whole nation lay under sentence of death, and with an army of fiends to execute the sentence.

But to me those first months of the year 1567 brought events which, in my small world, quite eclipsed for a time the great events outside.

On May the 24th, the day that terrible edict had been afresh placarded in the streets, Mark had been very busy all day trying to collect the money to be raised in

Antwerp to assist in paying the Swiss mercenaries, with whom it was hoped Count Louis of Nassau might oppose the Spaniards. He came back dispirited. The people were prostrate, he said, paralyzed with terror; and yet not desperate with it, but still persisting in hoping the king would, after all, be persuaded to clemency.

"John van Broek," he said, "thinks there is comparatively little danger to the Lutherans. All governments, he says, must know they are very different from the turbulent Calvinists; and, on the other hand, the Reformed dislike to trust their interests to Lutheran leaders. In vain, before he left, did the prince entreat them to merge their differences in the real unity of their faith before the common danger. The Reformed, especially, declared it would be betraying their consciences to unite with those who received the Augsburg Confession. It seems as if we must be smitten more and more, and crushed into the very dust, before these wretched schisms are crushed out of us."

Ursel was there; and dearly as she loved her brother, her conscience would not suffer her to let this pass.

"Brother," she said, "I must speak. The Prince of Orange and you are unjust. Your faith and your wishes cannot be a standard for all. How can I unite with a party who declare things about the Lord's Supper which I regard as idolatrous? When once we have seen where such doctrines about the sacrament lead, how can we let

in the thinnest edge of that terrible wedge again? The differences between us are not trifles. No error is a trifle. Whoever should open the smallest wicket in a citadel to an enemy would be a traitor, as much as one that threw open the greatest gates, and might ruin the city as effectually."

"No one wants the Reformed to say they agree with the Lutherans," he replied; "but only, acknowledging they disagree on some points, that they should combine against an enemy who is ready to destroy them both."

"What strength is there," she said, "in combining with those with whom we cannot agree? See what miseries came to the kings of Judah from combining with fallen Israel!"

"Ursel," said Mark, "you are unreasonable. The Lutherans are not idolaters; but take care lest *you* are, when you set up your own interpretation on all points as the inspired truth."

"It is not my interpretation," said Ursel; "it is the truth of God."

"Sister," he replied, gently, "do you hope to meet me and Costanza in heaven?"

"I expect to meet many in heaven with whom I dare not combine on earth," she said.

"On what grounds?" he asked.

"You know, Mark—because we trust in one only Saviour, who gave Himself for us."

"And is not that enough to unite us on earth?" he

asked. "Do you think, on the other hand, the fifteen thousand Calvinists who encamped in the Place de Meere last March, and threatened death to Lutherans and Catholics, are all prepared for heaven?"

"How can you ask such a thing!" she said.

"Then, if your Calvinism does not necessarily admit to heaven, nor our Lutheranism exclude from it, why not acknowledge the one basis of union which does admit access to God's presence now and hereafter? Ursel," he continued, smiling, as he wished her good night, "still we are one; and I *feel* we are one."

"I cannot pretend to think what I do not, brother," she said; "and I think the Lutheran errors very dangerous."

He looked pained as he turned from her; but afterwards he said to me,—

"We must be gentle with Ursel. It is scarcely possible, perhaps, to hold truth firmly enough to die for it, as I am sure she does, without grasping some doubtful portions too tightly. Only He who is all truth, is also all love. We can no more be perfect in the one than in the other. But let us remember, Costanza, that in abiding in that living Lord, we are united to that Perfection which none of us fully comprehend; and in Him, and in Him only, are we truly united to one another."

The next day he went out as usual to his affairs. The little cloud of depression had passed; and he said, as he went, after our morning prayer,—

"We will never despair, Costanza. Hope is a grace to be cherished. The Lord Jesus Christ is at the right hand of God, and to Him, not to King Philip, or Alva, or the devil, all power is given."

Then turning back again, he said,—

"Tell Ursel she must not be like the Israelites in Egypt, and not understand when God sends the deliverer. Tell her she must sup with us this evening; it is her birth-day; and we will finish our battle of last night." And taking Mayken in his arms, and kissing her, he was out of sight in a minute.

I busied myself that day with little extra preparations for the evening entertainment; and at the hour fixed, Ursel, Dolores, Mayken, and I were all gathered in Dolores's room. The windows were open, the Scheldt sparkled in the June sunshine, and the little roof-garden was full of fragrant flowers.

But Mark did not come. I did not wonder much at first. Too often in these tumultuous days unexpected business would delay him, and I could not expect that when household after household was being torn asunder, our little arrangements were always to go on without interruption. Ursel was the first to look alarmed. A white anxious look began to creep over her face, and her large gray eyes dilated at every sound. I could see she tried to hide her anxiety from me. She began to move nervously about the room and to play with Mayken, and yet at any sound she stopped and listened.

Then I began to be anxious, and went to the house-door to watch. There I met Truyken also watching. Our eyes met, but she said nothing. I said,—

"It is some arrival of merchandise, Truyken; or he has letters to write. You know these are busy times."

Truyken shook her head, and said, "Poor lamb!"

By this time three hours had passed beyond the hour appointed, and it was dark. My heart seemed to grow cold and stand still. I attempted no more explanations, but went back and silently gave Mayken her supper, and was leading her away to bed.

"Will not my father come to pray with us?" she said.

The words brought tears into my eyes. I pressed her to my heart, which seemed to beat again. And so we sat another hour, I suppose, when Truyken came in, and said bluntly,—

"It is time to be at rest. The magistrates do not like folks to be up at this hour."

I could not bear to acknowledge that Mark might not come, by breaking up our little party; but Truyken gently took the child.

"Mother," whispered Mayken, "will you say the prayer?"

Dolores gently drew us to her with that touch which had always for me the command of a mother's, in trouble; and we all knelt down together, while Dolores prayed that God who loved us all, would protect us all and keep

us as still one household, part of His household, safe under the shelter of His wings.

Then we separated, that there might be no lights or noises to awaken suspicion in the house. And hour after hour the suspense grew more agonizing.

But it did not last long. At three o'clock a loud knock came at the door. Mark's would have been low; —it could not be him. I looked out and saw the officers of justice.

Now I knew the meaning of Mark's disappearance too well. All the forbidden books and perilous papers in the house came before my thoughts, and hastily dressing, I prepared myself for the worst. Yet, indeed, what worse could come? If Mark was in their hands, it would but bring me nearer him to be in prison with him. But as I went down-stairs I found Truyken before me.

"Go back," she said, peremptorily. "I understand people of this kind best."

I heard their heavy footsteps and rough voices in one room after another, and I knew there was scarcely one but contained heretical books or papers, which might have condemned us all to instant death. But to my surprise, as the men at length with Truyken at their head entered my room, they had a baffled disappointed look. In this room, however, was the secret cupboard, containing the most fatal papers of all. It was behind the large bed, and I trusted might escape them; but to my dismay, one of the men, with keen, restless eyes, roughly

pushed aside the hangings, and knocking on the wall exclaimed,—

"We have it at last. You will not easy baffle an old terrier like Hendrik."

Truyken looked rather grave, and said,—

"All families of standing such as ours have their treasure cupboards, I suppose; but the worthy constables of Antwerp are no thieves, that we should hide such things from them."

And she began to assist them in their researches with ostentatious politeness. I trembled, fearing she knew nothing of the danger. But to my surprise the officers drew one piece of antiquated finery after another out of the recess, exclaiming indignantly at each harmless piece of brocade and satin which baffled their researches.

At length I heard the ominous crackle of paper, and gave up all for lost.

Eagerly the officers brought the prize to their lanterns, but, to their evident disgust, it was merely an old folio missal, and they threw it on the ground with a contemptuous curse.

Truyken picked it up with much reverence, and said, crossing herself, "That was not the way *I* was taught to treat the holy books! but these are evil times."

The men rummaged about the house until morning; but still finding nothing, they contented themselves with a contribution from the larder and cellar, and, affixing the royal seal on the house, left us in quietness.

No persuasion of ours could induce Truyken to unravel this mystery.

Bibles and hymn-books, Flemish, and Spanish, and Dutch, and even Latin, all had vanished, and we had to content ourselves with such good words as we could find in Truyken's missals. And happily there were many, for we needed them sorely.

No tidings reached us of Mark for many weeks. My great comfort was the love and sympathy this sorrow called out. All the little barriers which divided the family seemed to melt into nothing before it. Christina forgot health and everything to come and comfort me. Once, indeed, John van Broek said, between the whiffs of his pipe,—

"I always was afraid some evil would come of those public preachings. My poor brother-in-law would have too much to do with those fanatical Calvinists!"

He was persuaded the Government would never forget the services the Antwerp Lutherans had rendered in the last insurrection, and would know better than to confound them with mere fanatics. But allowing for this conviction of his superior prudence, he was most kind to us, and even urged our taking refuge in his house, at no small peril to themselves.

I could not, however, think of this for an instant. Why involve any one else in the peril, necessarily the portion of two fugitive Spanish heretics, like Dolores and me? Once, indeed, I thought of letting Mayken take refuge

there; but the child clung so much to me, that it seemed hardly a duty to give her the pain of separation for the sake of such a doubtful advantage.

But no one's sympathy was like Ursel's. Dolores was always like a mother to me; but Ursel loved Mark as no one else in the world did, except me and Mayken. And there was something in the sight of her white face, and her eyes so swollen with weeping, which comforted me more than anything, and drew me to her inexpressibly. And yet she seemed very hopeless; so that often I found myself comforting her, which I suppose was one reason why it did me good to be with her.

At length, one morning in September, Mayken came running breathlessly into the room with burning face, and whispered to me,—

"I have heard father's voice."

I could only say,—

"Poor darling, it is impossible."

"Oh, no. I could never mistake his voice," she said. "It was from a little narrow window, in a great gloomy house with very high walls. But it was his voice; and he said, 'Mayken! Mayken!' I stopped, and looked up, and then very softly he said,—'Tell your mother to be at home to-night, and to open the back-door at midnight; and now run home directly.'"

"I would have stopped, but Truyken seized me in her arms, as if I had been a baby, and ran home with me at once."

"Is the child right?" I asked of Truyken, who followed her.

"Quite right. I heard the words. The blessed saints grant no one else did!"

I told no one but Ursel that day. The secret was perilous; but I could not help telling her. To my surprise, she, usually so firm in outward composure, burst into an agony of tears.

"I have not deserved it. I have not deserved it. God is good. He forgives and pities. I thought I should have borne this anguish to my grave."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Think of the last look I saw of his!" she sobbed. "I have never forgotten it night or day. He said so tenderly that we were one in faith, and I, in my miserable pride, which I thought was true zeal, answered him with a reproach, recalling our differences. And he made no answer, but turned away with such a gentle, sorrowful look. It pierced my heart then, but I would not retract; and for all these wretched days I have thought I should never see his face, nor hear his voice again, but die with that look in my heart."

"Ah, Ursel," I said, "why did you not tell me?" And I repeated to her the words he had said to me as he went away that morning.

"That only made it worse," she said. "O Costanza, the terrible light I have had thrown on everything during these last days! I suppose it is like what people feel on

death-beds, or on awakening in another world. All my past life has risen before me with such frightful distinctness—all my bitter and angry words to Mark about these differences—all the bitterness and pride I took for steadfastness and zeal, and despised others, despised Mark, for not having. And it became so dreadfully clear to me that our Lord is pleased with us, or displeased with us, not on account of little points of doctrine, on which, perhaps, no one is altogether right, but on account of the love we bear (or fail in bearing) one another, for His sake. All my knowledge seemed nothing to me—sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. It seemed to me as if my Saviour would meet me with just such a gentle, reproachful look as Mark's, and I should have not a word to say, but should see Him turn away like Mark, and never hear or see His holy, glorious face again, but descend, with all my knowledge, among the evil spirits, who know so much more than I."

"Hush, hush, Ursel!" I said. "You must not speak so. You love your Saviour; and none who love Him can be driven from His presence. He will not condemn you for a mistake."

"It was not a mistake; it was intolerable pride; it was sin," she said.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins," I said.

"It must be true," she said, after a pause. "I suppose I have been tempted from pride to despair. But, Cos-

tanza, do you think it possible I might have a word or look from Mark?"

I knew there would be a contest with Truyken about it, but I promised; and in spite of Truyken's remonstrances, Ursel was placed in an adjoining room, while I waited at the back-door.

It opened into a narrow lane leading to the Scheldt. At one o'clock there was a low plashing of oars on the river, breaking the midnight silence, and in another minute Mark was at my side.

For a minute or two we could not speak.

"One quarter of an hour?" he said. In a few hurried words he explained to me how he had cut through the bar of his window, and escaped, and was now on his way by the river in a boat belonging to the brother of a fellow-prisoner, who had escaped with him. "And now," he said, "there is a choice before us, Costanza. I can meet you at Flushing, and we can take refuge in England. In that case I must abandon my country, and all hope of saving her. But we may spend our days in peace together. Or I can fly to Germany, join the Prince of Orange, and do what I can to aid him in saving my country from Alva and the Inquisition. Which shall I do?"

"I cannot choose, Mark," I said; "but I will be content with what you choose."

"My love," he said, "let us act together; let us make the sacrifice together; let us offer to Him the best we

have to offer, and trust Him to reunite us, if it is His will. You are not a child, whose place is merely to submit. You are my wife, to share my every purpose. I will do nothing without your consent. The offering must be *ours*, not *mine*."

"O Mark, I can yield if God takes! But how can I give up?"

"You can give up if He asks," he replied, very softly.

"But does He ask? He gave us to each other. What would you have me do? Let me go with you where you go."

"And Mayken?"

"Dolores, or Ursel, or Christina would take Mayken. But you, who can take our place to each other."

"The army of the Prince of Orange is no place for you," he said, with a trembling voice. "If I am to serve my country and the religion, you must take refuge in Friesland or Holland. Antwerp is no longer safe for any of us, not for a day. Tell John van Broek I know his name is among the proscribed, and that he must fly."

"Can we not meet once more before we decide?" I said; "only a few minutes to decide on tearing the heart in two!"

"Costanza," he said, in a tone of suppressed anguish, "I am here at the risk of life to-night. *I* must be on my way to Nassau or to England."

"You have no doubt which is right," I said.

"None," he said, "if your mind is the same. For if each seeks only his own safety, what will become of the country, of the Church, of those who cannot defend themselves? I believe God calls every true man in the Netherlands at this moment to the side of the Prince of Orange."

I felt he was right, and then I felt I had but one duty,—to help him to make the sacrifice, and I said,—

"Mark, I have no doubt you must go to the prince. I will trust you to God."

He said nothing for a minute, and then he murmured,—

"Heavenly Father, accept our offering. Thou wilt not lay on us more than we can bear."

Then he gave me directions about my journey, how to write to him, and was going, when I remembered Ursel.

In a few rapid words I told him of the change in her, and her distress. He called her softly by name, and held her a moment in his arms.

"We are one in faith and hope, Ursel," he said. "Take care of Costanza and Mayken. See, I commit my best treasures to you."

One more look at me, and he was gone; and I who, the minute before, leaning on his shoulder, had felt myself a heroine, equal to any sacrifice, now, that he was gone, felt myself a poor, helpless, unsupported woman, and sank into Ursel's arms, and sobbed.

"O Ursel, how could I let him go!"

But Ursel said,—"You could not do otherwise. We will trust him with God, sister. I am sure he is not gone in vain."

And Ursel's tone had something in it like Mark's, now that to her old firmness of purpose was added that new tenderness and humility; and it comforted me.

"But you did not tell him I was become a Lutheran, Costanza, did you?" she said; "because that would not be true."

I began to understand Ursel's conscience a little better now, and I said,—

"No. I only told him I thought you were more of a Christian."

So we locked the door, and all the house was quiet until the morning.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

THE JOURNEY.

1568. *Jacob Claesen's Farm, Friesland.*

IT is now nearly a year since Mark and I parted at the door of our old house in Antwerp. But I have never repented the choice we then made. I am sure it was right, and must therefore be for the best.

Mayken is quite a companion to me now, and I have resolved, now that we are in comparative safety at Mark's old home, to write little memorials of our daily life, so that when we meet again the time past may not be such a blank, but that we may go over it together, and that he may see in those pages how Mayken grew into girlhood. So many beloved ones seem to look into my heart through her face. She has the humour of her father's quiet smile, and a firmness on her sweet, rosy

lips like his; but my mother seems to look on me through her deep, soft, southern eyes; my mother's, yet with another look of pure and sunny hope, which no doubt she has now in heaven, but seldom had in our home at Valladolid when I remember her.

But before I begin with to-day, I must trace back our history to that evening in Antwerp.

The next morning, before it was light, Ursel and I went to John van Broek's house, and gave him and Christina Mark's message.

He looked much bewildered, but said,—

"I do not think it possible there can be any danger for us. I could help the Government so much more as a friend, if they would let me alone, than as a victim. And, besides, I feel confident the king will discriminate between the wild disciples of French Huguenots and the peaceable adherents of the great German Confession, which so many princes of the empire have signed."

"My dear," said Christina, "I am not quite so sure. I think at least I shall begin to pack up some of the things, in case it should be desirable for us to leave rather hastily."

Ursel looked at me in despair.

But at that moment a servant entered with a letter, which when John van Broek had read, he stood paralysed.

"Egmont!" he said; "the Counts Egmont and Horn were arrested by the Duke of Alva at Brussels on the

4th of September. Egmont, the zealous Catholic and loyal subject! Then not a soul in the land is safe."

Christina said,—

"Then you will stay and help me, Ursel."

"Help you! About what?" exclaimed Ursel.

"The plate and the linen," said Christina.

"Christina!—wife!—what are you talking of?" said John van Broek. "We are too happy if we can escape with life. What can we do? Ursel, stay with us," he exclaimed, instinctively turning to the stronger character.

"I cannot," she said. "How can I? Mark committed Costanza to my care."

"We must try and do what Mark would wish, Ursel," I said, softly, "and that would be what is right. I am strong, and I have Dolores and Truyken. Stay with Christina."

It was a great effort to Ursel, but she stayed; and in a few days they were safely in refuge at a farm belonging to my brother-in-law, near Leyden. And the seal of the King of Spain was affixed to Christina's linen and plate chests.

Meantime, Dolores and I prepared to start for Friesland, chiefly because it was the nearest point to Germany where we could be safe. By the evening all was ready. Truyken had packed a few necessary things in the smallest compass, and everything else must be left. There is an unreasonable pang in parting from inanimate

things which have been bound up with part of our lives. We seem wronging the mute things which have afforded us such shelter, and given us such pleasure; and besides this, parting from the home of our early married life seemed like throwing up another barrier between me and Mark. I knew nothing of the scenes he was in, and henceforth (till we meet) he could know nothing of the world around me. Nothing could be dismantled. In Dolores's room, flowers, Mayken's toy corner—all must be left as if we were to return to-morrow; and we should return no more!

Happily there was too much to think of for many lingering looks. But one more serious parting, we believed, awaited us. Truyken, our rough, faithful, loyal Truyken, not for the world would we have involved her in our fate. When we looked for her, however, to take leave, she was nowhere to be found, and so we started in the packet-boat without bidding her good-bye.

That night Dolores and I wrapped ourselves up on the deck, with Mayken asleep on my lap, and felt as if we could never sleep again, but before morning we were both asleep with weariness, and were only awakened by a familiar voice saying,—

"We had better land here."

It was Truyken Ketel! Mayken rushed into her arms. We remonstrated, but she said,—

"Poor, defenceless lambs, did you think I would

leave you to wander through the world without guide or guard?"

We could not but be amused at her relative estimate of her own faculties and ours, and yet the event proved to the full the value of her companionship. From many a difficulty did her ready wit disentangle us, whilst her orthodox habits in more than one instance averted suspicion from us.

I dare not let my memory dwell long on the terrible scenes of that journey, and yet this was only at the beginning of Alva's administration. One hundred thousand houses are said to have been deserted in that year by the flight of the inhabitants, and to countless numbers even flight was impossible.

One night, I remember, we came to a comfortable little homestead. The garden was in the most perfect order, flowers grew on the borders among the vegetables; a vine with ripe grapes festooned the walls. But a strange silence hung over the place. We entered by the back-door, which was open. We called, but no one answered. We ventured into the next room. This was a bedroom. It was empty but neat, with recent touches of some orderly hand. Truyken went into the garden, gathered some vegetables and cooked them; and weary as we were, we lay down to rest and slept well.

In the morning Truyken woke me early. Her face was white, and her voice trembled as she said,—

"We must leave this place instantly."

In a few minutes Mayken was dressed, and we left; but before we lost sight of the house, Truyken touched my shoulder and mutely pointed out to me something hanging from the porch of the front door. .It was a human body, probably of the master of that home.

We dreaded to look around us everywhere. The trees in the orchards in quiet country places, the beams of the houses, in peaceful villages and busy towns, had been converted into gallows. Terrible heaps of ashes lay in many a village green, of which we knew too well the meaning; and in many places, houses and inhabitants all had been burnt together, the hearth having been made the funeral-pyre. And we knew that it was not the guilty who had thus suffered, but the holy, the true, and the steadfast, who would have made the glory and safety of the land.

Ever as we journeyed, day and night, near or at a distance, from cathedral or village spire the air was always heavy with the ceaseless toll of the death-bell. And, alas! in the few cases in which resistance was attempted, it was too much in the spirit of frantic revenge. The few broken remnants of the great Confederation of the Gueux had taken to a reckless outlawed life in the forest or on the sea, under the name of the "Wild Gueux," and the "Beggars of the Sea." In some cases these wild bands rescued the innocent, but in too many they avenged the innocent by maiming defenceless

priests. Yet we owe much to one such band, and should therefore speak of them with gentleness.

We had one evening encountered a band of Spanish troopers, from whom there seemed little chance of escape, when the wild but familiar cry of the Gueux echoed from a neighbouring forest, and our captors were killed or put to flight by a troop of horsemen. They soon returned from the pursuit to us. It was a strange motley troop, clad in every variety of garments, some in coarse peasant's clothes, or in the gray Gueux doublet, some in the spoils of the Spaniards.

The leader dismounted and advanced towards us with his Gueux felt cap in his hand. It was the Seigneur de Clairvaux, but worn and haggard, and with garments too genuinely beggarly in their rags.

"You see I am acting in character," he said, pointing to the tattered sleeve of his doublet. "But I may perhaps save you, if you will accept such a beggarly escort."

We rested safely under his guard that night, and the next day he set us on horses belonging to his troop (since Dolores could never walk far), and saw us safely to the borders of the Rhine.

There he hailed a boat, and when the poor boatmen hesitated to incur the penalty of death by ferrying us, himself rowed us across the river into Holland.

As we stood on the opposite shore before he parted from us, he said,—

"I do not forget my evening at your house at Ant-

werp. I shall never forget it. My mother and sister have both been compromised by my joining the Gueux, our lands are all confiscated, and they have fled into a nunnery, the only safe refuge for them. I am a ruined man, an outlaw, and a rebel."

"And a heretic?" asked Dolores.

"Not a Papist, at least," he said, bitterly; "not a believer in the religion of hangmen."

"But why will you take the misery without the glory and the joy?" said Dolores.

And I entreated him to join the Prince of Orange, the only true leader of lawful resistance to the great council of murder which now reigned over the land.

"I believe your counsel is right," he said.

"Indeed," said Dolores, earnestly, "there are better things for true men to live for than the blind vengeance of these bandit troops. It is not the work for you. There is still a God, still a Saviour in heaven."

"Can you believe it?" he said; "though all these smoking villages and desolated homes, and this cruel slaughter of the innocent?"

"As fervently as I believe that the salvation of the world came through the cross," she replied. "But I believe also in the existence of a mighty, murdering, lying spirit," she added, solemnly.

"No doubt," he replied; "it is not difficult to believe in the devil in these days. But do you know it is currently reported among the Spaniards and the Catholic

peasants, that the Dutch worship the devil? A peasant came up to a Reformed preacher the other day, and said very gravely, 'Ah! now I see it was a mistake; you have not a cloven foot.'"

Dolores did not smile. She knew too well the deep despair which lay at the bottom of this laughter, in his heart, as with so many others in the Netherlands; and if words could do it, she was resolved to rouse him from this slough of unbelief and hopelessness, from which nothing but living faith could save any man who thought or felt, in those dreadful days.

"Señor," she said, "I have seen in my country another such overthrow of hope as you are witnessing now in yours; only more complete. Every one I loved and trusted in Spain, except my sister, has been executed at the stake or has perished in prison. The whole light of truth has been quenched in Spain. And yet I know those deaths of torture were no triumph to the devil, but the beginning of eternal victory to those who suffered. Believe me, there is a God who will judge in the earth. The Lord Jesus Christ is not dead, but living in the heavens now. And He is worthy that we should live and die for Him."

"And," I added, "He has given you in this land the Prince of Orange, and old charters, my husband says, which it is just to defend; so that you need not sink to a lawless bandit warfare."

He was evidently touched.

"It is very strange to me now," he said, "to hear words of truth and kindness such as these. I shall remember them!"

"And," Dolores said, "will you promise us one thing? I have a fragment of the Bible here in Flemish; it is the Gospel of St. John, which you heard my brother-in-law read. Will you take it as a little acknowledgment of our debt of gratitude to you? and will you read it?"

He bowed low, and kissed her hand, as she gave him the poor torn pages.

"They will be very precious to me," he said; "and as well as I can, I will read the holy words every day."

After leaving him, we made our way into Friesland. One night we slept at Naarden, a little walled town on the borders of the Zuyder See, where many of the inhabitants were Protestants. I remember well the hospitality of the good pastor and his wife who sheltered us then—the peaceful home—the family prayer—the cheerful meals—the encouraging words at parting.

At length we reached Truyken's relations, whose farm, on the north-eastern side of the Zuyder See, not far from Leeuwarden, was our destination.

The country was not quite so desolate here as in some places we had passed. Count Aremberg, the governor, was said to have been more merciful than some, although at Leeuwarden there had been Protestants burned recently in the market-place.

It was late in the evening, on a winter night in Decem-

ber (1567), that we reached this sea-side farm. We had been skirting the great dyke which kept off the sea, exposed to both wind and salt spray; and Mayken, generally a brave little traveller, was tired and fretful with fatigue and cold, when the cheerful glimmer of lights welcomed us from a low building in the meadows below.

"It is the great barn," said Truyken. "What can they be doing there?"

We approached cautiously, and soon we heard the sound of singing. As we drew near the door, the words became audible, although, in that Frisian dialect, not very intelligible to me. I understood, however, that it was a hymn, and it seemed to me to be a description of the sufferings of some martyr, chanted by one voice, whilst the whole congregation took up the chorus in a response of triumph and thanksgiving.

"Would you believe it?" exclaimed Truyken. "It is old Jacob Claesen himself, my uncle, singing the praises of the Anabaptist, Jeronymus Segerson, who was burned at Antwerp. There is no relying on any one in these days."

And but for Mayken's fatigue, and the lateness of the hour, I believe Truyken would have left the polluted spot at once and for ever.

As we stood there, however, a quiet benediction was pronounced, and the little assembly began to disperse. They started to see strangers at the door; but Truy-

ken soon introduced herself, and we were welcomed to the roof of Jacob Claesen and his wife Hadewÿk, with a hospitality most generous in those days of poverty and peril.

CHAPTER II.

THE ANABAPTISTS OF FRIESLAND.

THE husband and wife were very different in character, as we soon ascertained.

On the next morning Truyken observed the feeble, tottering gait of the old man.

"Uncle Jacob," she said, "what has happened to you? Not many years since I saw you a robust man, as hearty as any of your sons."

"I have borne some portion of the cross," he replied, gently.

"Ask the priests who gave him over to the rack for refusing to betray his friends," said Hadewÿk, bitterly, "how his brave straight limbs are bent and crippled thus."

"It is not many who escape at all, wife," he answered. "The Lord has been very gracious to His feeble servant. Time would soon have done the work, if the executioners had not."

"Yes, yes," said Hadewÿk, impatiently. "I was not speaking of the Almighty. You always bring everything

back to Him. I cannot forget there is *another* at work in the world."

"Did you suffer for the same reason as the man you were singing about last night, uncle?" asked Truyken, gloomily.

"For the truth!" he said; "for worshipping with the brethren, and refusing to give up their names. I could not do that."

"No, you could not," asserted Truyken, decisively, "if you must go amongst such people at all. And you, Aunt Hadewÿk, are you too an Anabaptist?" The word seemed almost to choke her utterance.

"No, no," said Hadewÿk; "I am nothing."

Truyken looked a little comforted.

"Hadewÿk," remonstrated the old man, quietly, "how canst thou say that to a stranger? All might not understand thee as I do! She loves the Bible as I do," he said to Truyken.

"The Bible, yes," allowed Hadewÿk; "but not the Anabaptists. Ladies," she said, turning to us, "because I would not be baptized, they wanted him to divorce me. Could I ever join such Christians as those?"

"Ah, ah," sighed Truyken under her breath, "they are awful times. I have always heard they had more than one wife, those Anabaptists."

You heard wrong then, niece," retorted Hadewÿk, vehemently; "do you think my Jacob would consent to

such doings as those? People should be careful before they spread such calumnies, or listen to them."

And Hadewÿk tenderly arranged a chair for the old man in a sunny corner, between the window and the fire, and laying his Bible and his spectacles on a small wooden table close to it, led him to it, and proceeded about her household work.

This little skirmish had, however, in some unaccountable way reconciled Truyken to her relations. She seemed to think there were some grains of common sense left at least in her aunt, and accordingly she consented to accept their hospitality.

We were not dependent on them, freely as they offered that we should be so. Many of our jewels remained to purchase food and comforts of various kinds, Truyken's stout arm and clear head were of great use about the house and farm, and Dolores and I delighted to render any little services we could.

In a month we grew quite at home in the simple household.

To Mayken it was a life of unmixed enjoyment. The children of the good couple had all grown up and settled away from them. Mayken soon became installed in many a little post of childish usefulness. Early in the morning she went with Hadewÿk to feed the calves and chickens, and all the young creatures, who soon acquired for her names and individual existence; and in the evenings she delighted to sit on Jacob's knee and say

hymns to him, and listen to his Bible stories, and prattle to him in return of her Antwerp home.

One morning I surprised my sister in tears, as she looked at the child holding old Hadewÿk's hand, and in the other a basket out of which sundry large fowls were eating, gravely lecturing the strongest sometimes on their rapacious and selfish propensities.

"What are you thinking of, Dolores?" I said.

"Of a cottage in a little hollow of a plain in Leon," she said; "and a faithful old servant who used to lead a little happy child about among the poultry, just as Hadewÿk is leading Mayken now."

"A little Spanish child," I said, taking her hand in mine; "who made herself a cripple a few years afterwards to save Mayken's mother!"

"It was a different scene," she said, "the golden light of the southern summer morning burning through the vines and chestnuts; and this little farm-yard, these wooden sheds covered with snow, and the snow lying deep on these low meadows, broken by black ice-pools, and roofed by this heavy gray sky, with the sea roaring against the dyke beyond. And yet it seemed like a dream of the other; but what a gulf between!"

We lived very quietly among these simple kindly people; but it was a new life to Dolores and to me, and one that taught us, I trust, some lessons.

It certainly taught us that the Anabaptists must be a calumniated people.

Those we saw, and they were many, were remarkable chiefly for the quiet simplicity of their faith and life. They were Mennonites, and held it unscriptural ever to resist oppression. And yet this was plainly not from want of courage, since they confessed their faith as boldly as if they had been backed by an army. A poor and despised, but resolute, earnest, and much-enduring people! The hymns they sang in their meetings were frequently a kind of religious ballad, describing the sufferings and triumphant death of some recent Anabaptist martyr; dwelling slightly on the sufferings, but long and fervently on the glory which was to follow. They often touched us very deeply. They lived in the memories and hearts of the peasantry, like the Spanish ballads of the contests between Infidel and Crusader among the peasantry of Spain. But the contest was on higher ground, and the poor ignorant martyr-victors were nobler than many a heroic Cid or knight, indignant as the latter would have been at the comparison. I must confess, however, that our new friends the Mennonites, like many other Christians, often shone more at the stake than in the ordinary trials of temper of every-day life. There was an unaccountable degree of severity and bitterness about many of them on small points of discipline. It seemed as if the pugnacity which they disclaimed towards their persecutors had all been turned inward among themselves. The divisions among them quite surpassed my understanding or memory. It was difficult often to discover

how they began, and impossible for strangers to comprehend their complication as they proceeded, because, as in so many quarrels, they never seemed to end at all near the point which was the primary cause of debate. Excommunications were very frequent among them: excommunications which demanded, as Hadewÿk had said, the separation of a wife from an excommunicated husband, and of a husband from an excommunicated wife; excommunications of one another, because they could not agree on the basis of excommunicating other people. And all this in a community which no one joined except at the risk of being burned or drowned!

The lament of one of their number, Job Johnson, seemed to me very touching.

"O God," he wrote, "how have we poor creatures suffered ourselves to be misled whilst we searched the Scriptures, out of a spirit of division and hatred, not out of love of peace and unity. O Lord, grant me Thy grace, that, being freed from this madness and confusion, I may dwell but half a year in some quiet and solitary place; then will I be ready to sacrifice my body for my faith."

And this poor man had his desire; for retreating from Friesland, he spent one quiet summer at a village near the Brill in Zealand, and in the autumn was apprehended and executed for his faith at the Hague.

Old Jacob Claesen told us of this one January evening when he had been much harassed by some debates in his presence during the day. I had not thought it kind to

speak to him on the subject of those divisions, but now I ventured to tell him how they perplexed me.

"No wonder!" he said, "no wonder!"

Then Dolores spoke out on the subject as I had not heard her before. We three were alone.

"If you could know the wretched doubts and conflicts I went through when first we came from Spain! There we had no divisions. The enemy was too near and too powerful, and our own love and faith were too fresh. Danger kept us in constant dependence on God, and He bound us to one another, so that in my inexperience I habitually thought of the Reformed and the Catholics as the Church and the world—the army of Satan on one side, armed with fire and sword and rack; the army of Christ on the other, armed only with His cross, and clothed in His white raiment. I pictured to myself the great northern cities, where the evangelical rule was accepted by thousands, as so many heavenly Jerusalems, full of holiness and peace and love."

"And you did not find Antwerp that?" said Jacob, with a grave smile.

"No, indeed! It was like expecting to come into a temple, and finding an exchange, a Babel."

"Ah, well!" said the old man; "there is a long way between the first chapter of the Acts and the first chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, between 'the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul,' and 'whereas there is among you envying and

strife and divisions.' There is a long way again between 'One saith, I am of Paul, and another, I am of Apollos,' and the new song of the 'great multitude who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' And, daughter," he added, laying his feeble hand on hers, "is there not too often a long way between our morning prayers, and our daily living?"

"But the disunion among Protestants, and amongst every sect of Protestants, must repel so many Catholics from us. Why must reading the Bible bring these divisions?" I asked.

"For one reason," he said, "I suppose because it brings life; and a machine has always more unity in its action than the most disciplined body of living men."

"Must truth, then, and the free action of conscience always lead to disunion?"

"I think truth and the sense of individual responsibility to God, from which no one can free us, must always among fallen men break up uniformity," he said; "at least I have seen it so. It caused me bitter pain once. But I will tell you how I was comforted. I lay in prison for refusing to adore the Host, as they call it. I had suffered much, as Hadewÿk told you, because I would not betray my fellow-believers; but the torture of my body seemed little to the pain it gave me when I thought of the divisions among the brethren. I suppose the malignant one who foments divisions came in my hour of weakness to torment me with them. 'Though I give

my body to be burned, and have not love;' and 'by this shall all men know ye are My disciples,' came rushing through my poor bewildered brain, not in tones of love, but as in letters of lightning and with the roar of thunder, until I fell into a kind of feverish sleep, which was not altogether sleep. And then I seemed to see a gorgeous cathedral, like the one they sacked at Antwerp, with gilded spires and pinnacles, and richly decorated with carved work, with thousands of people thronging into it, whilst over the door was written in letters formed with coloured lamps, 'The one only Holy Catholic Church.' Passing through this throng in a contrary direction, away from the cathedral, I saw a few poor men and women and children. Every one seemed angry with them for thus interrupting the current.

"'Where are you going?' I asked.

"'To the New Church,' was the reply, 'which is, nevertheless, the oldest of all.'

"I followed them, but, to my surprise, when I reached the spot to which they were so perseveringly hastening, I found not a church but a quarry—stones lying about in apparent disorder, workmen hammering, others sawing and chiselling, and not a few hotly discussing how the work should be done. There was all the activity of a workshop.

"'Where is the church?' I asked.

"'Do you not see?' the workmen said; 'we are building it as fast as we can!'

"I was much perplexed; when, I suppose, the vision of the dreaded flames which had been before me so many days mingled with the former dream, and from all quarters of the city there seemed to burst forth a great conflagration. The flames and smoke rolled on to the cathedral, and enveloped it. Torrents of smoke and pinnacles of flame curled around the gilded minarets; and in a few minutes, to my amazement, the whole magnificent edifice came down with a crash. It was of wood, and the fire declared it. But as I looked, I saw the angels among the flames bearing away many a fair stone and costly jewel from the ruins; and when I turned to look at the builder's yard, a glorious temple rose, white as snow, amidst the flames, which closed around it, but could not blacken one of its glistening stones. And in it I saw the angels had laid many a stone from among the ruins of the old cathedral."

"I see!" said Dolores, "the Church is building. It is not built. We are still in the quarry."

"And the next morning," pursued the old man, "I was rescued from prison through the efforts of some of the very brethren whose divisions had so harassed me."

"But it is a pity," said Dolores, "when the workmen will busy themselves in building little churches in the quarry, instead of preparing the stones for the great Church God is building."

"And yet," said I, "surely the Church ought to be a visible, audible witness for Christ on earth."

"Certainly," said Jacob. "'By *this* shall all men know,' the living light which makes the Church visible to the world is love. By faith the Church sees the Lord. By love she makes her light, which is His light, seen of men."

This conversation in some measure comforted Dolores and me. But our great anxiety was about Truyken; I was so afraid the divisions amongst us might repel her from the truth. One day, therefore, I tried to explain things to her, and to prove that we loved each other really, and were really one in spite of our differences. But I found Truyken not at all perplexed on the subject.

"I think the Protestants are rather a quarrelsome family," she said; "but I can see they hang together like any other family when trouble comes. And," she continued, "I think heresy is a bad thing; but I think my uncle Jacob is the best man I ever saw, except the master; and so I suppose we shall all have a great deal to learn and to unlearn in the next world." And with this vague admission Truyken broke up the dialogue.

CHAPTER III.

THE REFUGE IN HOLLAND.

June 5th, Jacob Claesen's Farm.

AND so my note-book begins. Daily, I certainly need not write in it, here in this quiet corner of the world; but to-day has brought great news.

This morning, Mayken and I were watching the storks feeding their young ones in their nest on the roof of the farm; and old Jacob, sitting in the sun at the door, had been telling her how, only four and thirty years ago, in the great fire at Delft, the parent storks bore their nestlings through the flames from the burning houses, or, if unable to do that, perished with them rather than desert their nests; when a travel-worn man entered the court of the house.

"Señora Costanza van Rosevelt," he said, looking at me, "I have a message for you, or rather *this* has;" and he gave me his walking-stick, with a smile.

In a minute the mystery was unravelled. A little plug was removed from the bottom of the stick, and from

the hollow above, the messenger shot out a roll of manuscript. It was from Mark, written in a cipher we had used before in Spain.

I ran up-stairs to thank God, before I could read a word. It was short; so short that I soon knew it by heart. It began,—

"This is the fifth letter I have sent thee, my beloved, and not a word of reply. But now that the country is free of the enemy, perchance this may reach thee. I write on the battle-field of Heiliger Lee, the day after the great victory of Count Louis. The messenger will tell you the rest. I have been through the cities of Brabant and Flanders, collecting money for the Prince's expedition. He has pawned all his plate and jewels. The great cities seem afraid to contribute. The Prince was deeply moved a few days since by a poor Anabaptist preacher from North Holland, who came through many a peril to bring the contribution of his little flock. The Prince gave him a receipt; but he said they desired no payment, but only that they might be remembered in kindness.

"Such money must, I think, do much; and the prayers which come with it yet more. We are full of hope.

"Do not let Mayken forget her Spanish. Some morning (who knows how soon) I may come to take the lady of Rosevelt to her castle in free Holland, where Dolores and Ursel, and thou and I and Mayken, will worship together in the little parish church near us, and sing

hymns and listen to the Word of God in a language the peasants can understand, while none shall make us afraid.

"*Together*, tell Ursel!

"Ever thine own."

When I returned, to my surprise I found Dolores in earnest conversation with the Seigneur de Clairvaux, and Mayken by her side. In my agitation I had not even thought who the messenger might be.

"I am with the Prince, Señora, you see," he said, kissing my hand. "I followed your advice."

His whole bearing seemed changed. The hopeless, reckless look was gone, and the steady light of a high purpose shone in his eyes.

He had much to tell us of the fiery Count Louis, who seemed more his hero than even the Prince; and of his brother, the brave young Count Adolphus of Nassau, who fell in a hand-to-hand encounter with the defeated commander of the enemy, Count Aremberg. And Mark, he says, is of such service, and cannot be spared a day! That I knew must be. He lingered long, but we could not induce him to stay the night.

His conversation was mostly addressed to me. He had so much to tell me about my husband; but as he left, he said to Dolores,—

"I have read the book every day. It is different from any other religious book I ever read. It seems to breathe of the fresh air; not of the incense and the

cold dim atmosphere inside churches. It seems to be for every day, not for festivals only; and yet it is so heavenly!"

"But there are other portions of the Book of God besides this one," said Dolores.

"Yes," he said. "I have bought a Testament. But the other I can carry about with me everywhere."

Mayken, usually unapproachable by strangers, gave him her hand as he left, and said,—

"Tell my father to send you with his letter next time."

He smiled, and left us.

December 20, 1568.—Terrible news has come to us throughout this summer. I have scarcely had the heart to write at all. On June 5th, the very day we spent so happily at this quiet farm, with the Seigneur de Clairvaux, reading Mark's letter, and talking over all the bright hopes that seemed to open before us, what a scene was passing at Brussels! The Great Square thronged with people, and in the midst the Spanish soldiers and the scaffold, hung with black, and Count Egmont (to the last deeming his hard fate impossible) beheaded with Count Horn; and then for weeks the mourners crowding round the murdered body of their hero, Egmont, while the corpse of the less popular Count Horn lay alone and unhonoured near. The victory of Heiliger Lee enraged the Duke of Alva, and precipitated the fate of these unfortunate, basely-betrayed noblemen. And yet their death was no martyrdom.

They had served the king faithfully, and he slew them. They had not served their country faithfully, and yet it mourned them.

But the victory which brought death to them has brought little help to us. Only two months afterwards, on July the 20th, Count Louis and the army which gained it, sustained that terrible defeat at Jemmingen. Cooped up in a peninsula between the Ems and the bay of the Dollart, they were massacred by thousands. And Count Louis only escaped by swimming through the river, when all his efforts to rally his men had failed, and hope was over. Then the misery to the country which followed; so unutterably horrible, that even Alva rebuked the relentless Spanish mercenaries! Flames and ashes; the whole land one funeral pile. Fugitives fled to us from many directions; until the little farm has become quite an orphanage. One hope seemed to remain; the Prince was levying an army, on which he had spent his last resources. To-day, however, I have received a letter from Mark, which tells me the fate of this. It is dated from France.

"MY LOVE,—Do not despair when you read this. The Prince does not. Nor do I. The people of the Netherlands give like those in the temple of old—the rich sparingly from their abundance, the poor abundantly their mite—which is their all. Of 300,000 crowns promised the Prince from the great cities, only 12,000

reached us; but poor persecuted congregations, Lutheran, Reformed, and Anabaptists, and half-starving exiles, scraped together all they had to aid their defender. He deserved it, for he gave all he had for them, and has lost it in this fatal campaign. Nevertheless, the army was raised. On October the 4th and 5th, we crossed the Meuse with a German army into Brabant, where Red Rod Spelle had been hanging and burning since the defeat of Jemmingen. With banners flying, and the motto on them, 'Pro lege, rege, grege,' we advanced; but the poor, cowed citizens were afraid to join us. And no wonder. The Duke of Alva would not fight us; and in a month the German mercenaries, harassed by continual skirmishing and preparations for battles which never came, were unmanageable for want of pay. The whole army melted away; and, almost alone and quite penniless, the Prince and Count Louis, with a few followers, have taken refuge in France. Yet I do not despair. I cannot, while God spares us the Prince. Understand me, my love. I *know* all must be well for the living Church, because the living God, the merciful Saviour reigns. But I *hope* all may yet be well for our country, because He has given us the Prince. Otherwise, I would say, Let us fly to England at once. For, except in the Prince of Orange, I see not one gleam of hope. All princes and kings are against us; at least, not one will lift an arm for us. The emperor has deserted us. The Protestant German princes counsel

peace, which means liberty to Alva and his army to reduce the land to a wilderness. The battle of Jemmingen was fought against the Prince's advice; but he never complained nor reproached his brother. 'Since it has thus pleased God,' he wrote to him, 'it is necessary to have patience, and not to lose courage, conforming ourselves to His Divine will; as, for my part, I have determined to do in everything which may happen, still proceeding onward in our work, with His almighty aid.' And now it is the same. The Seigneur de Clairvaux is a great comfort. He thinks you like a Madonna, and Dolores like a Spanish St. Cecilia. To me he is like a brother. He says you seem to regard him as a boy of twenty, while he is more than thirty. He is sustained by the only strength which can carry men through a conflict such as this. We read the Word of God often together. He would have taken this to you at any peril, but I persuaded him to save himself for the service of the country. All true men are sorely needed now. Trust God, my love. Kiss Mayken for me. Do not let her forget me; and keep up heart, my love. I have always thought the help would come when we were at the lowest.

"M. v. R."

"The Seigneur de Clairvaux is very devoted to my husband, Truyken," I said, this evening.

Very," she replied. "But there are people besides my master in the world."

"What do you mean, Truyken?"

"I mean that my master cannot be the centre of all things upon earth to every one. The Señora Dolores—"

"Truyken! Dolores!—"

But a light flashed on me, and I did not finish my sentence. Although to me Dolores had so long been like a mother, she is certainly not old enough for that dignity.

And what wonder! That noble, gentle sister, whose generous affectionate nature is stamped on her whole countenance! But could she care for him? In Spain she would never listen to any one; and these are scarcely times for forming new ties. And yet Mark and I married.

Is it, then, so very plain to Truyken and to every one that Mark is the centre of the world to me? I am sure I never speak of him much. But he cannot be more to me than God meant him to be. It is not loving too much that is idolatry, but loving too little—centring all in self, instead of in God. It is the taint of selfishness, not the too much loving, that makes love idolatry. Here or hereafter Mark and I will praise God again together. But I believe it will be here.

June 1569.—Another winter has passed. The swallows have returned; the old pair of storks are building their nests on the old cart-wheel, set for them on the roof of the farm-house. Mayken feels sure they know

her again, and is full of glee at the recovery of her playmates.

The burst of the northern spring is so joyous and inspiring! I am just like Mayken. I can never help being full of hope when the snow trickles from the roofs, and the black ice begins to thaw on the pools, and life to swell in the brown leaf-buds, until, in a few days, the woods and orchards are rustling with green leaves and delicate blossom, and the meadows are gay with grass and flowers; when everything is set free from its wintry prison; bright-winged insects flashing from their shelly coffins into the sunshine; sheep bleating, and cattle lowing, liberated from the sheds and stalls; birds singing their home-songs in the shade. Then I feel the Duke of Alva *cannot* crush the land for ever! There must be liberation yet in store for us all, and sunny days and peaceful homes. But when I say so to old Jacob, he smiles as I smile at Mayken, and says,—

"Yes, there is liberation in store for us, and spring-time, and a peaceful home."

I know he feels that life and earth are the night-time, the chrysalis state, the prison. But I think God gives us many foretastes of the promised land in the wilderness, if we will take them.

October 1569.—A sad, sad year it has been for thousands. Mark has been incessantly engaged on various missions for the Prince of Orange in France and Ger-

many. But throughout the year the Duke of Alva, his blood-council, and his army, have been confiscating, desolating, murdering, torturing at their pleasure. There were, indeed, official rejoicings, interrupting the else unbroken knells with ghastly peals of victory. The Great Square of Brussels was, for a few days, transformed from a scaffold, or a place of martyrdom, into a gay tourney-ring; and from the windows round the place, eyes, which had wept tears of anguish for murdered fathers and brothers, were expected to beam encouragement on the sportive feats of Spanish soldiers, who had been their murderers.

In Antwerp, also, there was more than one great festival. The citadel, which had been built with the money and toil of the enslaved and ruined citizens, was finished; and the Duke inaugurated there with much pomp a statue of himself, trampling on a prostrated four-headed figure, intended to represent the Netherlands. Moreover, the Great Square there was decorated as for a triumph. A platform, decorated with royal arms, and covered with cloth of gold, was erected; and on it was placed a throne, on which Alva sat in state, supported by two Antwerp women allegorically clad to represent Righteousness and Peace. Then a pardon was proclaimed; a royal pardon fresh from Spain. There were a few exceptions to it, such as "all who had ever been suspected of heresy, and all who had failed to denounce any whom they knew to be heretics." The Duke was

greatly disappointed, it is said, with the result of this gracious proclamation. Many of the people were so perverse as to consider it a mockery, and to call this royal Pardona Pandora, the source of endless woes. They had profanely corrupted the title of a similar edict of the Duchess Margaret's, from Moderation to Murderation. The Duke, and all loyal subjects of King Philip, could see at once, from such symptoms of hopeless ingratitude, how vain it was to employ clemency with a nation so depraved!

Meantime we receive all the fugitives we can at the farm. Mayken has certainly no want of playfellows now. I smile sometimes when I see her leading the games of a dozen little rescued orphans, and hear their happy laughter echoing through the fields, to think of my plans of providing her with companions. If Mark could only be here, I should scarcely wish for another home. On the summer evenings it is so sweet to see the little ones gather around old Jacob at the door, while he reads a few verses from the Bible, and utters a few simple words of prayer; and the little family service ends with a hymn from the childish voices. Sweet and cheering! yet heart-rending, if one thinks of how many desolated homes these little ones are the relics.

I notice that Truyken is never absent from this family worship. At first she used to sit at the edge of the circle, on the plea of quieting some refractory child, but now she comes as a matter of course; and more than

once, as I have watched her earnest, absorbed face, I have seen her brush tears away.

February 1570.—Another winter is fast melting away. Mark has not been able to come and see us. Once he made his way through part of Brabant, but he and the Seigneur de Clairvaux were taken prisoners by a troop of Alva's soldiers, and only escaped by borrowing some skates of a friendly peasant while the troop were asleep, and gliding across the river into Germany again. The sentinel fired after them, and wounded Mark in the arm, but not severely. Since then Mark has been collecting money among the cities of Flanders; and the Seigneur de Clairvaux has taken the command of one of the ships belonging to the Water Gueux. Mark writes,—

"The endeavour to reclaim to fair and patriotic warfare these beggars of the sea, is the Prince's great occupation at present; and his chief energies this year are directed to organising them into a navy; no easy task, out of the elements of a wild band of corsairs, driven to piracy by tyranny and oppression. The greatest service a trustworthy and valiant seigneur acquainted with the sea can do the country now, is to undertake the command of one of these privateers, in place of the daring but reckless and savage men, who too often sully their victories with cruelties almost rivalling those of Alva. The Prince has given orders that every ship to which he gives letters of marque shall maintain a Protestant chaplain on board, observe the articles of war, and attack

none but Alva and his adherents. Our chief hope at present lies in despair. The Duke's tax of the tenth penny on every article sold, to be paid by the vendor, is so sure to bring the country to utter ruin, that in many districts of Brabant, for instance, we found the shops shut, the breweries and factories idle, and even the bakers refusing to bake. I think the Duke of Alva and the Prince together will save the country yet."

March 1570.—A few words from some of the letters of the martyrs in prison have comforted me lately much. I will transcribe them. The first are from Jeronymus Segerson to his wife, and these touched me more than any. They were imprisoned together at Antwerp, although not in the same cell, in 1551; but they did not die together. Many of their letters during their imprisonment are handed about among the Anabaptist congregations here. Many tears have I shed over those true and tender words, written by fingers made feeble and trembling in the prime of life by rack and torture. The reverence and tenderness with which this poor Anabaptist writes to his wife Lysken seem to me so much nobler and more beautiful than any high-flown words of romance. "Grace, peace, gladness, joy, and comfort," he writes, "a firm faith, good confidence, with an ardent love to God, I wish to my most beloved wife Lysken, whom I married in the presence of God and His holy Church. I pray the Lord very earnestly for you, that He will comfort you, and remove what is too heavy for

you. I know well, my chosen lamb, that you are greatly dejected on my account; but put away all sorrow, and look to Jesus. Think only what a faithful God we serve. Know that I received your letter by my mother, which I read with tears. I thank you that you so heartily comfort me; and I rejoice in hearing that you are so well contented.

"I cannot sufficiently thank the Lord for all the strength He gives me in this trial. He is such a faithful leader; He gives His servants such courage; strengthens them so that they do not fear. Let us guard the precious treasure (of faith), for we have it in earthen vessels, and cannot hide it. It everywhere discovers itself, and is much too precious to be concealed. We are so joyful having this treasure, which is our faith, hope, and love. It is of such a nature that it cannot be hidden. The one (in the prison) calls to the other, and pours out his treasure so that it may be seen. We are so happy, everlasting praise to the Lord! We call upon Him, we sing together, we experience great joy in comforting and strengthening each other.

"I also have seen from afar that promised land. I also hope soon to enter the beautiful city, so richly adorned, which the apostle John describes. There is no night there.

"Therefore, my dear wife, look diligently that you pass the time of your pilgrimage here with fear and trembling. Not that we should fear the world; but we must

fear and tremble before the Lord, so that we may keep His commandments.

"May the Almighty God so strengthen you with His blessed Word that you may abide faithful to the end! Then shall you likewise be found under the altar with all God's dear children, where all tears shall be wiped away from our eyes. Then shall our despised body be glorified, and fashioned after the likeness of His glory. Then shall our weeping be turned into laughter, and our sorrow into joy. Then shall we, who for a short time are despised and contemned, yea, persecuted and cast out, in great reproach, pain, and contempt are brought to death for the testimony of Jesus Christ, enjoy an everlasting triumph, and dwell for ever with the Lord. We shall be clothed with white robes. Oh, what a glorious company shall we be, when united with the great multitude of which John in his Revelation speaks!

"O my wife, from my inmost heart beloved! I cannot sufficiently thank the Lord for all the great kindness which He shows me. He gives me such strength, that I cannot express it. Oh, I now find that the Lord is a faithful helper in time of need.

"My dear Lysken, will He wipe away all tears? Then there must first be weeping. He will heal our sufferings; therefore, we must in this world first suffer. Therefore, be diligent in the conflict, with prayer and supplication to the Lord. Cleave to the doctrine of Jesus Christ our Saviour."

And to the brethren Jeronymus wrote :—

"Exhort and instruct each other in the love of God; and I beseech you, in your prayers be not forgetful of us, and that ye write a letter to my wife to comfort her, for she will long remain solitary." It was for the time after his death he was thus tenderly providing; because Lysken was to be kept in prison until the birth of her child.

Again he writes to her very many earnest encouragements to a steadfast confession :—

"Know that I think of you day and night in my prayers, beseeching and sighing for you to God; for I am much cast down on your account, that you so long must abide there. O my love, I have confidence in the Lord that it shall work for your good to continue imprisoned so long.

"I beseech you, then, my love, be no more cast down, for the Lord will keep you as the apple of His eye. He will not forsake you. I partly understood from my sister, that you were dejected because you had not been more forbearing with me. See, my dear lamb, you have not been unforbearing towards me; and we have lived together no otherwise than we were bound to live. Why, then, should you be cast down? I thank the Lord that you have lived so humbly with me. I could even wish that I might, for your sake, abide a whole year on bread and water, and then die ten times over, that you might be released. Oh, could I help you by my tears or my

blood, how willingly would I suffer for you! But my sufferings cannot help you. Be content. I will pray yet more for you. This letter I have written with tears, because I heard you were so greatly cast down. I beg you to write me how you feel. Herewith I commend you to the Lord."

The poor tried Lysken wrote:—

"My beloved husband in the Lord, understand that at first the time seemed exceedingly long to me; because I was not accustomed to imprisonment, and I heard nothing but temptations to forsake the Lord. They said, What right had I to meddle with Scripture? I had better mind my sewing. 'It seems,' said they, 'you will follow the apostles. But what signs do you show? They spake with divers tongues.' But it is enough for us that we have believed through the Word. I desire that Christ crucified may be our everlasting joy and strength. I confide in the Lord, who only is wise, and who gives His wisdom to those alone who are simple-hearted.

"Understand that I wept much because you were dejected on my account. Be at rest concerning this, my dearly beloved in the Lord. The will of the Lord must be done to the salvation of both our souls. He suffers us not to be tempted above that we are able to bear. Therefore, be comforted.

And he replied:—

"As I read your letter, and heard how it went with

you, and that you desired for me as your salutation the crucified Saviour, my heart and my soul sprang up within me from gladness, so much so, that I could not finish reading the letter, but was constrained to bend my knees before the Lord, and praise and thank Him, my strength and comfort. I confide in Him, nothing doubting He will give you the same joy He gives me, and will preserve you even to the end. I have such joy and gladness in His promises, that I cannot even think on these torments, but only on those great promises which He hath given to them that remain steadfast to the end; yea, such gladness as I cannot speak, or write, or had thought could be experienced in a prison; for scarce can I sleep night or day for rejoicing."

Lysken writes to the brethren and sisters:—

"I have before my eyes a beautiful resemblance of a bride, how she ornaments herself to please a bridegroom of this world. Oh, how ought we, then, to ornament ourselves to please our Bridegroom, that we may hear His delightful voice,—'Come, ye blessed, inherit the kingdom of My Father!'"

And Jeronymus writes to Lysken:—

"I wish you to know that I was greatly rejoiced while reading your letter, and that you wrote that you besought the Lord, with weeping eyes, that He would count you also worthy to suffer for His name. My beloved, be not anxious. Pray to the Lord with a humble heart, that He will give us what is most for our souls' welfare. I

likewise inform you, my beloved, that they tortured me severely, in order to induce me to betray some; but the Lord was mightier, who kept my mouth, than all their torments. They then said that they should come again; but they can do no more than the Lord permits them. Eternal honour to Him who hath thus far made us meet, and will yet make us meet for His heavenly kingdom!"

So they continued to write to each other, labouring to keep each other steadfast, cast down by each other's grief, more than by any bodily tortures of their own, and rejoicing in each other's joy, until, on the night when he was condemned, he wrote her once more:—

"I wish you, my heartily-beloved, chosen wife in the Lord, the true, genuine, penitential faith that works by love, and a sound, firm, immovably steadfast mind in our and your most holy faith. To the crucified Christ, that almighty King and loving God, I now commend you, my beloved, that He may be your Comforter, seeing that He has called and fetched me first. With this I am even satisfied, having seen that it was the Lord's will; therefore, my dearly beloved in the Lord, let it be no burden to you, nor be greatly cast down, that He summons me first away. He has done it for our good, and that I might be an example to you; and that then you may devoutly follow me, since through the mercy of the Saviour, who hath counted us both worthy to suffer for His name, I shall go before you. Herewith I take leave

of you in this world, for I expect to see your face no more. But Christ will soon bring us again together under His altar; *that* men will not be able to prevent. I go before you, with great joy and gladness, to my heavenly Father, and to yours. I most humbly beseech you that you be not therefore cast down, but rejoice with me. Yet I am somewhat sorry that I leave you amongst these wolves; but I have commended you to the Lord, and am fully persuaded that He will preserve you to the end. Abide devoutly in the Lord."

Jeronymus was burned on the 2nd of September 1551. Lysken remained in prison till the birth of her child; she was steadfast till the end, and boldly confessed her faith at the tribunal before the magistrates and the multitude. The last time she was seen, she was standing at the prison-window, singing a hymn. The next morning, which was to be the day of her execution, some of the brethren went to encourage her to the last; but before they had assembled, between three and four in the morning, they had taken her to the Scheldt and drowned her there. Some, however, saw it. She went courageously to death, and spoke bravely, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Thus Jeronymus and Lysken Segerson were reunited as he had prayed, in the presence of the Lord.

The testament and last letter of Soetgen van der Houte to her children has also moved me much. She wrote :—

"Grace, peace, and mercy, from God the Father and

the Lord Jesus Christ, be to you, my dear children; a loving salutation to you, David, Betgen, and Tanneken. Written by your mother, in bonds, to put you in mind of the truth, to which I hope to testify by word and by death, by the help of the Almighty; and as an example to you. May the wisdom of the Holy Spirit instruct and strengthen you, that you may be nurtured in the ways of the Lord. Amen.

"Further, my dear children, since it is pleasing to the Lord to take me out of the world, I will leave you a memento, not of silver or gold, for such jewels are perishable—I would inscribe a jewel in your heart were it possible,—the word of the Lord."

Then after many plain, affectionate, practical directions, she adds:—

"O my dear children, I have written this with tears, admonishing you from love, praying for you with a fervent heart. When your father was taken from me," (he also laid down his life for the faith,) "I did not spare myself day or night to bring you up, and my prayer and cry continually was for your salvation; and, being now in bonds, it has always been my greatest concern that I could not, according to my anxious desire, better provide for you. When I was told that you were conveyed to Oudenarde, and from that to Bruges, it was a sore stroke to me. I have never had greater sorrow. But when I thought that neither my sorrow nor my solicitude could help you, and that we must separate from all things

dear in this world for the sake of Christ, I left it all to the will of the Lord, still hoping and praying that He in His compassion would preserve you, as He kept Moses and Joseph and Daniel among the ungodly. David, my dear child, I commend you to the Lord. You are the eldest: learn wisdom, that you may set a good example to your sisters. Beware of bad company, and of playing in the streets with bad boys. Learn diligently to read and write, that you may become wise. Love one another, without strife and wrangling. The wisest must bear with the dull, and admonish them with kindness. The strong must have compassion on the weak, and assist him all in his power from love. Diligently search the Scriptures, that you be not deceived. Believe not readily when evil is spoken of another, but examine. Make no commotion about it when you are belied, but suffer it for Christ's sake. Love your enemies, and pray for them that speak evil of you and make you suffer. Observe, my dearest, all this is wrought by brotherly love, and is all comprehended in the second commandment. You must always mind not to seek your own profit alone, but be always concerned for those with whom you have dealings, whether young or old. Further, my dear children, Betgen and Tanneken, my dear lambs, I admonish you in all these things to be obedient to the commands of the Lord. Be friendly, modest, and still, as it becomes young females. Pray to the Lord for wisdom, which shall be given you. Learn to read and write well, and

take pleasure therein, so will you become wise. Take pleasure and exercise yourselves in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs. Pursue the only true joy. May the mighty hand of the Lord lead you, as He led Israel out of Egypt, and bring you to the new Jerusalem, that we may see each other in the resurrection-day with joy."

And shortly before her death, she wrote to her brother and sister, and also to her children :—

"Written from love. The peace of God be with you, my dear brother and sister. I thank you very heartily for all the kindness you have ever shown me, and still will show, as I hope, to my three lambs that I leave behind me. I once more take leave of you. I think it is now for the last time. We are so strengthened in mind to present our offering, that I cannot express it. I could leap for joy when I think on that eternal good which it is promised us to possess, even all that persevere in that which the Lord hath commanded. I know not with what praise to glorify the Lord, that He hath chosen Martha and me to such honour, us who are such poor contemptible creatures. I pray all that love the Lord to humble their hearts; for the Lord, by the prophet Isaiah, says,—'With him will I dwell that is of a humble and contrite spirit, and trembleth at My word.' Oh, those that thus humble themselves before the Lord, and suffer not themselves to think that they are anything, them will God exalt and enrich with heavenly possessions. Think how Christ chose humility when He left His

Father's glory, and descended here into the lowest parts of the earth, in obedience to His Father. From His great love He became man. In great humility He came to save us. He suffered pain and reproach, bearing all with patience and long-suffering, in obedience to the Father, even unto death, that He might make us blessed.

"This was written when we had taken, as we thought, our last supper. Further, my dear child, Betgen, I rejoice greatly that the Lord has spared me long enough to be gladdened, before my death, by your letter, by which you have strengthened me. I pray the Lord that He would strengthen and establish you by His Spirit, that you may go forward and pursue the best things of which you have written me. When your brother and sister come to you, salute each other with an affectionate kiss of peace in my name. Adieu, my dear child, Betgen! Adieu, my dear little ones, David and Tanneken! Adieu, my dear brethren and sisters all, and my friends everywhere! Written by me, Soetgen van der Houte, your mother, in bonds. Written hastily, trembling with cold, with love to you all. Amen."

She was put to death at Ghent, on the 27th November 1560.

That poor little lamb, Betgen, scarcely as old as our Mayken, I suppose, when her mother died, nine years ago! I should like to have seen the large childish writing which so comforted the poor condemned mother, and I should love to have the orphan girl with us here.

Many another record has old Jacob read to us during those winter evenings: touching letters of thanks from the martyrs for little acts of kindness and gifts, mostly the gifts of the poor; simple messages of affection and sympathy, mingled with brief notices of "excruciating pain," and sublime words of faith and hope, and hymns full of lofty joy, left as legacies to those who survived.

One who used ofttimes to be dejected in prosperous times, had "never known sorrow since he had been in prison." Another, Adrian Pan, put to death, with his wife, at Antwerp, wrote:—"My dear friends, the more we are exercised with tribulation, the more we are comforted. This we truly experienced when first we fell into their hands, and they beset the house, and would have destroyed it, with all that it contained. Then my heart was strengthened, as if I had been another man. My wife was, indeed, a little fearful before they laid their hands upon us; but when she saw that it must be so, fear departed from her, as if she had put off a garment, and she began to sing."

Jacob Claesen told us, also, the history of one generous sufferer, which stirred our hearts most deeply. Not two winters since, over one of the frozen meres or rivers near us, Dirk Williamzoon was fleeing from his persecutors. As he ran, the ice cracked under his feet, and a gulf of cold, deep water opened behind him, separating him from his pursuers. He was safe. But looking back, he saw the officer sent to arrest him perishing in the waters.

With a noble, forgiving impulse, he stooped over the brink of the ice, and, at the risk of his own life, saved his enemy's. The officer, touched with a natural instinct of gratitude, would have let his deliverer escape. But the magistrates, who by this time were at hand, insisted on the capture. Dirk Williamzoon was secured again, and bound; and a few weeks afterwards was burned alive at Asperen, a martyr for mercy as well as for truth. Indeed, many of those Dutch martyrs, like our brethren in Spain, were martyrs to the second great commandment as much as for the first. If love to God brought them to the stake and the block, love to man, to the friends they would not betray, stretched them on the rack, which so many of them confessed they dreaded more than death. Love yielded their limbs to torture, before faith "gave their bodies to be burned;" and, therefore, it will not "profit them nothing" that they suffered; but oh, how infinitely much!

I did not always so much like the record of their examinations before the tribunals. Some, indeed, ignorant men though they might be, answered most nobly; courteously, yet firmly. Others, again, gave far more clever and pointed replies; but, it seemed to me, sharpened with more natural indignation and pride; like a lion brought to bay, rather than a lamb led to the slaughter. Yet these varieties, and even defects, gave a value to the narratives, and encouraged me often, as did the little records of simple cares, and wants, and yearn-

ings for the blessings they were to leave. It seemed to bring the martyrs more within the reach and comprehension of us all; if not when they finished their course in triumph, at least when they began it.

And often and often, when these March winds howl around the house, and drive the sea against the dykes so near us, and I know not what shelter Mark has found, those words comfort me; and I think, if the trial comes, then God will doubtless enable me, weak as I am, to "put fear off from me, as a garment," and to sing, or at least to say, with one of three who went to the stake at Antwerp, "We go in peace to the peaceful home of our Father."

December 1570.—Our quiet refuge in Friesland is gone, actually swept from the face of the earth. Towards the end of October, the wind continued for many days to blow with fury from the north-west, driving the spray over the dyke into farmer Jacob Claesen's meadows. At first we felt no alarm, although the fields on which the farm stood lay many feet below the sea. The barrier which had stood for centuries might well be trusted, and in time the wind would change. But the wind did not change. Day after day, and night after night, the terrible invisible power rushed steadily upon us, not so much in gusts, as with the relentless unbroken current of a gigantic river of air, bearing steadily down on the dyke from the Northern Ocean. At length its force rose to fury. The capricious gusty winds

seemed to have changed their nature, and to be animated with a fixed purpose of destruction. On the 1st of November, the waters were so piled against the dyke, that we felt we must prepare for the worst. All movable property was transferred to the upper story of the house. The cattle were loosed from the stalls, to give their own instinct a chance of rescuing them. Boats were suspended outside the upper windows; and we all collected in one room—Dolores, Truyken, Hadewÿk, the orphans, and a few farm-labourers; while old Jacob sat with the old Dutch Bible before him, and occasionally read to us words of power and comfort from the Psalms.

It was a fearful night. The sky was piled with heavy clouds. Not a star was to be seen. Through the steady rush of the wind we heard the artillery of the great waves laying siege to the dyke, while the lowing and bleating of the frightened cattle came faintly from the fields, to which one and another of the children often responded with a low, terrified cry.

Yet in the danger there was at times a kind of awful pleasure. This thundering and howling were not the cry of an enemy, but the mighty voice of God. We knew not what His purposes were; but we knew no act of His would harm us. We were not afraid of Him. He had redeemed us; and from the fearful weapons in His hand we fled with confidence to His heart.

At length, towards morning, a dreadful crash came. The great breach was effected. The dykes were over-

whelmed; and the first cold tints of dawn showed us a raging sea, in which the upper rooms of our farm-house, with a few trees on other dykes or hillocks, rose like islands here and there. Rapidly the waves rose. Farming implements and familiar household furniture were dashed against the walls. Poor, bewildered cattle struggled to the window. The house tottered with the beat of the sea. It was no longer a haven for us.

Once more old Jacob Claesen knelt, and all of us around him.

"Heavenly Father!" he said, "it is Thy hand. But we trust Thee. Thou hast redeemed us. Thou hast given Thy Son for us. We go forth on the sea. But the sea is Thine. We commit ourselves, not to the winds and waves, heavenly Father, but to Thee!"

In a few minutes we were launched on that seething sea, in two boats, manned by the farm-servants. For some hours we tossed about, scarcely knowing what to hope for, since on all sides we saw nothing but one waste of desolating waters, beneath which, from time to time, disappeared one little island after another, with its refugees; roofs crashing before the waves, trees torn up by the roots, and borne along, with men and women still clinging to them. We took in all we could, and then made for the more open sea. At last we saw a ship in the distance. She bore towards us. For some time the suspense as to her character was intense. If she were a

Spaniard, it would be better to die before she approached us. But at length one of the men exclaimed,—

"It is one of the Wafer-Beggars! They will save us!"

We rowed towards her, and made what signals we could; and in an hour we were all safely on board.

And in the commander Dolores was the first to recognize the Seigneur de Clairvaux.

He took us safely round the coast of North Holland to this little castle of Rosevelt, which has been our refuge ever since.

February 1570.—The brave little vessel, which has been hovering near for our protection during the last month, has at length stood out to sea.

One evening last week the Seigneur de Clairvaux came to me with a very dejected mien, and said,—

"Señora van Rosevelt, I come to bid you farewell. Probably for ever. I could have wished it had been otherwise, as I suppose you may have imagined. But the Señora Dolores will not listen to my prayers; and I cannot, indeed, but feel they were presumptuous. She is more fit for heaven than to be the bride of a sea-rover; but to me it would have made all the difference. Now I must struggle through life alone, and God knows, in these evil days, that is hard."

"Does Dolores fully understand that it will cost you so much?"

"I would not distress her with importunities," he said.

"She said it was not fair to link my life to hers, so wasted with many trials; that a bright destiny awaited me. But my life *is* bound up with hers. Heaven knows what she has been to me. I cannot love any one at random, just because it might be good for me."

"Wait," I said, leaving the room.

"Señora," he said, "do not intercede. The Señora Dolores would do anything from compassion."

"Certainly I will not," I said; "but I think it right to explain."

"My poor, broken, withered life to be a weight on the prime of his!" said Dolores, when I spoke to her. "I am not so selfish as that, Costanza."

"You have the happiness, perhaps also the nobleness, of his life in your hands," I said.

"He thinks so now," she replied.

"*I* think so," I said.

She hesitated.

"Dolores," I said, "life in these days is not a festive voyage on a summer sea, but a scene of storm and battle; and if the Seigneur de Clairvaux finds in you one who will make the toil and conflict of perhaps many bitter years sweeter and nobler to him by sharing it, will you refuse?"

"*If!*" she murmured.

And before the *Water-Witch* left our shores, Dolores and Leonard de Clairvaux had solemnly plighted their troth to each other.

May 1571.—A letter from Mark. He is still in Germany. It is more than three years since we met. I wonder if I could have made the sacrifice had I known its extent. But day by day, I have been led on; and Mark is so fully persuaded the good cause must triumph, that I cannot help hoping he is right. The Prince and Count Louis are making all possible exertions, and Mark has been on many difficult missions for them. But their chief earthly dependence now is on the French Huguenots and their influence on the Court at Paris.

It seems in one way, however, to bring us nearer to each other my living in this old home of his childhood. Ursel has been staying with us, and it is very pleasant to hear her speak of the old nooks of field and garden where they used to play, and the creek where he used to sail his little boats, and where once he saved Ursel from drowning. Mayken drinks in all these narratives of her father's childhood with wondering delight. To her they are better than a romance. I love that her father should thus be her hero. And it is well she should have some such narratives, for except the Bible we have not a book. Dear Mayken is a bright child,—our sweet May in this falling autumn or bitter winter of the world, when all the joy of the land seems frozen and dead under the steady ferocity of Alva's tyranny. In itself this castle is by no means a choice residence, two rooms on a floor; a rude tower of three stories, with a look-out on the top, built, I suppose, with a mysterious prevision that Dolores

would spend many an hour gazing across creek and dyke to the open sea.

June 1571.—Ursel is much disquieted about Christina.

"My dear," she said to me, soon after we met, "she is beginning again."

"Beginning what?" I asked.

"The linen stores and the preserves."

I could not help smiling at the despairing look with which Ursel made this announcement.

"The house in Leyden stands a chance in time of being as well provided with things that can be moth-eaten and rusted, as the old palace at Antwerp. Christina is giving her whole mind to it."

"I wish we could sew them up in bags that do not wax old," I said. "The things are good in themselves, and the orphans are sorely in need."

For the six orphans had been rescued with us, and, with old Jacob Claesen and Hadewÿk, formed part of our household in the tower,—a hungry family, not always very easy to satisfy.

Hadewÿk and Truyken are invaluable, and our farm-produce — milk, eggs, and grain — seems in some unaccountable way to multiply under their skilful management. We live frugally, certainly, but the clothes are the chief difficulty.

July 1571. — I am just returned from Leyden in triumph. Christina and her linen-presses were much in my thoughts after that conversation with Ursel. The

motherless little ones and the bereaved woman, the full linen-chests and the little unclothed limbs—it would be extraordinary indeed if these two could not be brought together. I did not like to tell any one my plan. I did not wish it to seem *my* plan; and, indeed, it was not the *things* I wanted, so much as that Christina's heart might be unfettered, and that the joy I felt might be hers. Accordingly, on Tuesday last I started for Leyden. John and Christina welcomed me most cordially. Ursel was right. The next morning Christina showed me her precious chest, and set her maidens to work, as if the safety of Holland depended on the completion of the household stores.

"It was a great shock," she said, "having to leave Antwerp in such haste, and not to be able to carry a thing away. But you see I am recovering the lost ground by degrees."

"Christina," I ventured to say, after a pause, "did you leave that little chest behind?"

"All Hansken's little toys and relics? Yes, all," she said. "I wanted very much to carry it myself; but John would not hear of it. Yet it was very light; and it was all I have left of the child." And great tears began to flow fast.

"Dear Christina, when our dear Saviour went to heaven, He left some precious relics of Him behind. Shall we not treasure these for His sake?"

"Do you mean the poor?" she said. "I do try to

help them, Costanza. John and I give largely to the church alms whenever they are collected. I do try to keep His commandments. I know Ursel thinks me very worldly : but I think it is my duty to care for the household ; and I try. And I must have something to do ; for, God knows, sometimes my heart is very heavy and lonely."

I do not remember how the conversation proceeded ; but Christina returned with me to Rosevelt, and on Sunday morning she joined us in our family prayers. The hymns of the little voices seemed to move her strangely ; and that evening she said,—

" Dolores, I think I should like to take one of those children back with me, if you would trust him with me ; that fair-haired boy who sang so sweetly."

I was too glad : but, to my dismay, the child resisted all Christina's endearments, and would not go. At last, to our relief, a little girl, usually very shy, crept up to Christina, and looking trustfully in her eyes, slipped her little hand into hers, and said,—

" I should like to go with you very much, if you will take Maritgen and Bernhard too."

This was a daring proposition ; and Christina said,—

" How will John bear the noise ?"

But the next day she set off with her three little charges ; and as she turned back to wave us a last good-bye, her face seemed to me changed. The old, anxious, care-worn look seemed to have gone from her brow, and

a happy, youthful smile shone in her eyes. And I never heard that John van Broek complained of the noise.

But Ursel said to me, with tears in her eyes, before she left with her sister,—

"Costanza, people call these terrible times; but I do not think storms are the most terrible things for us. They break up the ice, and bring the spring."

May 1572.—The first good news for the good cause since Count Louis lost all at Jemmingen, and the Prince's army dissolved before Alva in 1568, has come to us this day. The town of Brill has been captured by the Prince's friends. Some days since, Dolores, from her station on the roof of the tower, had watched a strange fleet sailing up the coast from the Brill towards the north. Some said they were Spaniards, and others merchantmen; but Dolores felt sure they were the Water Gueux. The event proved her right. It was a fleet of the Prince's partizans, which, having been driven from the coasts of England by Queen Elizabeth in consequence of some treaty she was concluding with Alva, had come to seize Enkhuyzen,—a rich seaport on the Zuyder Zee, containing many patriots, who, they hoped, would deliver the town into their hands. But the winds drove them back. They could not double the northern point of Holland; and one evening, as Dolores and I were standing on the tower, we saw them bearing southward again. To-day De Clairvaux himself has come and told us all. Van der Marck and

Treslong, the commanders, summoned the town of Brill to surrender: which it did, the inhabitants employing the time given them for consideration in flight; so that when the rough sailors, with an old mast and a bonfire, had battered and burned down the gates, they found but fifty inhabitants left. Thank God, they did not plunder the houses or murder any of the citizens. They contented themselves with sacking the churches; and, alas! they did sully the noble cause by putting three or four monks to death.

A sea-port is gained for the Prince and liberty! De Clairvaux thinks it the happiest omen, and a good season to connect with his marriage. Indeed, we have consented, and only wait for the arrival of Mark, who has promised to be here very soon.

July 30, 1572.—More and more good tidings. The tide seems to have turned at last. A naval victory has been gained. The great Lisbon fleet, with all its treasure, has been captured; and the whole of Holland and Zealand have declared for the Prince. Five cities have expelled the Spanish garrisons. In Holland, only Amsterdam remains to the Spaniards; in Zealand, only Middelburg and Tergoes. And the Prince early in this month crossed the Rhine, and has once more entered the Netherlands with an army, which, we hear, has been welcomed with enthusiasm by many cities.

It seems to us all now that the better day has dawned at last. Mark writes full of the most glowing hopes for

the country and the religion. In France, also, it seems as if the religion would triumph; and promises of succour are coming even from Paris. The cities throughout the land so detest the name of Alva, that the very presence of a liberating force has induced many to open the gates; and Mark believes the first victory will bring the whole country to the feet of the Prince, and drive Alva and the Inquisition from the land for ever.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

LEYDEN, *May* 30, 1574.

TWO years since I made an entry in this old note-book,—and the last words now read like some strange music in a dream!

The army of the Prince of Orange, where is it? The Huguenots, who were to triumph in France, where are they? The Spanish army, which was to have been swept from the land for ever? It is but too plain where that is! The thunder of its terrible cannon has been echoing from the walls of this city for four days. This is the second time Leyden has been besieged. The gallant Count Louis, who relieved it this spring, has fallen in the fatal defeat at Mookerheyde, with all his army. And who is there to help us now? On earth, the Prince; but it seems more likely his will be the martyr's rather than the conqueror's crown. In heaven, the Prince of princes; but who can say what paths of trial He who "learned obedience by the things He suffered" may yet see fit to lead us through!

Mark and I are separated again. I suppose it is that which makes my heart so very heavy just now. He left me only a week since, on a brief mission for the Prince; and now, before he could return, the Spanish army has surrounded the city.

While he was with me, I did not write. There was no need. But now that he is gone, it is a relief to begin the old chronicle again.

A month or two after my last entry, on July 1572, dreadful rumours of defeat and ruin, and some monstrous, incomprehensible disaster in France began to thrill through the country. But the Spanish army lay between us and the Prince, and we were always slow to believe any unfavourable news which came through that gloomy medium. Who could have thought that the truth would surpass the most appalling reports the blood-stained imagination of Alva's soldiers could invent!

Mark brought us the news. How little I could have dreamed that his coming would bring us tidings so terrible as to make even his coming scarcely a joy! It only made the grief less intolerable, and allowed the anguish which else would have frozen us to an icy horror to overflow in floods of tears.

One evening in November I heard his voice at the door. But for his voice, even I might for a moment scarcely have recognized him. His face was so haggard and rigid, and his hair had grown gray. I was calling Mayken.

"Wait, my love," he said; "not yet."

And then turning into the little room at the foot of the stairs, and closing the door, he told me of the great massacre on the 24th of August, on St. Bartholomew's Day. Five thousand Protestants murdered in one day at Paris, and a hundred thousand throughout France, by the monarch who had a few days before promised the Prince his aid. The army which the Prince had collected at such cost, and led across the Rhine with such hope, dispersed; the Prince himself barely escaping with life, saved by the bark of his faithful spaniel, from a night attack of the Spaniards; Count Louis also a fugitive; whilst at Rome, at Paris, and in the camp of Alva there were *Te Deums* and peals of triumph at the destruction of the heretics. "The Prince," Mark concluded, "is in Holland, and a few of us have accompanied him. 'For there,' he said, 'will I make my sepulchre.'"

"Is all lost?" I asked. "O Mark, that we should meet thus!" And I could not restrain my tears.

"Thank God we do meet," he said. "My love, call Mayken, and let us thank God."

Then, as we knelt in prayer together, and he uttered a few words of praise, his voice, which had been so hard and firm while he told me of these dreadful tidings, gave way. It is terrible to see a brave man weep, weep like a child. As I saw him in that burst of agony, it seemed to me as if my feelings were like some little trickling rill

to the great torrent of his grief. Mayken crept to my side, and hid her face on my shoulder. And at length Mark looked up. The rigid look was gone from his face, and he said, firmly and very solemnly,—

"No, Costanza, all is not lost. I believe God will rescue Holland yet. Returning a fugitive, without army, money, friends, to this, his old province, with but seventy followers, these faithful people have welcomed the Prince as they never did in his prosperity. I believe God will yet rescue a people who can thus nobly hope against hope."

Yes, there are hearts in Holland, in this cold, amphibious mercantile Holland, heroic in their loyalty and courage, as any that ever beat among the mountains of Greece, or under the cuirasses of Castilian chivalry.

But yet further has their fidelity been tried since then. City after city has been mercilessly sacked. Mechlin was given over for three days to the soldiers, and more sacrilege was committed against the churches by the Catholic army than by the image-breakers at Antwerp; to say nothing of sacrilege against God's living human creatures.

One Sunday morning the people near Zutphen heard a wail of anguish issuing thence, and no one ventured near the gates to see what it meant. They knew that the city was in the hands of the Spaniards. All day long that cry of agony went up, and by the morning the dreadful work was done!

And Naarden! Alva's army entered it, giving hopes of pardon. The people who welcomed us so hospitably on our way to Friesland, entertained the soldiers with their best; and then followed Alva's recompense for the hospitality of heretics, who had once dared to avow the cause of freedom. The city, and every living man, woman, and child in it were destroyed. Now there is literally not a house left in Naarden. Only sixty of the inhabitants escaped. But of the anguish, blood, and fire, and crime, and torture through which that desolation was accomplished, the consciences of the wounded Spanish soldiers bore witness, who, on their dying beds in the hospital at Amsterdam, were heard to cry out despairingly,—

"Oh, *Naarden!* Santiago! San Domingo!"

Many a desperate resistance since then has that name of agony inspired.

The rebel garrison who, aided by the flooding of the dykes, drove Don Frederic of Toledo back from the walls of Alkmaar, remembered it. And the three hundred women who, under the noble matron, Kanau Hesselaer, fought beside their kinsmen on the walls of besieged Haarlem, had that memory among others burning in their hearts. Yet Haarlem fell; and three thousand, in defiance of terms solemnly sworn to, were massacred there.

But the Duke of Alva has retired. The execrations of a nation were at last too much even for him.

We must hope. The great tyrant is gone, and the Prince remains.

When Haarlem fell, and De Sonoy, the governor of North Holland, with the bravest there, at last counselled flight as the only hope, the Prince replied,—

"You inquire, whether I have entered into any alliance with other princes? I have entered into a strict alliance with the Prince of princes for the defence of the good Christians and others of this oppressed country, with Him who never forsakes those that trust in Him, and will assuredly at last confound His enemies and yours, who trample on all laws, divine and human. I am resolved never to forsake my dear country, but, by venturing both life and fortune, to make use of those means which the Lord of hosts has supplied me with. Never will I despair of the country for the loss of one town."

"Never, indeed," Mark said, "will we despair, while God preserves us that one man."

It is little more than two months since the first siege of Leyden was raised. And the gallant soldier and true Christian who rescued Leyden then, perished in doing so. The band of German mercenaries which Count Louis had once more succeeded in raising mutinied before the battle. He succeeded, however, in restoring them to some degree of subordination; and on the 14th of April the battle of Mookerheyde was fought, on the island formed by the Waal and the Rhine.

Count Louis of Nassau's last battle. He lies unrecognized among the heaps of dead on the heath of Mook; whether slain in the thick of the fight, drowned in attempting to swim the river, or burnt in the barns into which the Spaniards drove the fugitives after the battle, no one living on earth knows.

The Prince has lost his right hand. For a long time he would not believe his brother's death; and wrote many a letter to him which his eyes might never see. It is wonderful how disastrous the Prince and the Count's campaigns have been; army after army, collected at such cost, perishing by one blow, as at Jemmingen and Mook, or melting into their elements, as in the Prince's two campaigns. It must be a miserable, depressing post to command these sordid mercenaries, bound to the leader by scarcely any tie but pay. It seems to be a game in which the worst must almost necessarily succeed best. The Prince strictly forbade all plunder, or injury of unarmed peasants and citizens. The Duke of Alva deliberately pays the arrears of his soldiers, by giving up innocent cities to be sacked, and encourages every kind of atrocity.

But Mark said, nevertheless, the events of the day after the terrible slaughter of Mook are better than any victory. The Spanish army mutinied the morning after the battle.

Any symptoms of a flaw in that most terrible weapon of destruction, Alva's army, are, Mark says, the best

gleams of hope we can desire to see. For more than two years, it is said, their pay, so terribly well earned, has been withheld.

Truyken says it seems as if King Philip thought his soldiers ought to be content with the devil's wages for the devil's work they do. They, poor wretched men, risk body and soul to do his bidding, and the only wages he bestows on them is death.

Three thousand of the mutineers marched into Antwerp, and encamped in the Great Square. They erected an altar on bales of plundered merchandise, and celebrated mass on it, in the open air, on the spot where, not long before, Fabricius had been martyred. For some weeks they lived on the forced contributions of the terrified citizens, until at length Requesens, the Grand Commander, who has succeeded Alva, paid them from the same source, compelling the burghers, who had already been half-ruined by the mutineers, to disburse four hundred thousand crowns to liquidate King Philip's debt to his army.

The mutiny is over now; but the weapon, once broken, may, many think, break again at the same point.

And now Mark is with the Prince of Orange at Delft, and we are besieged in Leyden, in which we took refuge on the approach of the Spanish army. Already, they say, the Spanish lines are complete; and we are girded with a circle of forts. It is a sore trial to be thus sepa-

rated again; but I do believe it is for the best. Mark can do much more for us where he is than he could cooped up here; and with him and the Prince of Orange free to work for us, I know all that is possible will be done. Sometimes when I think of the comfort it is to know that Mark and the Prince are caring for us, I reproach myself with not feeling infinitely more comfort in the knowledge that God cares for us. It must be from a lingering and ungrateful doubt that love with Him does not mean the watchful, tender consideration it does between Mark and me; and also from a dim sense of guilt, which we need to confess and have forgiven. I will trust more.

June 15th.—The house Mark found for us here is small, and would not contain all our household. Accordingly, all the six orphans have been received by John and Christina van Broek. Our family therefore consists only of Dolores, Truyken, Mayken, and me, with old Jacob Claesen and his wife.

June 16th.—John van Broek was killed last night by a stray shot as he stood on his own house-top looking out on the enemy's works. He lived only a few hours after the ball struck him. He said little, and that was to Christina:—

"I have toiled and planned much to make a princely home for thee. The Lord has willed it otherwise. But I believe He knows best. Since I have seen thee with the orphans, I have understood better what will make

thee happiest. I see now that splendour is not the best thing for thee; nor poverty, if God willed it so, the worst. I think thy life will not be dreary without me now. There is enough left yet to support a comfortable home such as we have been used to. But perhaps there are better things to live for than I have mostly cared about. I shall like to think that when I am gone, the wealth I have gathered too eagerly will be better spent by thee."

As she wept much, he added,—

"Dear wife, I have loved thee dearly, though, if I had understood thee and God's will better, thy life and mine might have been more blessed. Yet it will be sweet to thee to hope we shall meet again. It is a precious hope to me. One who was rich became poor for us; and thou wilt understand what He calls riches better than I have. But His blood, His precious blood, not silver or gold, has redeemed us; and through His poverty, my love, thou and I may yet be rich indeed, and share a glorious home."

Then, looking on the orphans, who were brought to wish him good-bye, he said to her,—

"Bring these with thee—all."

And murmuring again and again the name of Jesus, he expired.

I had scarcely thought his death would have been such a sorrow to Christina, they seemed to have so little in common: their companionship seemed so different

from the entire communion of thought and feeling between Mark and me.

But the power of that habit of living together, the daily intertwining of life in all its little homely details, how strong it is! And Christina said,—

"I never knew how he loved me, I never knew how I loved him, till he lay there dying, and spoke those words to me."

Had he ever spoken such words before? Alas! that sometimes nothing but the terrible wrench of death seems to pierce the dykes which keep the tide of love in one heart from flowing freely into another.

But, thank God, they were words of hope; and by degrees I feel sure they will lead her onward and upward.

June 23rd.—After John van Broek's funeral, we all removed at Christina's request into her large house, as the position of ours was rather exposed to the enemy's fire. It is situated on the banks of one of the large canals which thread the city. A row of lime-trees stands before it. It is an orphan asylum already, and seems likely to become an hospital, since Ursel and Truyken this morning brought a wounded soldier into one of the large rooms on the ground floor.

The whole city is now put on rations to economise the provisions: half a pound of bread and half a pound of meat for every full-grown man, and less in proportion for women and children and the aged.

The magistrates have bought in every fragment of food from rich and poor, that they may distribute it equitably, like Joseph in the Egyptian famine.

Christina would accept no payment. She said she was sure her husband would not have wished it. I was with her as she inspected every store-cupboard, and herself gave all their carefully-prepared contents into the hands of the officers.

When they had gone, she looked round on the empty shelves with a slight quivering of the lip. It was a farewell to her old life. And then she smiled; and, taking my hands in hers, she said,—

"They are as bare as Ursel would wish to see them now. We will gather into other barns henceforth."

It was her first smile since John's death; and, as was natural, it ended in a flood of tears. And then she said,—

"My heart was never bound up in the things, Costanza; but I thought they were duties, and I did not quite see the great world of love and work beyond which our Saviour has opened to us. But now that the old routine of habit is broken, I see it was a chain. And in the world of love and freedom, into which John has entered, please God, henceforth I will live, although it can be only in a very humble place at the threshold. You will help me, and Dolores, and Ursel."

June 25th.—Our work is naturally distributing itself among us according to our various capacities; for in

this beleaguered city no workers can be spared. The garrison consists only of one small corps of volunteers, and five companies of the burgher guard. The citizens, unfortunately, were so confident of Count Louis's success, when his invasion drew off the Spanish force, and raised the siege on the 21st March, that they suffered all the precious weeks, between that day and the 24th of May, when Valdez reappeared before the walls, to slip away without strengthening the garrison, victualling the city, or repairing their defences. The Prince remonstrated in vain; but with his usual forbearing generosity, now that rebuke would be fruitless, he utters no reproaches, but has written a noble letter of hearty counsel to the citizens, entreating them to hold out only three months, and if man can accomplish it, he will relieve them.

"It is more than I would have done!" said Truyken, when she heard it, her indignation at the procrastination of the magistrates being unbounded. "Better," said she, "that clever Seigneur van Does, whom they have appointed commandant of the garrison, had been providing a garrison, and buying them bread, than writing his fine Latin verses, which they are so proud of."

She thinks much more highly of the burgomaster, Van der Werf, literary accomplishments being always in Truyken's eyes infirmities which need a great deal to compensate for them.

Truyken (after fulfilling the culinary duties, which she

will suffer no one to interfere with) works on the ramparts, wheeling stones to repair breaches, assisting the masons, melting the pitch for the burning hoops, which are hurled on the assailants, helping to remove the wounded, or employing herself in any service which strong Frisian arms and a brave heart can render.

She has organized a few other women into a kind of corps for similar work. From her, when she returns in the evening, we derive most of our information as to the progress of the siege.

On me and Mayken devolve the orphans. Christina's soft voice and touch cannot be spared from the wounded. Dolores assists in the hospital. Ursel's spirits seem to rise with the emergency. She is often on the ramparts with Truyken, rendering any service needed, moving about among the bullets, they say, as quietly as if they were snow-flakes, and bending down and binding many a wound with the precious stores from Christina's linen-presses; or, when life is ebbing, breathing words of Christian promise and faith into the ear of the dying. I suppose from her, as from the Frisian martyr's wife, "fear has fallen like a garment." I am told that few speak such quiet words of power as she does, and as I look on her face when she returns, I can believe it. The light of communion with God is on it. It is no mere natural courage which leads her on; and in the evenings at home she is so gentle and humble, her whole nature

seems at rest, like a swan that has found its element, and glides easily and majestically along.

Dolores has accompanied her at times; but usually she is required in the hospital at home, where certainly courage is as much required in dressing the terrible wounds.

July 1st.—The citizens are forbidden to make any more sorties. At first, rewards were offered for the head of a Spanish soldier, and many were brought. But the life of those with anything of a soldier's training is too precious to be risked in such expeditions now. The whole city has become a garrison, and every fighting man in it is valuable, as an officer among ordinary troops.

In the evening, I went up with Dolores to the great round tower, built, they say, by the Romans, on a height in the middle of the city, and looked from among the oaks which grow among the ruins, on the broad expanse of country around the city. These Dutch landscapes always had a great charm, in their cool freshness, for my southern eyes, and, lately, Dolores had began to enjoy them. Below us the beleaguered city, with the low light gleaming here and there on its canals, or on the waving tops of the limes and poplars; and beyond, the green plains, broken by dykes, dotted with villages peeping through their woods and orchards; whilst, here and there, canals, and long shallow creeks, brought sunny rifts of golden sky down among the fields, and, in the

distance, the spires of far-off towns and cities rose in delicate purple lines against the sunset. Friendly cities which would fain aid us in our need, but which are kept from us by these terrible lines of Spanish embankments, manned with ferocious troops, encircling the city; and especially, at not more than three hundred rods from the walls, by the dreaded forts of Lammen, Leyderdorp, and Zoeterwoude, were every now and then belching out fire and smoke, with the thunder of artillery. Here and there smouldered the ruins of houses which had been set on fire by balls. Among these was the little house we had first lived in on our arrival at Leyden. It is very strange and sad to Dolores and me to think that this beleaguering force are mostly our own countrymen, speaking our mother tongue. It prevents our looking on them as so many around us do, as beings belonging rather to hell than earth. It is no wonder the Dutch should look on that invincible army as something mighty and malignant, beyond the feeble range of mortal creatures, and when once roused to resistance, should repay ferocity by ferocity. But *we* know the language these men lisped when they were little children, and in which they appeal for help and sympathy when death or pain come upon them. Woe to those who have made out of thousands of human hearts one such murderous, inhuman machine of torture and destruction, rending them from every influence which could soften or hallow, filling them with every passion and prejudice that can

brutalise and harden, and for a religion which inspires love, giving them a superstition which inculcates hatred, and sanctions every crime; thus moulding them into a celibate priesthood of Satan. The prejudice and ignorance of these wretched men, with regard to the Protestants, is beyond belief. At Haarlem, a captive soldier endeavoured to save his life by promising, if the citizens would spare him, to "*fall down and worship the devil, just as they did.*" The hatred on both sides is unutterable. Many of the Catholic soldiers seriously believe we are devil-worshippers, whom it is a duty to hunt from the earth like noisome beasts; and the Protestants have too much reason, indeed, to believe that the sacrifices which Alva and his army offer, "are made to devils, and not to God." But when I think that within the city and around it all are human creatures made of one blood, redeemed by the precious blood of One, the thought so overpowers me with misery, that if I dwelt on it, I could be of no service to any one, but could lie down and die.

July 30th.—The bread is finished. Now we are to begin on such substitutes for it as remain; such as malt-cake. Two of the three months the Prince appointed as the limit of our endurance have more than expired; and not a hope of deliverance has appeared. To-day an especial offer of pardon has been received from General Valdez, couched in the most tempting and liberal terms. It was as coldly responded to as the general amnesty to

the Netherlands two months since. There are two considerations which make death better than submission on the terms of this pardon. The first is, that all religious liberty is denied. The pardon is only for penitents returning to the bosom of the church. And the second is, that the Spanish authorities have for ever blotted out all their future pardons and promises by their former treachery. Crossing out every smooth promise or affectionate entreaty, we see two words written in blood, "Naarden!" "Haarlem!" and while the memory of these remains, the Prince need not fear that Leyden will trust herself to any Spanish amnesties.

August 12th.—A letter has arrived from the Prince. His words always comfort us like deeds; we are so sure of their truth. With it came a few words from Mark to me. They are the first I have had from him, except one little billet borne by a carrier-pigeon. This last was brought by one of the brave swift messengers they call Jumpers, who, at the risk of life, penetrate to us now and then through the enemy's lines. He writes:—

"All Holland is moving every power to save you. An army to oppose the besiegers cannot be raised. Our hope is from the sea. On August the 2nd, we went with the Prince along the Yssel as far as Kappelle, and saw the dykes pierced in sixteen places. To this ruin of their property the States have consented, to deliver you. Meantime stores and food have been collected in every city; and when once the sea is admitted, any morning

you may wake and see the fleet of rescue under your walls, and every enemy swept away. God cares for you, and we are straining every nerve."

I do feel hopeful, although that vision of the fleet seems too bright to dwell on. The possible contrary looks so dark beside it.

August 17th.—I noticed that Ursel did not seem elated as we all are by Mark's letter. When we were alone, I asked her why.

"To tell you the truth," she said, "I have no hope. I have never had any. I never expect, at least for myself, to see Mark again. I have been up on the tower every evening as I returned from the ramparts, and the water has only risen a few inches; enough to ruin the land, indeed, but not half enough to float a fleet. And if, indeed, the dykes are pierced, what is to cause any fresh rush of water?"

"Ursel," I said, "God caused the sea to go back once by a strong east wind, to rescue His people of old. Why should He not make it come forward by a strong west wind now? Truyken says it is quite possible."

"All things are possible with Him," said Ursel; "but St. Paul's prayer for a prosperous journey to Rome was answered by a shipwreck."

"Yet he reached Rome," I said, "and the lives of all in the ship were given him, and perhaps the souls of not a few who saw the power of his prayer and faith. Ursel, St. Paul's shipwreck makes me hope."

"Why should *you* not hope?" she replied; "I only said *I* cannot."

"How then are you sustained?" I asked.

"By God!" she said solemnly; "whatever He has decreed will happen, and will be well."

"O Ursel," I said, "I like better to think of His presence than His decrees. Decrees make me think of dead parchments and a dim unknown past; His presence is that of a living, loving Father, and on that my heart can rest. To His decrees I must submit. His presence makes me pray. The thought of His immutable foreordaining closes my heart in silent reverence. The thought of His now, to-day, living and listening and caring for me, opens my heart in trustful communion and entreaty. I think of Him, not as immutable, irresistible Will, but as unquenchable love. I think of His hand, not as engraving unchangeable decrees in some unconceivable past, but as feeding the ravens, and binding up the broken heart to-day. O Ursel, I trust and pray, and therefore I must hope."

"We *have* a hope," said Ursel, "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, unfading, laid up for us in heaven. Besides," she added, with a slight sadness, "I did not say *you* should not hope, but that I could not. Costanza," she added, abruptly, "I will tell you.—Ever since the siege began I have had a feeling I should not survive it. Do not try to comfort me. It does not make me unhappy; it only helps to make me fearless. If I

do not see Mark again, as I believe I never shall, you need not tell him how truly I loved him to the last. He will know. But tell him that more than any human words, his have been blessed to me, even when I controverted them."

I did not reason with Ursel. But I do feel, on thinking over her words, they ought not to depress me. Day after day her heart and mind have been strained to the utmost among the dying and the dead; and lately she looks as if she had been but poorly fed. She will not make allowance for the body. But I will take warning, and try to do so. Because my eyes are sometimes a little dim with fatigue and faintness, I will try not to think God's heaven is shrouded; but it is hard sometimes. Tears veil the heavens as well as clouds—and when clouds are there, too! Ursel is not in the least more likely to die, because she thinks she will; nor is Mayken, because I fear it often, when my heart is heavy.

August 21st.—To-day the citizens replied to the Prince's letter of the 12th, by saying that they had now held out as long as he counselled them, "two months with food and one with famine;" that now the malt-cake would only last four days longer, and after that came absolute starvation. This very evening, however, a letter has been received from the Prince (not, of course, a reply), telling us that all the dykes are pierced, and that on the Land Scheiding, the great dyke five miles distant, the water is rising fast.

This letter was read publicly in the market-place, and the burgomaster Van der Werf, celebrated the good news by bands of music parading the streets, and salutes of cannon, which must have perplexed the enemy.

August 27th.—The burst of premature triumph has brought its reaction. Never have I seen the city so despairing. No tidings reach us from our friends; whilst letters from the enemy, and, worse still, from Dutchmen in his camp, traitors to their country, are constantly being shot into the streets, promising pardon, and exhorting the citizens to have compassion on their wives and sisters and on the aged. But still, desperate as our case is, the answer in every heart is, "Naarden! Haarlem!" "Any death rather than that the Spanish army would bring!"

At last the daily supply of malt-cake has ceased to come from the magistrates. A month ago the bread was changed for this; and now this is finished. What we shall do with our large household, God only knows! A small supply is sent us of meat, enough for a few mouthfuls each. The first day we had nothing until the evening, and then Truyken brought in a strange dish of greens. This has been repeated since, but Truyken forbids any inquiry as to her kitchen arrangements.

Then famine and terror are bringing superstitious fears into many hearts; for as long as there is guilt among Protestants there will be superstition, although

the old forms of it may have perished. The few Royalists and Papists in the city begin to speak openly, and reproach us with impiety and rebellion. "Go up to the tower, ye beggars," they say, "and see if the Meuse is coming to save you!"

Truyken, whose method of resistance is always of the nature of the sortie rather than of retiring behind the walls, retorts bitterly, as of old, on the image-breakers. "When the Almighty sends His army," she said, "He will not send trumpeters before it as *you* would." "The sea will not save *you* when it comes, any more than it did King Pharaoh."

Among the Protestants, superstition takes the form of small scruples. The other day a minister inveighed most vehemently in the pulpit against the mottoes which have been engraven on the paper-money, which now serves us instead of small coin. The mottoes are, *Pugno pro Patria*, and *Haec Libertatis ergo*. The preacher said it ought to have been *religionis* instead of *libertatis*; and so bitterly and personally attacked the magistrates who were present, that a high-spirited young officer, sitting in the pew with them, proposed to the burgomaster, Van der Werf, to bring the minister down with a pistol. The burgomaster withheld him, and patiently listened to the rest of the attack. This did not please Truyken.

"I have always thought," she said, "that if a few of the clergy were shot on all sides, things would go on

much better; and it was a great pity the good burgomaster missed the opportunity."

Old Jacob Claesen remonstrated; but Hadewȳk turned on him, and said,—

"Thy religion is good for thee; but if the magistrates and the army take it up, the world will soon come to an end."

Timid consciences are troubled, and some begin to go over the grounds why they left the old Church, and to wonder whether, after all, God is displeased. I used at first to be afraid Truyken would look on all this trouble as a judgment from God; but she set me at rest on this point by saying,—

"No, no; I can never believe the Almighty would send the devil as His executioner, much as the Duke of Alva wanted us all to think so. He," she added, reverently, "has sent us the Prince. That was what Job's friends wanted him to believe when he was sitting in the dust. The devil was tormenting him, and they wanted him to believe God was punishing him, instead of letting the devil do him good without intending it, by bruising some of the pride out of him. No; the Lord is very pitiful. May He preserve me from confounding His words with those of Satan."

"You have read the Book of Job, then, Truyken?" said I, hoping to draw her a little further.

"No, indeed," she replied; "I never read anything."

And then I remembered how she always listened at our family prayers in Friesland.

Since we came here, old Jacob has been confined to his bed; but in the evening we—including the orphans and Christina—always gather around him, and he repeats us a psalm, and offers up a simple prayer, as of old. He is certainly failing.

August 27th.—Day after day, our watchmen have gone up on the tower, and not a friendly sign has shone upon us from all the country round. Yesterday, Truyken, Dolores, and I ascended the height together. Beyond and around the besieging force spread, indeed—instead of the green meadows, with cattle browsing in them, and pleasant villages among the orchards—a wide waste of shallow waters. But above these still rose dyke after dyke, walling us in too effectually from the ocean. It was sad to see the patient labour of years destroyed, and yet no chance of its bringing us deliverance. Taunts had often reached us from the besiegers—"As soon will the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from heaven, as bring the sea to you." And truly this wilderness of submerged land was no sea.

It seemed as if all had forgotten us; and too often we were tempted to think that some impenetrable barrier kept our prayers from reaching heaven, as well as our friends from reaching us. To-day the citizens sent a piteous appeal to the Estates, complaining that the city had been forgotten in its sorest need. The very same

evening came the reply from the Estates—"Rather will we see our whole land and all our possessions perish in the waves than forsake thee, Leyden. We know full well, moreover, that with Leyden all Holland must perish."

There is little heart among us now for salvoes of artillery or bands of music; but the faithful, hearty words were greeted with many a blessing and many a silent tear. They will do all they can; and God, who can do all things, will do all that is good.

August 30th. — I have discovered what Truyken's greens are. Yesterday evening I wondered to see several branches of the limes in front of our windows stripped of their summer leaves. This morning very early, when I opened the window of the room where the sick are to let in a little air, I saw a figure climbing the trees. In a few minutes a boy descended, and placed a large bundle of leaves in the arms of Truyken, who was waiting at the bottom of the tree. Then she disappeared; and at breakfast the strange dish was seen again.

August 31st.—We shall have no more lime-leaves to eat. This morning, when I looked out again, instead of the fair row of waving summer branches, half hiding the canal, a line of ghostly skeletons stood outside the door. They had been stripped of every leaf in the night by other hands. Truyken stood in dismay by the canal. I went out to her, and said,—

"Truyken, there may be some more destitute even than we are. Let us go and see what we can find."

"No," she said; "you shall never come on such an errand. You do not know what sights there are in the city. They are not for such as you."

"Such as I!" The poor, loyal, faithful heart cannot always save us from contact with the lowest misery.

September 2nd.—A gleam of hope! Keen eyes have seen masts and sails not more than five miles off beyond the Land Scheiding. It must be the Zealand fleet.

September 3rd.—The plague is amongst us. This morning the watch, going their rounds, found the door of a house open, entered it, and found every one dead; those who had died first laid reverently out on beds, and the last stretched on the floor, where they had fainted.

This evening a little infant was brought us, taken crying from her dead mother's breast. But these died of hunger, not of the plague.

September 4th.—They are very solemn gatherings now on Sundays, when the congregation of famine-stricken, fainting creatures assembles at church. But oh, the Bible words, how living they are! Thank God, there is a Bread of life that never fails:—"He that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." It is true—true—true; although the mortal life of every one in Leyden failed from hunger, this is true. And the hymns! for we sing. To listen to

the poor, feeble voices, once so clear and strong! and yet to hear from them hymns of trust and praise! This must be a music to which the angels stop and listen.

September 5th.—My poor patient child, my Mayken! if only she would cry and moan like the other children do. But she only sits silent, and tries to cheer the others. But her sweet round face so hollow, and her eyes so sunken! Thank God, Mark is not here! Thank God!

September 8th.—Old Jacob Claesen is dead! There are so many deaths, life seems the wonder. I only mention his because it was not a sorrow. So calm, so peaceful! He said,—

"In the city to which I am going, the inhabitants shall never say, I am sick. One less, my friends, one helpless creature less, to drain your scanty store! One more to join the songs of praise! You cannot grudge me my joy."

We did not weep, as we pressed his hand in farewell. It seemed only like crossing a few minutes before us a river whose shores we could all see. Only Mayken wept, and poor Hadewÿk!

"Dear lamb," the old man said, "thou wilt see brighter days on earth yet. And, my best beloved, our parting will not seem long when we meet again. 'The chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof,'" he said, and very soon he ceased to breathe.

Ursel thinks the angels came to take him. Dolores

and I cannot help remembering the invisible guard around the beleaguered city of old. Were the eyes of the old man in this the dawning of his immortal youth, opened to behold them, like those of the young man of Israel ?

It has often comforted us since to think so ; for *surely*, whether he saw them or not, those ministering spirits are encamped around the city, and around every Christian home within it. And the dying do prophesy at times. During the siege of Alkmaar, shortly before it was raised, pastor Arentzoon died. On his death-bed, he called his friends around him, and told them to be of good courage ; " for," said he, " God will prosper you, and the enemy shall not take the town this time ;" and shortly afterwards the siege was raised. Will Mayken, my patient darling, sëe brighter days on earth yet ? Nothing, nothing, O God, is too good for Thee to give ! Thou gavest Thy Son !

September 9th.—Many of the orphans have died. To-day I thought Truyken looking so very faint, that I resolved, in spite of all her remonstrances, to follow her into the kitchen with a morsel of food which I had saved from our meal.

She was leaning quite powerless against the table. I laid her on my own bed, moistened her lips with wine, of which we have an abundance, which is almost a mockery of our wants, chafed her cold hands, and forced a piece of food into her lips. She could scarcely swallow it, but

it revived her, and then she struggled to send me away

"Mistress, mistress, dear," she said, "let me die. I can be of no use to any of you more, and I cannot bear to see you want. What can I do for you but cook the strange food into something you can eat? And now there is nothing left. I can do nothing more for you, but be one less to drag on you. Let me die."

I could not answer her, and she continued,—

"Perhaps you think I should not be saved; and you cannot bear me to go unless you know it would be to a better place. I think it would. I know my Saviour died for me, and I have learned to trust in Him and in none beside. I think He will take me. So, mistress, you need not fear to let me go. Think of the master. Think of the darling child. You have many dearer to you than me. You must think of them, and let me go."

"Never," I said, "Truyken, never, if I can save you. In an hour I will be back. Promise to lie still till then."

Her eyes followed me wistfully, and she said, as I left the room,—

"Poor lamb, she is going to get food. She will find none. She little knows what I have brought home these last days."

I went to the house of the burgomaster, Van der Werf; but when I reached his door, a corpse lay before it. I scarcely noticed it, so accustomed to sights of horror had we become. The burgomaster was away,

but they pointed out to me the direction in which he was gone, and I followed. I found him in an open place in the centre of the town. Around him were gathered a gaunt and angry crowd. He stood in the midst, near the door of the old brick church of St. Pancras, under the two lime-trees, stripped bare of leaves, and standing like types of the famine, wintry skeletons mocking that summer noon. Adrian van der Werf was as wan and haggard as any famished creature in the crowd, but there was a deep tranquil light in his dark powerful eyes which famine could not quench.

He waved his broad burgomaster's hat, and commanded silence from the clamorous crowd; for I learned that the corpse I had seen had been laid at his door that night by some of the few traitors in the city, in reproach of his inflexible refusal to surrender.

When a hush was made, he spoke, and his voice, like all of ours, was thin with hunger,—

"What would ye, my friends?" he said. "Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows, and surrender the city to the Spaniards?—a fate more horrible than the agony she now endures! I tell you, I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath. I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonoured

death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not. My life is at your disposal. Here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender as long as I remain alive."

Shouts of enthusiastic defiance and resolution once more responded to his faithful words from the starving crowd, who dispersed, after exchanging new oaths of fidelity with the burgomaster. I waited till the place was clear, and then ventured to approach and tell him my story. Tears stood in his eyes, and he said,—

"There will be food to-day. The milch cows are to be slaughtered one by one. Come now to my house for a few drops of milk. They may revive your faithful servant, and they will be the last we shall have. To-morrow you shall have your share of meat."

I returned to Truyken with my precious gift. Oh, if ever we know happy days again, shall I forget what poverty and hunger are? or shall I think there is any joy like that of helping the needy and wretched?

September 10*th*.—On the ramparts yesterday Ursel heard a defiance given to the enemy by some of the citizens.

"You call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear a dog bark or a cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our

right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should God in His wrath doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves for ever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands will we set fire to the city, and perish, men, women, and children together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed."

This was the answer to many offers of pardon and grace which Valdez has lately been sending into the city, and to the taunts of the besiegers.

When I told Truyken of the general's offers of mercy, she said eagerly,—

"Are they watching from the tower? Surely he knows there is help coming, or he would never offer terms."

September 12th.—Yesterday evening, to satisfy Truyken, Dolores and I went up to the Great Tower. When we reached the summit we found a crowd collected there in great excitement. They pointed us to a spot in the distance where from time to time faint sudden puffs of smoke appeared, with the sound of far-off guns.

"There is an engagement," people said.

And then, as we watched, in an hour's time the ships became clearly visible.

"They are approaching," it was murmured.

We hastened back with the good news to Christina and Truyken.

That night and morning many never left that point of hope; and they saw the fire of blazing villages, and heard the artillery from the fleet, and knew by that the deliverers were gaining ground.

September 17th.—For some days the fleet seems to have made no progress; and the famine and pestilence make terrible strides. The plague is indeed among us. Thousands die, and those remaining have scarcely strength to bury the corpses. And the wind continues to blow steadily from the east, keeping back the sea.

"Oh," sobbed poor Hadewÿk this morning, "for one day of the gale which laid waste our farm in Friesland!"

September 18th.—It has come! The north-west wind has come. The fleet, which had passed three great dykes—the outer one, the Land Scheiding, and the Greenway—has now floated triumphantly to another, the Kirkway.

September 25th.—Can it be that the courage of the Zealanders fails? It can never be that the Prince of Orange abandons us. And Mayken, my darling, as I look at her in her feverish broken sleep, and feel how sweet it would be if by any device I could transfer all my portion of food to her, and, dying, see something of the old life come back to the child; and then by that love God gave me for her, I feel, I feel He can never abandon us. Can He mean that Leyden shall become one funeral-pile? And as I write the words, Ursel's words

come back on me like a knell. "Whatever He has decreed will be accomplished, and it will be well."

For in the room below lies Ursel smitten by the plague, with Christina nursing her. And now in all the house there are none left to attend to the sick and the orphans but Dolores, and I, and the child Mayken, who moves about as if all the child had departed from her, a little feeble, wise, tender-hearted, helpful woman. She gathers the orphans around her, and speaks to them of Jesus and the Gospel stories, and sings them to sleep sometimes with that poor, thin, trembling voice, from which all the childish ring has gone, until my heart almost breaks; and I can only thank God Mark is not here to see.

As soon as Truyken recovered so as to be able to walk, she and Hadewÿk disappeared. I cannot hear of them anywhere.

September 28th.—A letter to-day from Admiral Boisot; the first tidings for so long.

A carrier-pigeon bore it into the city.

He says the fleet at North Oa are making every effort, and that in a very few days at furthest relief will come. There was also a letter to the Commandant from the Admiral, claiming his hospitality, and promising to be his guest in a day or two. The brave burgomaster caused the church-bells to be rung with peals of joy. When Ursel heard them, she said in her wanderings,—

"Those are Dolores's wedding-bells. Mark must come.

Dolores, did I say? The Great Day of Joy is come for all. Mark *will* be there."

September 29th.—Yet to-day the waves still point to the east; and from the tower, those who watch say the water is sinking, instead of rising. Oh, is it possible we can be disappointed again? No, no! God does not awaken hope to blight it. And yet, if, as Christina fears, Ursel does indeed die, as she predicted, it is terrible to think the other part of her presentiment may come true also. But I will not think so. Does God speak to us in presentiments, or in His promises? It is only that I am weak with famine, and have naturally at any time so little trust, compared to what I should have. So many trust Thee in this poor famishing city, so many pray to Thee, surely it would not be like Thee to let deliverance come so near, and then fail?

Our attendance at family prayer is smaller now. The few starving orphans, Dolores, Mayken, and I, always contrive to meet for a few minutes, and then we separate. Except then, even Dolores and I meet little. There is so much to do, and so little to say to cheer each other.

October 1st.—A gale, a storm!—The wind rushing from the north-west, beating at our houses, bringing down the sea, the mighty, irresistible, overwhelming sea. The gale which swept away old Jacob Claesen's Friesland farm!

October 2nd.—The wind has changed. It is blowing furiously from the south-west. God has sent His winds to fight for us at last, as plainly as for Israel of old.

The ocean must have been piled, they say, by the great dykes on the coast of South Holland by that north-west wind—heaped up, as in God's treasure-house; and then the wind suddenly turned to the south-west, the very other quarter which was needed, and is driving the heaped-up waters through the pierced dykes over the land. Still the terrible fort of Lammen remains, strongly garrisoned and thoroughly provided with cannon and ammunition.

Last night Dolores ventured to the Great Tower, and there she saw the flashes of the midnight battle on the waters, revealing for a moment the fleet of the deliverers, and the Zealanders assailing the Spaniards as they struggled on the slippery half-submerged pathway in their flight from the fort of Zoeterwoude, now dismantled and abandoned.

Another carrier-pigeon from Admiral Boisot. Nothing but the fort of Lammen, two hundred and fifty yards from the city, remains between us and the deliverers—between a famishing city and food. To-night none will sleep in Leyden but little children and those who sleep the heavy unrefreshing slumbers of exhaustion. But how many will pray! What countless prayers will go up to God from this starving city to-night! and not one of them shall be lost.

October 3rd.—Can it be all true? The skeleton lime-trees stand outside the house, like gaunt unnatural

spectres, their leafless twigs relieved against the soft blue summer sky. Yet within, how all is changed!

On that awful night of the 2nd of October, the wind still blowing in violent gusts from the south-west, the burgomaster led many of the bravest of the citizens to the summit of the old Roman tower. "There," he said, pointing towards the terrible Lammen fort, "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?"

"We will tear the fortress to pieces with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief we have looked for so long shall be wrested from us at the last."

All through that night many watchers sat alone on housetop and battlement, or with the numbers on the old Roman tower.

Christina, Dolores, and I watched in turn on the roof of our house. A long procession of lights was seen crossing the water from the dreaded Lammen fort, but they scarcely lighted up the black night which lay heavily on the waters. Now and then came a dull splash in the water, and a cry; but instantly all was hushed again and still as death. It was as if the whole city was holding its breath to listen; when, at midnight, came a crash like thunder, followed by the heavy splash of stones falling into the water.

"It must be the wall!" said Dolores, who had just

joined me. And we clung together, expecting the next moment to hear the yell of Spanish storming parties rushing through the breach.

But not a sound followed. There was some confusion among the strange rows of lights on the dark waste of waters; then they seemed to move more rapidly, until the last faint gleam died away in the distance, as if it had been a procession of ghosts. All night long we dreaded some surprise—some sudden war-cry or cannonading, or despairing shrieks, revealing the success of the enemy's stratagem. But the silence deepened until the dawn broke over the waters. Then we saw that all was unchanged since nightfall; except that on one side, where the city wall had been, lay a heap of ruined masonry, laying open a large space of the city. Lammen stood bristling with its cannon as before, and the fleet beyond it.

Who would begin the attack? The fort was silent; but every moment we expected to hear its fatal voice, and see the smoke and flash from its many guns. No sound came. At last we saw a flag waving from the silent fort, and then a man swimming from it to the fleet. The ships advanced. They passed close under the cannon of the dreaded Lammen. Yet not a shot was fired.

Then Dolores and I began to believe the truth. The siege had been raised. The enemy had crept away, noiselessly, in the night. Then we fell into each other's arms, and wept, and sobbed out thanks to God.

But for a minute! And then we went down to tell the news to all, and found it was no news to any one. The truth seemed to have burst on the whole at once; and people wept and laughed and clapped their hands, and knelt in the streets in prayer.

The Zealand ships came up the canals; the sailors throwing bread on all sides among the starving people. I gave a loaf to Mayken, and tried to swallow some myself, but could not. Then I hurried with Mayken to the site of our old house. If Mark was in the fleet, I knew he would look for us there. I saw his look of bewilderment and dismay, as his eyes lighted on the heap of ruins among which we stood, where the house had been. And then, amidst the ashes and ruins, once more Mark and Mayken and I stood together. He took the poor famished child in his arms, as light a weight as when she was many years younger. He brought us home; and there, for a few minutes, we sat together in that kind of joy which must either find a voice in silence or tears.

Then Dolores joined us, with the Seigneur de Clairvaux. How they found each other I have no idea, nor, I believe, have they. Every one seemed delirious with surprise and joy that morning; and if each one tried to write a history of the day, I think there would not be one history corresponding with another, so that future generations might come to doubt whether the whole history were not a glowing sunset crown of romance to

a long day of bustle and toil and weeping. But it is true. We are all here. Mark is here, and Mayken; and on the table, loaves of bread, not malt-cake or lime-leaves, but bread, God's perpetual miracle, His ceaseless manna, springing golden from the earth, His unfailing gift to man. Bread! loaves, when we have given thanks for crumbs!—pure wheaten loaves, where we have said grace for nettles from the churchyards, and too often have failed even to find such sustenance as these. O gracious God, if I begin to thank Thee, my words will change into tears.

From the house Christina, Dolores, Leonard de Clairvaux, Mark, Mayken, and I, went and joined the solemn procession to the great church, with the noble Adrien van der Werf and Admiral Boisot at the head, and all the city who could walk or stand—the scarred and war-worn civic guard, famine-stricken men, women, and children, and the wild Zealand sailors.

At the church we knelt in prayer together, all of us. And then thousands of voices began the hymn of thanksgiving, which was never finished; at least never finished in words. Abruptly it broke off. Not a voice could raise another note. The whole congregation burst forth in tears and sobs of speechless gratitude. All heroic and patient Leyden! prepared only three days before to die amidst the burning rather than surrender, wept and sobbed like a child on its mother's heart. Thus the service ended; no one attempted any more words. Never,

I think, did thanksgiving hymn give more joy in heaven than that.

We returned in silence, and then, and not till then, the food was quietly and systematically distributed among the citizens.

First the thanksgiving and then the enjoyment.

On our way home, we heard the sound as of a low moan from the door of a poor cottage. Mark and I entered. We feared it might be some sufferer, the last of a starved family, and we would not that any should feel forsaken or forgotten on this day of joy. A faint voice murmured,—

"Is it the Spaniards? Have they come at last? I will not fear what flesh can do to me."

The room was dark; but, faint as it was, the voice was familiar indeed.

"Truyken! Truyken Ketel!" said Mark, kneeling beside her.

"Thank God, thank God, I see the master again before I die."

"You will not die, Truyken," he said tenderly; "we are come to take you back."

"No, no," she said, bewildered by the sudden joy, and wandering a little in her faintness; "I will not come again to take the last morsel from her lips and the child's."

"It is not the last morsel, Truyken," I said, as quietly as I could, taking from Mayken the loaf I had given her,

and which the child had carried with her to church, unwilling to trust the treasure out of her hands.

Truyken looked up. She began to understand.

"God has sent His angels on the storm," I said. "That storm-wind last night brought them."

She sat up with feverish strength for a moment, and clasped her hands in thanksgiving. And then she let us take her home.

Slowly she is recovering strength; and this morning she shook her head, as Mark and I congratulated her on her improved looks, and said with a smile,—

"You had better have let me go. I am well enough in stormy times, but you know very well old Truyken's temper makes many a storm for you when things are smooth."

Nor, I think, will Ursel be taken from us. When Mark came to her bedside to see her, she clung to his hand, as if she could never let it go. And yesterday she acknowledged to us,—

"I was not so willing to go as I had thought. I had imagined death coming suddenly on the ramparts, amidst all those sights and sounds of conflict and agony. But when it seemed likely to come on me on this bed, with Christina watching over me like a mother, and your voice and darling Mayken's whispering anxiously at the door, I did feel it would be very hard to leave you all. And I prayed to live, and to see Mark again."

"If it had been God's time, He would have made you

ready to depart," Mark said. "And now, dear Ursel, we will have you back again; but we cannot recognize you as a prophetess, nor suffer you to become a nun, in spite of these clipped locks," said Mark, smoothing the short hair on her temples.

She held one hand of each of us, and smiled a smile of sweet childlike gratitude, which went to my inmost heart, coming, as it did, from the depths of that deep and determined nature. It showed such a deep rest all through her heart.

February 5, 1575.—My little chronicle may well end, now that all those who would care to read it are within reach of each other's voices.

On October the 4th, the day after our great deliverance, the Prince of Orange came to share our joy. And then first we learned from his worn and haggard countenance that he had suffered on our account in body as well as in mind scarcely less than we had. More than one of those cheering letters of his which had encouraged us to endure, were written, as now first we discovered, from a bed of dangerous illness, once nearly brought to a hopeless pass by a false rumour that Leyden had fallen.

He offered the city, as a reward for its heroic defence, to receive a perpetual exemption from certain taxes, or to become the seat of a university. The citizens chose the latter. And yesterday another procession stirred the streets of Leyden, not silent with sudden and unutterable joy, like that last one, but gay with music and

banners and classical imagery, in honour of the new literary glories which are to be ours. The nine muses, Apollo, Neptune, the goddess of Medicine, Minerva with her ægis, sailed in ornamented barges up our canals, and rode through our streets, preceded by the Holy Gospel in a white dress, and seated in a chariot and four, with the four Evangelists walking by her side.

But this splendid allegorical festival has to our eyes been rather eclipsed by a little quiet family procession of our own to the great church to-day. There, where all Leyden had met to sing that holy hymn of praise, Dolores and Leonard de Clairvaux were married this morning, with simple reverent ceremony, by a Lutheran pastor.

Christina and Ursel are established in full and happy activity, with the charge of the orphans made by the wars of those troublous years, and by the famine and pestilence during the siege. Hadewÿk has reappeared, and loves to help them. The church at Amsterdam, a few years since, chose certain ancient and virtuous women of their number, and solemnly set them apart as deaconesses. Christina, Ursel, and Hadewÿk have not yet received the title, but they certainly exercise the ministry. And Christina's linen-presses and provision stores, well-stocked as they always are, are not likely to become mildewed or moth-eaten.

Our little household is thus diminished, being reduced, besides the servants, who are trained for us

by Christina and Ursel, to Mark, Mayken, Truyken, and me.

Truyken would be disposed to assist in Christina's orphan home, but for a fear which she modestly expresses that our household would go to ruin without her, "especially now that all those wild young things are turned in upon us by the Vrouw van Broek, under the name of servants, but without an idea how to scrub a floor, or turn a joint, or wring out a mop."

Happier days have indeed come on earth for Mayken, as old Jacob Claesen prophesied, and when I hear her joyous laugh pealing like silver joy-bells through the house at some sally of Truyken's, I smile to think how I feared the sweet ringing tone of youth would never come back to her voice or her heart. But yet I would not for the world have her lose the depth of sympathy and faith those days of agony have given her.

Mark believes the standard of true liberty will never be torn down, and the light of true religion never quenched in those lands rescued at so great a cost from tyranny and superstition. And Dolores says, "Who knows how the martyr-fires of Spain have aided in the liberation of Holland? Like Naarden and Haarlem in the siege of Leyden, have not the Spanish *Autos-da-fé* been a terrible beacon before the eyes of those northern subjects of King Philip, warning, strengthening them never to surrender?" It is comforting to Dolores and me to think that thus the sufferings of our countrymen

may not have been without their fruits even on these shores of time. But we can disentangle little of God's purposes on earth, and we wait submissively to learn why the martyrs were suffered thus to perish, from their own lips in the better world.

Hands are clasped, and hearts are bound together in these days for mutual aid in many a stormy conflict. For the warfare is not yet accomplished. Nor will it be, as Mark said, as long as God has soldiers to train, that they may wear the palms and crowns, and cast both at the feet of Him through whom alone one of that white-robed host will have overcome.

SKETCHES

OF

THE REFORMATION IN ITALY.

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CHAPTER I.

SEED SOWN BY THE WAYSIDE.

IF you had chanced to be at Ferrara one summer's evening, some three hundred years ago, you might have seen a number of men, of all classes and ages, issuing from the door of a building apparently connected with the Ducal Palace. There must have been an assembly of some kind within. It did not seem to be altogether a public meeting, for the people did not throng out of the doors, and disperse openly through the streets, but came quietly in groups of twos and threes, and either kept together in earnest conversation, or separated silently, each to his home. Nor was it, apparently, the resort of mere idlers, called

together by one of the brilliant spectacles so frequent at the gay and classical court of Ferrara. These men had nothing of the mien of mere idlers. You might trace them through the streets, thronged as they were at this holiday hour of the south by gay and eager multitudes, by their earnest, absorbed looks—their low, serious converse—the silent pressure of the hand at parting. Yet there was nothing stealthy or timid in their bearing, nothing of the suspicious glance of conspirators: they moved on like men engaged in some great common undertaking—unobtrusive, but unfearing.

"The Duchess has been holding one of her Lutheran prayer-meetings again," said a soldier at the corner of one of the streets, as one of these groups passed by, to the prosperous-looking landlord of the inn, at the door of which he stood.

"Every one his own way," was the somewhat latitudinarian reply of mine host. "The sun shines and the vines grow. Let each man thank God in his own language."

"Holy Mary! my excellent gentlemen," exclaimed a little, shrivelled vender of relics, from behind her stall, "the saints defend us from the Lutheran poison! Father Anselm says the prayers of the heretics are worse than curses. In Germany, they say, the wretches have burned the holy images as if they had been mere wood, and buried the relics of the saints—"

"As if they had been the bones of honest men!" inter-

rupted the soldier, laughing. "So much the better for your trade, mother Berta. The scarcer the goods the higher the prices."

"If I may be allowed to offer an opinion, worthy sirs," interposed a spruce little barber, with an introductory hem, and in an oratorical and oracular voice, "the powers of Christendom had better look about them. Portentous signs are abroad. At Lucca and Pisa heresy stalks in open daylight. At Venice they have had the audacity to petition the Senate for a place of worship. At Naples—I have it from the highest authority—the disease has crept into the noblest families. If I were the Pope, I would lay a strong hand on the rebels."

"The Pope is a mere phantom," retorted the soldier. "No one believes in the Pope who has been at Rome. If you had seen the Lutheran lanzknechts drag the cardinals through the streets, as I have—mock the mass in the church—lay bare the sacred toys and tricks of the monks—parade a rough fellow like me through the city on an ass, as Pope, and kneel to receive his benediction before the very eyes of Clement, crying out, 'Life to Pope Luther!'—you would know something. Let Heaven defend its own."

At each successive enormity of this narrative, Monna Berta had crossed herself; but at the climax she groaned aloud, and exclaimed, in a tone of unfeigned terror,—

"All the saints preserve us from Luther and all the devils!"

"Freedom is good, but safety is better," said the barber. "I am for a general council."

"Your free life has given you some rather lax notions, my friend," said the complaisant landlord to the soldier.

"The Lutherans are the men for freedom," was the reply. "'Down with priests and beggars!' say they; 'let the Word of God speak for God, and every man for himself.' But what do you say about it, my pretty child?" he continued, turning to a little maiden who was selling fruit — diving meanwhile into her grape-basket — "Luther or the Pope? the Duke or the Duchess?"

"Oh, sir," said the child, "if it is of the good Duchess Rénée you are speaking, we can never pray enough for blessings on her. We were starving, and she sent us food; my father was dying in prison because he could not pay his debts, and she paid them with her own purse, and sent Luigi to school, and gave me fruit from her own gardens to sell, until my father could leave his bed. Oh, she has been to us an angel of God!"

"Good!" pronounced the soldier. "Let the heretics live like angels and fight like Germans, and they may pray as they will, for me. A glass of your best wine, Sir Landlord, and here's long life to Pope Luther!"

"Young men like new ways," said an old man, shaking his head over his glass; "trodden paths are surest."

"What news from the kingdom of heaven, Messer Ludovico?" demanded the soldier of a young student, who had just made his exit from the palace.

"There is life in the words of these men!" was the serious reply. "There were two speakers to-night—one, a Capuchin friar, tall, pale, worn, it seemed, with fastings and inward battles. His soul seemed of fire—it flashed from his eyes, between his hollow cheeks and dark brows —and his words rushed out like a torrent of flame from Vesuvius."

"That was Ochino, the Tuscan, from Sienna, general of the Capuchins," observed the landlord: "no man in Italy can speak like him."

"True," said the little barber, patronisingly, "the man has a very pretty knack of talking."

"While he spoke," continued the young student, "we seemed to forget all but him. We hung on his words as on the sentence of life or death; the hearts of the whole assembly were gathered into one, and heaved to and fro, like a light skiff, in the tempest of his thoughts, while he spoke to us of sin and death, and the unfathomable chasm on the brink of which we stand. We were breathless: it seemed as if a breath might have broken the thread which bound us to this visible world, and sent the soul, naked and shivering, into the presence of the Judge!"

"*Jesu Maria!* it is so!" exclaimed the soldier. "The friars tell us of the saints, and their merits, and we go

comfortably to sleep; or if by chance a poor fellow starts up, and begins to tremble and fear it is not all right with him, some soft-spoken monk will come and tap him on the shoulder, and say, 'Don't distress yourself, my good friend; I have a little interest up there; a few dollars from your next forage, and we will soon set all to rights!' —Bah! it is as if the judgment-seat were like the court of the Pope! But these Lutherans, they bring one face to face with hell and heaven, sins and all, just as one is; fly who may, there is no hiding. And then, when they speak of salvation, there is some meaning in it!"

"That was just Ochino's way," the student rejoined. "Then when he pointed out the Saviour—the cross of our redemption; the Judge Himself stretching out His hand between the criminal and the executioner — his voice was low and calm; the tempest was hushed; it was as if the axe had been turned aside from our own necks; as if the Lord Christ himself had waked, and come to us in the midst of the storm, and whispered, 'Peace!' A great calm came over us, and strong men wept like children."

There was a pause—then the landlord asked, "And the other preacher, Messer Ludovico?"

"Ah! he was a man of another mould; they say he is a young Frenchman, from Picardy. His accent was foreign, but we soon forgot that. He was tall, with a marvellously grave, firm countenance; straight, chiselled features; eyes that looked not at, but through you;

grand level brows; a mouth fit for an emperor—so resolute! I never saw a nobler head. Michael Angelo might have carved it for a god, if the Almighty himself had not chiselled it for a saint. A smile of heavenly calm rested at times on his face; nevertheless, it might chance to be easier for him to command the armies of heaven than to serve the servants of Christ."

"It must have been Charles Heppeville," said the landlord, "although I have heard that is not his true name. He has been long at the palace; they say he is a kind of confessor to the Duchess—only the Lutherans do not confess. How did he speak?—not like our fiery Capuchin, I trow."

"A weapon of another temper altogether," was the answer. "There is fire in him too; but it does not flash out. You only see the strength of the furnace by the temper of the steel it has cast. Every word of his told; each blow fell on the right place. There was no bravado; no display of tricks of fencing. The sharp point pierced through the very knot of the difficulty, and the whole tangled web fell to pieces in an instant."

"Well, every man to his trade," observed the soldier: "the stiletto for the student; Luther's good heavy broad-sword for me."

"No foreign religion, German or French, for us," interposed the old man, sharply. "Italy for the Italians."

"You speak truly, old man," said a gentle voice, which

had not before joined in the colloquy. "The Lord Jesus Christ is no foreigner."

The party turned to survey the new-comer. He had joined them a few minutes previously, and had listened with interest to the conversation. His dress was plain—that of an ordinary citizen; his appearance and manner would not have arrested attention, and yet there was something in him to fix it when once aroused—a calm determination, an expression of earnest thought in the large, serious eyes, melancholy when in repose, but at times lighting into enthusiasm.

"God can speak in Italian, as well as in Saxon or Latin," he continued; "would you be pleased to listen a while to some of his own words?"

They acquiesced, and quietly seating himself on a bench at the door, the stranger drew from his loose sleeve a clasped book, and in a deep, calm voice, began to read.

He read of the Last Supper, the Betrayal, and the Crucifixion. As he read, the attention of his auditors grew more and more intense, and their numbers increased. The landlord forgot his customers, the customers their wine, the little barber his orations; old Monna Berta unconsciously upset Madonnas and *Agnus Deis*, as she leant over her stall, in her eagerness to catch every word; Lucia, the little fruit-seller, sank down on her knees by her basket at the stranger's feet, the tears coursing one another down her cheeks; the soldier never moved his eyes from the reader, and when he came to the dividing

of the garments—"The cowardly thieves!" he muttered, clenching his hands, "if I had only been there!"—then shrinking back, as if ashamed of his impetuosity, he leaned on the shade of the porch, and listened—every now and then brushing the tears from his rough cheeks.

At length the reader paused, and as in plain and direct words he told them how *their* sins had done all this to the Saviour—how for their sakes He bore it all, because He loved them—sobs of pity and shame burst from that passionate southern audience; and when he rose and left them, saying solemnly, "Go home and tell what great things the Lord hath done for you," no one spoke for many minutes.

At length the soldier said as he moved slowly away, "Every word goes through one like a word of command."

"The saints defend us from heresy!" exclaimed Monna Berta. "The holy images are good, but such words are better; they bring the things themselves before us."

The group separated in silence; even the little barber had no speech for the occasion.

And little Lucia followed the stranger, and timidly pressed into his hand her best bunch of grapes.

"Take them, good sir, for the love of God. Is it, then, indeed true, that the great God loves us even better than the good Duchess?"

"Your name, friend?" said the soldier, laying his hand on the stranger's shoulder. "That was strange news that

you told us—the general taking on himself the punishment of the deserter: there is no abandoning one's post after that."

"My name is Faventino Fannio, of Faenza; if you have learned to rejoice in the good tidings, my friend, spread them."

"We shall meet again, Signor Fannio."

"If it pleases God," was the reply, "and when He pleases."

CHAPTER II.

THE PALACE.

MEANWHILE, a different group was gathered on the terrace of the Ducal Palace. At one end sat the good Duchess Rénée of France, daughter of Louis XII., and wife of Ercole of Ferrara, bending over some delicate embroidery. Before her, on a small clawed marble table, lay some books, and a silver basket, the work of Benvenuto Cellini, filled with silken and golden threads. A beautiful child leaned against her knee, her hair falling in rich clusters on her shoulders, as she looked up with her dark languid eyes in her mother's face. It was Leonora d'Este. The fair child was ripening into that touching beauty which was to be the worship and the woe of Tasso.

Around the Duchess stood three gentlemen, gesticulating with Italian vehemence. On a stone seat at the other end of the terrace, resting his arm on the balustrade to encircle a book which he was reading, sat a young Frenchman. His dress was severely plain; his lofty brow was slightly knit and his lips compressed, and

every now and then he drew his hand thoughtfully over his moustache and beard. Two little girls were playing near: one of them, a lively child of twelve, tried from time to time to catch his attention; but although the little tempter was no other than the fascinating Lucrezia, afterwards Duchess d'Urbino, all her arts were in vain. John Calvin, better known at Ferrara as Charles Heppeville, was deep in the Epistle to the Romans.

The Duchess had nothing royal in her appearance. You would not have singled her out from her ladies as the one born to command. Her features were plain; her figure homely; her dress as plain as the manners of the time allowed. A velvet train, open in front, displayed the ample folds of a brocaded petticoat; her straight bodice was unadorned; a jewelled necklace rose and fell beneath her transparent stomacher; and her hair was concealed in a tight velvet hood. By the table at which she sat stood a lady of far queenlier bearing. She was young, and simply attired: a black velvet dress fell around her graceful form, confined by a silver girdle; a plain white collar stood up around her throat; the sleeves of her dress fell from the elbow, and at the wrists the snowy lawn was clasped by silver bracelets—these, with the miniature of an old man with gray locks and beard, which rested on her bosom, were her only ornaments. The miniature was a sketch of her father, a distinguished physician, by the young Raphael. Her head was slightly bent, and in her hands she held some

of the Duchess's broidery threads, which she was arranging; the long lashes shaded her rounded cheek, and her dark hair,—

> Not over-wide dispread,
> Parted Madonna-wise on either side the head,"—

was confined in a golden network.

But as from time to time she raised her head suddenly, when something in the conversation aroused her, in the expressive, half-parted lips, the broad forehead, the sunny eyes, you could see the light of a clear intellect, and the glow of a warm and generous heart. She was Olympia Morata, one of the most gifted of the women who, in the time of that great awakening, gave themselves to the cause of Christ and of freedom.

But although the Duchess bore on her brow no inscription legible to vulgar eyes, "I sit a queen!" every line of her homely but expressive features bespoke her the true-hearted woman.

Her brow was not smooth—years and cares had furrowed it; her eyes were not bright, for they had shed many tears. Her face did not glow with Olympia's high enthusiasm; but the quiet smile that rested on her lips as she looked down on her little Leonora, or beamed in her kind eyes as she raised them at some sentiment she liked, was worth much—it was so chastened, and yet so cordial—she looked so good and true. You might not have loved the Duchess Rénée for her face, but you would soon have loved her face for her sake.

Although poorer than Olympia in natural endowments, the good Duchess was far richer in those fertilizing experiences of love and pain, and joy and tenderness, which are involved in the names of wife and mother. Left an orphan at the age of five years, to struggle alone with life in the midst of a selfish and intriguing court, Rénée had early learned that childlike faith in God as her reconciled Father—in His Word as the guide and staff of her heart—which she afterwards so sorely needed. They had married her, as an article of some treaty, to a prince who never loved her, and who, if he had cared to try, could never have been able to appreciate a nature so delicate and noble as hers. Her judgment ripened, and her character grew in strength and dignity under the pressure of the trial, whilst all the deep tenderness of her nature was developed by the little family which sprang up around her. Rénée was single-hearted. The problem of her life had been, not at how little personal inconvenience she could preserve her title to the eternal inheritance; but how she could best encourage every resource—"spend and be spent" in the service of her adored Sovereign; not how little fidelity required, but how much love could do.

She was not, therefore, content with the safe toleration of her own convictions, or even with their open recognition; she braved patiently all the numberless petty tyrannies of a worldly family, and the more serious annoyances of a despotic and ungenerous husband, in

the defence of her brethren in the faith. Thus for many years the court of Ferrara became not only a centre of light for Italy, but a city of refuge for oppressed Protestants of all nations. The Duchess maintained this privilege at no mean cost; but as long as a fragment of power remained to her, she did maintain it. The Italian Reformers loved and revered her as a true mother in Israel; and meanwhile she continued lowly and single-hearted as a child, for she dwelt in the presence of God.

The conversation was abruptly interrupted by the appearance, at the head of a winding staircase which led from one end of the terrace, of a man whose rich doublet seemed to betoken rank, and whose short Spanish cloak bespoke a nativity of which the Reformers were apt to be suspicious.

He advanced towards the group; and as soon as the Duchess perceived him, she smiled, and offered him her hand, over which he bent with a grave, yet easy courtesy.

"The Chevalier Valdes is always welcome," she said. "You bring us tidings from Naples?"

The Spanish knight and minister looked inquiringly around. "We are all friends," said the Duchess, answering his glance; "the Padre Ochino you already know. Allow me to introduce to you the Signor Burlamacchi, pastor of the church at Lucca; and Messer Ludovico Paschali, with whom you may chance to have further intercourse, as he is on his way to visit our brethren in

the Waldensian colony in Calabria. He has left the army of the emperor for that of the emperor's Master."

"No chivalry like the army of martyrs," said Valdes, bowing to the strangers, and giving his hand cordially to Paschali; "and from all accounts, the Vaudois valleys have raised large levies for that host."

"The muster-roll is written in heaven," replied Paschali; "they were a small immortal band of the King's own body-guard, who remained true to his colours when all Europe deserted them. They have their reward."

"My father never would set his seal to the massacres of the Vaudois," said the Duchess; "he commanded the restitution of their stolen and confiscated property. He used to say, whenever any one objected to this, 'Let them alone, they are better Christians than we are.'"

"Honour to his memory!" said Valdes; "surely he would bless your highness's labours, had he lived till now."

"It often comforts me to think so," she replied, raising her sweet, sensible face, with a bright smile.

"The best reward of the Christians of the valleys," observed Burlamacchi, "is to see the dawn for which they have so long watched at length breaking over the nations."

"It is indeed a morning of time," said Valdes; "every moment some new hill-top catches and flashes back the sunrise. In Naples there is scarcely a noble family which does not number some recruits for the good cause; and

in Sicily, too, 'light is sown,' and is silently springing up from place to place."

"At Lucca, we have a regularly-organized and recognized church," said Burlamacchi; "and from our city the glorious news has spread to Pisa, where once more the Supper of the Lord has been celebrated in its own touching simplicity, as before the night of Gethsemane."

"We must be prudent," observed the cautious Spaniard, somewhat uneasily; "it is not wise to depart unnecessarily from time-hallowed rites."

"Time can never hallow error," rejoined the Lucchese pastor, vehemently.

"And Florence?" asked the gentle Duchess, interposing.

"Florence will never receive anything from Pisa!" replied Burlamacchi, bitterly.

"Nevertheless, there are true disciples there," said Valdes; "and from Modena, Faenza, Imola, Bologna, Cremona, Milan, Genoa, and even from Rome itself, I have letters full of the richest promise."

"Brucioli's Italian Bible is worth an army of propagandists!" observed Calvin, who could no longer see to read.

"True," responded Valdes, courteously saluting the Picard Reformer; "it finds its way into homes and hearts where no other messenger of God could penetrate. Truer spouses of Christ are nourishing in the depths of many convents than they ever knew before."

"Alas!" sighed the Duchess, "they will have much to suffer."

"The grace of God is sufficient for them," remarked Calvin.

"Yes, God keeps the soul—but I long to save them the fiery trial," said the compassionate Duchess.

"The fragile lamp can but break, signora," said Olympia, in a low voice, "and the Divine light cannot be extinguished."

"Do you specifically controvert the Papal errors?" asked Valdes, addressing Paschali.

"I do not," was the reply; "I believe that error is *nothing*, except as attached to sin. I trust, therefore, that the truth of God, simply spoken, will of itself reprove sin and nullify error. Light not only dispels darkness, but annihilates it."

"It has been the method of all our Italian Reformers," said Valdes, "and it certainly has prospered wonderfully."

"I believe," observed Paschali, "that there is not a city throughout the land, nor a village buried amongst the rocky recesses of the Apennines, nor a monastery shadowed beneath the very wall of Rome, where the gospel of the free and liberating grace of Christ has not penetrated, and drawn hearts to the Saviour."

"Never was there such a burst of life!" exclaimed Burlamacchi. "It vivifies all sciences, and glorifies all arts; painters paint and poets sing as never the world saw or heard before; tongues of flame descend on

millions—it is a day of Pentecost for all nations! Oh, if Dante could only have lived to see the day which shall make her with the

> 'natura malvagia e ria,
> Che mai non si empie la bramosa voglia
> E dopo il pasto ha più fame che pria,
> . . . . . morir con doglia!'" *

"Everything is in our favour," rejoined Valdes: "all Italy's best and greatest and wisest are with us."

"And God is with us," interposed Calvin, gravely, "which is much more."

The Duchess looked up with her quiet, intelligent smile.

"Is it true," Paschali asked, "that in Venice the adherents of the evangelical faith have petitioned the Senate for liberty of public worship?"

"It is," replied Valdes. "I have just received a letter from that prince of letters and true servant of God, Pietro Carnesecchi—full of the brightest and most confident anticipations."

"The flame cannot be stifled much longer!" Burlamacchi exclaimed; "Italy will burst her chains, and once more sit a queen among the nations. God himself is setting free the hearts of her sons, and the freed hearts will create free institutions. The gospel will force a channel for itself. But are they not still somewhat fettered to the mass in Venice?" he continued, addressing Valdes.

* "Divina Commedia," c. i., p. 97—"Inferno."

"They are Lutherans—no fanatical Anabaptists," was the hasty reply.

Again the soothing voice of the Duchess interposed: "Even in the Sacred College, it is reported we have friends."

"The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light, and to them which sat in the region and the shadow of death, light is sprung up," said Calvin; "but let them come out of Babylon, if they would not be partakers of her plagues." *

"We must have prudence, my friend," replied the courtly Valdes. "Prudence is the virtue of high places. What would be cowardice in a private soldier is but caution in the general."

"We are all privates in the army of the great King, and what would be treason in the peasant is treason in the prince. Christ's witnesses are martyrs, not diplomatists," was the rejoinder of the future founder of the theocratic republic.

"But the Cardinals Contarini, Marone, and Pole, are with us in all essential points," Valdes replied; "and we may well tolerate what our Master can."

"If they are not ashamed to own Him, we will certainly not be ashamed to own them," said Calvin; "but if the day of decision came, and the question lay between

* I quote what was, I believe, the common interpretation of the Reformers of the sixteenth century.

burning and being burned, on which side wo
derers be?"

"The hour will reveal the men," was the r
the danger comes, the invisible armies
themselves."

"Cardinals, popes, literary men; so m
many noble, on our side—even the very no
lon," observed Calvin, dryly—"we could
alone without supernatural aid; but w
enemy? If the Church is so universal,
world?"

"Who knows," exclaimed Burlamacchi
"that the time may not be come when the
this world shall become the kingdoms of o
of His Christ—that this may not be the
morning without clouds!"

"Who knows!" they all exclaimed. "We
shall see."

There was a pause; the long, level strea
light was fast fading from the western mar
Ferrarese, and before the party separated for
the Duchess requested Olympia Morata to
song.

She took up her guitar, and, after gazing a f
at the eastern towers of the city, behind
moon was slowly rising, a smile came over
ing face, and in a rich, touching contralto
sang,—

THE SONG OF THE WALDENSES.

" 'Watchman, what of the night?
We have waited long for the day—
From time to time came flashes of light,
But they died in the dark away.

" Some breathings of life have stirred,
But in blood they soon were crushed:
And we caught the song of an early bird,
But its voice was quickly hushed.

" Joy to the patient and brave!
The dawn is breaking now!
It crisps the crests of the purple wave—
It crimsons the mountain's brow.

" It gilds the towers with its rays—
It cheereth the narrow street—
It waketh a tumult of work and praise,
And a stir of busy feet.

" Joy, joy! it cometh up,
Wider and brighter and higher;—
It poureth life in the meek flower's cup—
It tippeth the peaks with fire.

" We have watched in the darkness long,
But the day is come at last,
The world o'erfloweth with light and song—
The night and the cold are past.

" The light, the light is come!
Light on the chain of the slave;
The light of God on the labourer's home—
Light on the martyr's grave!"

She ceased. The Reformers took leave. Ochino had withdrawn early, wearied with his energetic preaching. The moon had gone some way on her journey, with her

one faithful star: her image floated in the river far below. The night breeze rustled the vine-leaves overhead, and shook the clusters of purple grapes. No one spoke until the little Leonora, clinging closer to her mother, whispered—"Mother, how beautiful it is! I think God sings to us in the silence."

The children kissed "good night," and Olympia and the Duchess were left alone.

Olympia sat on a cushion at her lady's feet. The Duchess smoothed back the hair from her forehead, and said, "You are young, and full of hopes, my child."

"I am full of trust, signora!" was the reply; "God rules, and the right must triumph."

"Yes, that is a glorious certainty—the right must triumph, because God is almighty; but He only knows through what conflicts!" she added, mournfully. "I feel, Olympia, as if the evangelical cause had a baptism to pass through in Italy—a baptism of weakness: we must drink of the cup He drank of. We are too strong in our own strength; two wise in our own wisdom: we think too much of the mighty; too little of the Almighty."

"The wisest are indeed as children before Him," rejoined Olympia; "but He does not, surely, give strength in vain!"

"Then these melancholy divisions!" continued the Duchess. "The name of Pisa is as a curse to Florence; a Lutheran is a Papist to a Zuinglian, and a Zuinglian

little better than a heathen to a Lutheran. I fear, if the pressure were removed from without, our cause would not expand, but fall to pieces. I think we must drink deeper of the Master's bitter cup, before we shall have more of His spirit. Suffering is the school of love."

"But not of *hope*," replied Olympia. "The pinions of love are only bathed in the bitter waters, and she rises refreshed; the delicate wings of hope are weighed down and crushed. Your highness will teach us to love, and we will teach you to hope. Surely," she continued, emphatically, "God does not spread our table with painted food—He does not fill the cup with hope and joy, that He may dash it from the parched lips untasted!"

"He does not tantalize, but He does try," replied Rénée, gently. "If I cannot hope as you do, Olympia, it is not that I distrust our Father's tenderness, but our insight. I do not doubt about the result, but the process."

The Signora Morata retired; but long afterwards the Duchess might have been seen pacing the terrace alone; and in the moonlight, perchance the angels saw a pale face, wet with tears, turned trustfully to heaven, and heard the unuttered prayer, "Father, Thou lovest Thine own better than Thy child can; the cup which Thou givest, Thou wilt give us strength to drink!"

CHAPTER III.

THE PEASANT.

THE golden gleam had faded from the rich chestnut forests, just lingered on the edge of the upper pine-woods, and had melted into a crimson glow on the snowy peaks of the Calabrian Apennines, when the little Lois came tripping down from the upland pastures with her father's goats.

As she passed through the dim aisles of the tall old woods, their shadows fell heavily on her heart; and to make a sunshine for herself, she began carolling one of the old chants of her people, which they used to sing together in winter over the crackling pine-logs.

The song was not in the Calabrese dialect, and it did not tell of love, or war, or knightly prowess; the traditions of Lois' people were of another stamp, and her little heart rose and grew courageous as she sang of the warfare in which death is victory, and the holy land beyond the stars, and God.

Soon she came out of the forest on a wild thicket of myrtle, arbutus, and oleander: the glossy leaves shone

in the last gleams of light, the fragrance of the flowers came freely out in the still air, the birds were singing their last songs; at the entrance of the wooded valley the meadows sloped out on a low beach, on which the waves came up quietly; between the cliffs the level line of the purple sea melted into the sky; whilst, above, the crescent of the young moon floated like a silver boat in a golden flood.

There was one point, however, in the valley, on which Lois and the goats were more intent than on all the rest—the little wooden hut, from the windows of which, amidst its orchard of oranges and lemons, and the elms and poplars festooned with vines, gleamed the pine-torch which was Lois' guiding star. Above the hut rose abrupt precipices of gray rock, in the crevices and clefts of which sprang the aloe and flowering cactus; while the wild goat browsed on their edges.

As she came out on the meadow cleared by her father's toil, a stranger met her coming up from the beach, with the wallet of a wayfarer. He leaned on his long oaken staff, and, looking towards the sea, greeted her kindly.

"That was a sweet song you were singing, my child. I heard the air once before, many hundred miles away."

"My grandmother taught it me," she said. "Our fathers brought it with them from the valleys in the north."

"That was long ago," the stranger answered. "Do you live near this?"

She led the way to the hut; her mother stood at the door watching for her.

"You are late this evening, Lois."

"Yes; the goats would browse as they came along, and I went out of my way with Martha. They say the king's troops are abroad, and she was afraid to go home alone."

The stranger was hospitably welcomed. A supper of maize-cakes, olives, and goat's-milk cheese, with a skin of native wine, was quickly spread before him; and as he ate and rested, he had leisure to observe his hosts.

Two children were asleep in a crib by the corner; the mother's attention was divided between her spinning-wheel and her baby's cradle; the old blind grandmother sat knitting in the window. Lois was soon busied preparing her father's supper; whilst a brown-skinned, bright-eyed urchin knelt before the pine-logs on the hearth peeling chestnuts.

Before long the sheep and goats were safely folded, and the father of the family came in with his eldest son. He was a quick-eyed, strongly-built man, with limbs knit and features bronzed by toil. At first he regarded the stranger rather suspiciously: there was something military in his air which he did not like. But his suspicions were quickly disarmed, as the traveller, rising, grasped his hand cordially, and said, in the Vaudois dialect:—

"I bring you the blessing of the Highest, from the valleys of your fathers. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

The effect of this watchword was electrical. The whole family quickly grouped around their guest; even the old grandmother let fall her threads, and, raising her sightless eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

"Amen!" said the stranger, who was no other than Ludovico Paschali, on a mission from the Vaudois of the Piedmontese valleys to their brethren in Calabria. From that moment the stranger was as a brother to the simple Christian peasants.

"You have had a glorious post in the great army," said Paschali, "and you have kept your trust well."

"We were a little, lowly band," the father replied, "when our fathers abandoned their mountain-home in the north to flee from the sword of the persecutor, and were led, by ways that they knew not, to the valleys of Calabria. Two hundred years have passed since then; our flocks and herds have increased, and the Lord has given us grace in the sight of our enemies; but we have not been so faithful as we might. We are a poor and unlettered people: our pastors died, and none arose in their places; the way from our ancient dwelling-place was long, and beset with many dangers; and as the years passed on, and troubles came on the Alpine valleys, our brethren forgot us, and we were left without guides in the land of the stranger."

"But you did not abandon the treasure of your fathers?" Paschali said.

"Thank God, no!—we did not put out the light; but we hid it under the bushel, until, I fear, with many of us it has waxed dim. Many of us were led astray to frequent the idolatrous worship of the country;—we had wives and children, and we feared the oppressor. Like Naaman of old, we would bow down in the house of our master's god, and worship Jehovah in our own. But I fear it has not prospered; the fire has smouldered in the close place, and our hearts have grown chill."

"The sun is still in the heavens," answered Paschali, gravely; "you have only to lift your hearts up towards it to feel its warmth. The love of God, you see, still watches over you, and your brethren from the valleys have sent me to bring you the message of peace."

The old grandmother clasped her hands, and exclaimed, in a tone of fervour, "Truly, God is gracious to His people! The Lord hath been mindful of us—He will bless us."

It was soon arranged that a meeting should be held that very evening; the visit of a pastor was too rare a blessing to be neglected.

The father and son, and even little Lois, hastened with pine-torches to cottage after cottage scattered among the hills; and in an hour's time an assembly of eager and attentive hearers were gathered in the peasant's hut, to receive the teaching of Paschali.

Old men, with tottering limbs and thin locks; fathers of families, with their little ones; rough men, hardened

by out-door labour, and young muscular mountaineers, gathered around the teacher—a congregation of teachable and simple hearts.

He took a clasped Bible from his breast.

"It is the Book—it is the Book!" they murmured, and every head was bowed in reverence as he read the words of life. Every sound was hushed when he closed the volume, and poured out his heart before Him who was their God, and the God of their fathers.

He took as the text of his simple sermon, "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord did lead him, and there was no strange god with him." And as he unfolded before them the wonderful love of Him who had given "His Son, His only Son, whom He loved," as a ransom for them, and had borne with them, and fed them, all the days of old, and then pointed out to them their own coldness and ingratitude, and urged them by His patient faithfulness to be faithful to Him, to stand boldly on the Lord's side, irrepressible sobs of humiliation and gratitude burst from many a manly breast. Then he told them of the dawn that was breaking over the nations; how the blessed tidings of free redemption had thrilled and liberated thousands of fettered hearts; how many had counted not their lives dear unto themselves for the testimony of Jesus and the word of His grace; how, not in Angrogna and Pragela, and the Piedmontese valleys alone, but

throughout the world, the heavenly dews were falling, and in the desolate places rich harvests were springing for heaven, and the Word of God had become the dearest treasure of thousands of souls—old men raised their hands to heaven and blessed God that He had visited His people, tears of joy ran down rough cheeks, and young hearts beat high with thankfulness and loyal purposes of fidelity, and devotion, and endurance. The simple service concluded with one of the traditional hymns of the Waldenses. At first many hearts were too full to join ; but ere it closed, a chorus of triumphant praise swelled through the valley, such as those hills had never rung back before.

It was late when the assembly broke up.

The next morning, Paschali set out on a tour of the Vaudois villages.

Paschali and his friend Negrino laboured long among those simple children of the valleys. They had abundant fruit of their labours. The Spirit of God was poured forth on the people, and the Vaudois villages of Calabria were filled with humble hearts and holy deeds, and the voice of prayer and thanksgiving.

This time their light was not hidden, and many around them learned from them to glorify their Father in heaven. We shall see ere long how sorely this strength was needed.

CHAPTER IV.

REFORMERS IN THE CHURCH.

IN a small inner chamber of a Roman palace, fitted up with all the apparatus of luxurious piety, sat Vittoria Colonna, widow of the Marquis of Pescara, the friend of Bembo, Contarini, and Pole, whom Michael Angelo revered as a glorified being.

Everything about her was subdued—toned down, as if to harmonize with her own chastened beauty. The room was full of a faint aromatic perfume; from the court below was borne the languid trickling of many fountains; through the crevices of the Venetian shutters the light fell quietly on her fine, but worn features, on the black folds of her nun's habit, on alabaster Madonnas and bronze crucifixes, and on a "Holy Family" of Raphael's, in his early spiritual Perugino colouring.

She sat, her pale cheek resting on her hand, her eyes fixed on the head before her, with its crown of thorns, and in the other hand a miniature of her husband, her thoughts perhaps divided between the two images of her

heart—Him whom not having seen, she loved; and him whom having loved, she had lost.

She could not be much past fifty, yet she had been twenty years a widow. She was a woman of great constancy of purpose and affection. Betrothed at the age of three years, her childish dreams, her enthusiastic girlish visions, the deep love of her womanhood, the passionate agony of her first sorrow, the patient suffering of her long widowhood—all had flowed from one source, and flowed back to it.

Many years before, she had sung,—

" Io sono, io son ben dessa, or vedi come
M' ha cangiato il dolor fiero ed atroce
Ch' a fatica la voce
Può dar di me conoscenza vera.
Lassa! ch' al tuo partir partì veloce
Dalle guance, dagli occhi, e dalle chiome
Questa a cui davi come
Tu di beltade, ed io n'andare altera
Che me'l credea, perchè in tal pregio t' era
* * * * *
Com' è ch'io viva quando mi remembra
Ch'empio sepolcro; e invidiosa polve
Contamina e dissolve
Le delicate alabastrine membra." *

Her cheek was indeed hollow and wasted, the few

* The following may serve as a rough translation :—

" Yes, I am she you loved—I still am she,
Though wasted thus by years of changeless woe—
Knowest thou not her *voice* who loved thee so?
When thou wast taken, love, all loveliness
Faded from cheek, and eye, and flowing tress;
The beauty that thou gavest fled with thee."

locks that escaped from her snowy linen hood were gray, her eyes were sunken and dimmed; yet in the delicate features, the classical head, the lips which, when they had closed for ever, Michael Angelo longed to press as those of a sculptured saint, there were traces of the noblest beauty.

Vittoria's mind was vigorous as her heart was passionate. Hers had been a life of realities—real love, real joy, real conflicts, real bereavement and desolation; and the reality of twenty years of widowhood was only to be solaced by the reality of piety. Hearty and intelligent sympathy in the visions and labours of the men of genius who loved to throng around her, earnest interest in the cause of religion in this world and its promises in the next;—such were her consolations and occupations.

Her piety was not, indeed, so simple, and therefore not so fruitful, as that of the Duchess of Ferrara. Christ was less its centre, His word less its rule. She rested more in ideas and feelings.

In ascending to heaven, her devotions were apt to be entangled in images—in descending to her fellow-creatures, to be lost in mists of emotion; and although the clouds were often sunlit, and the mists transfused with prismatic colours, the pure daylight which they intercepted was at once more beautiful and better to work by.

Like Contarini and Pole, and the other Reformers within the Church, she united much of the simplicity of

evangelical faith with an enthusiastic devotion to her ideal of the Church, embodied in the Papal system. The honour of her Church was to her as the honour of her family; she clung to the traditions of her infancy with all the affectionate tenacity of her nature; she was as scrupulously and enthusiastically loyal to her idea of the Church as to the memory of her husband.

As she sat thus, the door of the room was opened softly; she turned her head, and two visitors were ushered into this sanctuary, where only her most intimate friends were admitted.

One was attired in doublet and hose, the other in a clerical costume. One spoke with a tinge of the soft Venetian dialect, the other with a slightly foreign accent. They were Pietro Carnesecchi and Cardinal Pole.

They had not been there long, when another priest, with peculiarly mild and courteous expression and manners, was announced as Cardinal Contarini. They were all intimate friends of one another and of the Marchioness. During her previous residence at Rome, and whilst she had lived in the convent at Viterbo, where Pole was legate, they had often met and shared in religious exercises, and visions as to the future of the Church.

The conversation was animated and interesting, although perhaps more artistic than edifying. Much of that pleasant gossip was introduced which becomes history when attached to great historical names. There

was the last statue of Michael Angelo, the last fresco of the young Raphael, to be discussed.

"How glorious our old Rome will be!" exclaimed Vittoria; "the heretics almost deserve heaven for the penance they undergo on earth in losing our sublime ceremonial."

"Heaven was earned for us by sufferings of another stamp than the deprivation of the luxuries of the eye and ear," said Contarini, gravely.

"I spoke hastily," said the Marchioness, colouring, but with a sweet humility; "thanks, father, for the rebuke."

"It is little self-denial," observed Pole, sarcastically, "for men to whom the gift of sight is denied, to renounce the pleasures of seeing."

"Many of the Lutherans are men of the finest taste and feeling," answered the candid Contarini. "We must not quarrel much with those who, in remedying the sins and sorrows of the world, have little leisure to revel in its beauty. If we could only meet, all might be well."

"Meantime," said Vittoria Colonna, "never will there have been such a solemn and joyful Easter as this year: the music will be angelic."

"To angelic hearts, signora," observed Cardinal Pole.

"What a miracle of grandeur and beauty St. Peter's will be," she resumed, "when it is finished! it will be fit to transfer entire to the heavenly Jerusalem."

"Our fathers killed the prophets, and we build their

sepulchres," murmured Carnesecchi, who was turning over some architectural designs.

"I trust there are many hearts in Rome," Contarini said, "which are indeed risen with the Saviour—to which the Easter festival is the commemoration of a glorious reality; but for me there is no festival as long as Christendom remains torn with these melancholy schisms."

"Woe to the presumptuous spirits that have dared to rend the seamless vesture!" exclaimed Vittoria; "to point a sword at the breast of their mother!"

"And woe, too," said Carnesecchi, "to the mother who made her own children pass through the fire in honour of golden images!"

"There is need of reformation, truly," conceded Cardinal Pole; "but we must recur to the ancient traditions, not rend ourselves from them; we must retrace our steps, and not rush wildly on the unknown."

"They should have waited for a general council," said Contarini; "but even now the rebels may be won back to the standards, if we can but bring them to a parley; something must be conceded; the Catholic Church is not so frail that a few repairs will make her totter."

"Cardinal Contarini thinks everything can be effected by conferences," observed Carnesecchi—"that any disease can be cured if the physicians will only have a consultation about it; but what if, in the first place, the physicians will not meet—in the second, they cannot agree—

and in the third, the disease is past medicine? And, firstly, how will you get the council together?"

"I trust the preliminary negotiations will soon be completed," replied Contarini. "His holiness seems favourable, but Christendom is a heavy body to move."

"And meantime," remarked Carnesecchi, dryly, "to every pious soul that asks counsel of you in perplexities of faith, you must reply, 'Wait a little, until we can collect some six or seven hundred reverend fathers together, and then, if we can agree about it, I will let you know what you must do to be saved.'"

"Salvation is a simpler thing," answered Contarini, seriously; "we have the words of the Saviour and the apostles."

"Will an œcumenical council give us more?" demanded Carnesecchi.

"It is a question of interpretation," interposed Pole. "We must have a standard of faith, and the standard must be fixed by the authorities."

"But supposing the council should be divided, as councils have been before now?" pursued the Venetian.

"Signor Carnesecchi surely forgets the promised aid of the Divine Spirit, to teach us all things," rejoined Cardinal Pole, rather haughtily.

"The Holy Spirit teaches us by bringing the words of the Saviour to remembrance," was Carnesecchi's reply; "not by giving new revelations, but by unsealing the old. The last court of appeal, therefore, the ultimate

standard of faith, must be none other than the Sacred Scriptures."

"Undoubtedly," said Contarini; "Scripture is the arsenal of the Church."

"And the Church is the guardian of the arsenal," added Cardinal Pole.

"But supposing," resumed Carnesecchi, "that this council and the Bible differ?"

"The very possibility involves the whole question of the authority of councils," Cardinal Pole replied.

"Reginal Pole," said Carnesecchi, solemnly, "this is no question of dialectics; you believe firmly that the Word of God is above all traditions of men; and you would venture the salvation of your soul on the grace and merits of your Saviour alone. Now suppose, for one instant, that of the six or seven hundred priests collected at this council, the majority should decide in favour of the equal authority of tradition, and against justification by faith (and you well know that the party in the Church which would decide is large), which would you then abandon—the decision of the council, or the conviction of your own soul?"

"May I die before such a thing comes to pass!" exclaimed Contarini.

"Convictions are not to be given up at pleasure," said Pole, uneasily; "but," he added, "the thing cannot be; the voice of the Church is the voice of God."

"Allow me to pursue my supposition one step further,"

continued Carnesecchi: "suppose the voice of the Church were thus to contradict the voice of your own soul, and the Church (as you well know she would) were to proceed to chastise and torture those who could not sacrifice their conviction at will to her decision—would you be among the persecutors or the persecuted? Would you light the torch, or be bound to the stake?"

"The Church is the handmaid of the Highest," said Pole, "but I never could persecute for conscience' sake: it would go against all my feelings; and, besides, it does not answer."

"And yet," pursued Carnesecchi, in a low, calm tone, "that day may come. On one side or the other we must stand, and then, unless Christ is to us greater than the Church, dearer than all our most sacred traditions and most cherished ideals, I can tell you what we, what you, Cardinal Pole, just and tender-hearted as you are, would do. You would never indeed cast a stone at the martyrs, but you would hold the garments of those who slew them."

There was a pause. Carnesecchi had spoken with such solemn earnestness, that none of them could shake off the impression.

At length Vittoria Colonna arose and said, "The Church is the mother of the martyrs, not the shedder of their blood; the spouse of the Crucified: she suffers, but can she persecute? Think of the millions of lowly, and holy, and self-devoted men who have been fed

at her bosom: and shall she be abandoned of the Highest?"

"Signora," said Carnesecchi, as he took leave, "pardon the roughness of a plain citizen; but, believe me, it is not the Church that nourishes the faithful, but the Saviour She is not the way to Him, but, through faith in Him, we are truly united to her. He is the door of the fold, as well as the Shepherd of the sheep. Where He is, the Church is; and if our souls are united to Him, neither Pope, nor council, nor stake, can excommunicate us." With these words, he left.

"Carnesecchi goes rather far!" said Cardinal Pole.

"But there is truth in his words," remarked Contarini, thoughtfully.

"Ah!" sighed Vittoria Colonna, "for the rest beyond the storms, with the Friend of the heavy-laden and the weary!"

CHAPTER V.

THE PRISON.

SOME years had passed—not many, but eventful. The soft cool of the summer's evening fell again upon Ferrara.

The citizens poured out of their houses in their gay dresses; the street of the Ducal Palace was thronged with eager multitudes keeping holiday. But in the palace much was changed. No groups of earnest men issued from it; the doors were closely guarded, and it was long since the glad tidings had echoed from its walls. Preachers and hearers were scattered far and wide;—some had been exiled—some had suffered—some had denied. The Duchess remained faithful, but she was left almost alone.

As the evening grew dimmer, a side door opened softly, and from it came a lady, tightly muffled in a black dress and hood. She moved quickly along, choosing the quietest streets, until she stopped at the gate of a high, gloomy building, with narrow slits of windows and

massive walls. It was the prison of Ferrara. She spoke a few words to the sentinel, and he let her pass in.

Faventino Fannio, the evangelist of the Romagna, sat on a pallet in his cell. His voice was gentler, his eye calmer, than ever; but the sadness had passed from his face—hollow and sallow as two years' imprisonment had made it, it was full of blessed peace.

By his side, against a damp wall, leaned a man in military costume; for people were allowed free access to Fannio's cell, and, like St. Paul, for two whole years he preached Jesus Christ, and "taught those things which concern the kingdom of God, no man forbidding him." And many believed.

That soldier was a changed man since the summer's evening many years before, when he had listened to the Divine message from Fannio's lips. The great change which transforms old, hardened, worldly men into lowly and simple-hearted children of the kingdom of heaven, had come over him. They had been talking very earnestly. The martyr had been counselling the convert to fly from the persecution.

"Fly from my post, father! I cannot—I dare not!" was the vehement reply; "it would be to deny my Lord!"

"My son," said the old man, in a trembling voice, rising and laying his hand on the soldier's arm, "Peter would have died with his Master; when others fled, he followed; and yet, in the very presence of his Lord, his

courage failed, and he denied. Believe me, death is terrible, when it does not steal over us in slow decay, or rush on us in the excitement of the fight, but is offered to our deliberate choice. It was offered me so once"—and the old man hid his face in his hands—"the cross was offered me, and I put it aside, and denied my Redeemer. He has forgiven it now, I trust, since He deigns to let me—me, traitor that I am!—suffer for His sake; but oh, the agony and shame of that remembrance! It is not the strength of youth that will serve us in that day, young man. Oh, do not dare to court the trial!"

"Pray for me, father, that my faith fail not."

They were about to kneel, when the lady in the muffled cloak was ushered in, and the door was barred again on the outside.

"Signora Morata!" said the old man; "this is kind!"

"The Duchess made these with her own hands," Olympia said, as she opened her basket, and gave him some warm garments.

"The blessing of Him for whose sake ye both labour rest on her and you!" he said; "your visits and your words are better to me than food or clothing, for they refresh and warm my heart."

"It is the last time!" she said, in a faltering voice. "They have banished me at last. The Duchess will be left alone."

"Like the Saviour!" exclaimed Fannio, with a sad

smile. "They who come out of the great tribulation with the white robes, will come from the palace as well as the prison."

They stayed some while in earnest conversation, and ere she left, the martyr, the soldier, and Olympia, knelt and prayed together fervently for all who suffered for the Crucified throughout the world, in convent, palace, or prison; that the tempted might be faithful, the fallen raised, the faithful sufferers strengthened. As she left, he took her hand, and said, "A blessing will go with you everywhere, signora. 'I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited Me.' You will hear those words one day from other lips than mine, and these will follow them—'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

Not many days after, they strangled him in the prison, and committed his body to the flames. He was the first martyr for the recovered truth in Italy.

At the prison door Olympia met her maid Lucia, once the little fruitseller, who was to accompany her mistress, now become the wife of Dr. Gunthler, into Germany. She was an orphan now. And as they turned away, an old woman accosted them, and placed something in Lucia's hand. It was old Berta, the relic-vendor.

"Take this, my child," she said, "with the blessing of an old woman: you were very good to me in my long sickness, and I often think of the words you spoke to me then. It is the choicest relic in my stock; and although I know you do not much value such things, the toe-nail

of St. Christopher has saved many travellers' lives, they say, before now; and it is no harm, at any rate, to be armed on both sides."

"I will treasure your blessing, dear Berta, but keep your relics."

But the old woman had slipped round a corner, and was nowhere to be seen. Lucia opened the parcel, and found there, besides the relics, two gold pieces, carefully folded, the savings of old Berta's hard and frugal life.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARTING.

THE court of a princely villa: colonnades of marble, avenues of cypress, dim arches, and deep shadows crossing each other on the marble pavement. Above, the "eternal pearl" floating in an azure sea; below, on the steps leading to the water's edge, two women weeping.

The youngest leant against a stone column and wept passionately; the other took her hand, and said, in tones of such sweet gentleness as sorrow alone can teach, although her voice faltered, "This is only one more of the dark days, Olympia! one more—that is, one less to come."

"But I had such different hopes—everything promised so gloriously. Italy free, the Church purified, science, art, wisdom, wealth, power, all glorified as they had never been before, casting their crowns at the Deliverer's feet."

"My child, the day will surely come yet. Let your hopes but build a little higher. 'The sparrow hath found

her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young: even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.' There the spoiler comes not, nor the storm."

"The band of our brethren was swelling so fast," said Olympia, "and now we are broken and trampled in the dust!"

"We have borne witness, and that is enough," the Duchess replied; "what is the Church now but as the tabernacle of testimony in the wilderness? A tent, you know, is made to be taken down. Ah! could we only see inside the threshold of the Temple!"

"But, oh, it is bitter," said Olympia, "to see our brightest and holiest visions stained, and scorned, and trampled in the dust!"

"Dust to dust!" replied the Duchess, "and the immortal essence to the light; the corruptible is burned, the incorruptible is but glorified in the furnace. Could we see how one by one the living stones are built into the radiant sanctuary, we should not mourn so much that our poor edifices crumble together when they are taken. One less among the wanderers in the desert, one more among the blessed family in the home. We are not scattered, dear Olympia, we are only gathering home."

"But my country, my paradise, our Italy!" exclaimed Olympia; "to leave her for ever, and to have her bound and bleeding in the hand of the oppressor!"

"The sun rises again, Olympia, and the Lord *reigns.*"

"*It* is not for me to murmur," Olympia said, passionately, "but for you, my princess, my mother, to leave *you,* and so alone!"—and she fell on her knees and *clasped* the Duchess's hands to her lips and breast.

Rénée raised her, and gently laying her head on her *shoulder,* wept in silence without restraint.

"*You* have been as a sister and a child to me, Olympia, *God* knows, and now I have none beside."

For many months she had not been allowed to see her *children.*

A soft splashing of oars broke the silence, and the *Duchess* whispered, "Not alone, Olympia, not orphaned. *The Saviour* may yet have some wounds for me to *bind up,* and He will not leave me comfortless, nor *you.*"

She had just time to press a little Testament into *Olympia's* hand, when a boat glided to the steps.

A foreigner sprang on shore—a German physician; *and as the* Duchess laid Olympia's hand in that of her *husband,* she said, "You will not let my southern flower *die in the cold* north!"

"*Love is* of no climate, signora," he said; "if our suns *are cold, our* hearts are warm. I take her as the dearest *gift my God* can give me, to love and cherish for her *own sake and* for His."

Olympia looked trustfully at him through her tears.

They stepped into the boat, the rowers took their seats, and in a few moments they were out of sight.

Olympia left her country for ever. The Duchess returned with slow steps to her desolate palace.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARTYR.

ANOTHER prison and another martyr. Ludovico Paschali, the missionary of the Waldenses, sat at a table in his damp cell.

His head was bare; his limbs wasted with hunger and confinement.

They had already starved his friend Negrino to death. The cords had been removed for a few minutes from his lacerated hands and arms, whilst his brother Bartolomeo was with him.

He spent the time in writing a few words of encouragement and consolation to his beloved brethren and children among the Calabrese Apennines. He wrote thus:—

"My state is this: I feel my joy increase every day as I approach nearer to the hour in which I shall be offered as a sweet-smelling sacrifice to the Lord Jesus Christ, my faithful Saviour; yea, so inexpressible is my joy, that I seem to myself to be free from captivity, and am prepared to die for Christ, not only once, but ten thousand times if it were possible. Nevertheless, I persevere

in imploring the Divine assistance by prayer, for I am convinced that man is a miserable creature when left to himself, and not upheld and directed by God."

The letter was written as well as the prisoner's stiff and torn hands would allow. Bartolomeo was summoned, and the cords were again tightly bound around Paschali's arms.

The brother wept, but the sufferer smiled.

"I have been learning something of what *He* suffered," he said, pointing to his lacerated hands, "and *of how He loved.*"

The brothers embraced and were separated, but once again Bartolomeo saw Ludovico.

The court of the castle of St. Angelo was arranged and crowded as if for a festival. Priests and cardinals were there, and the dignitaries of the Holy Office (recently established in Italy on the Spanish model); and the Pope himself was there.

There was, as in the days of old, to be a great sacrifice to the gods of Rome. The victim was led out, not crowned and garlanded like the sacred offerings of old; it was an emaciated man in a sordid dress, with a paper mitre on his head, in mockery. His limbs tottered, so that he could scarcely walk, and he seemed dazzled by the daylight. The face was young, although so haggard, and there was light in the sunken eyes.

They dragged him to a platform, to exhibit him to the derision of the multitude.

Raising his thin hands to heaven, and turning to the Pope and cardinals, he said, in a calm, solemn tone,—

"I summon you to appear before the throne of the Lamb, and give an account of your cruelties."

Paschali's brother saw no more.

It is now long since that summons has been answered: the martyr has been dwelling three hundred years in the joy of his Lord.

CHAPTER VIII.

DESOLATION.

AND Paschali's converts, the Waldensian peasants, to whom his words had been the keys of the kingdom of heaven—what had been their fate?

Evening had come down on the mountains around the Calabrese village of Santo Sisto. The woodman came whistling home from the neighbouring forest; his little children caught sight of him, and left their play, and ran to cling laughing about his knees. His wife met him at the door with the baby in her arms. Over the supper they chatted merrily of the day's work and the morrow's schemes.

The shepherd boys and girls came home from the hills, the flocks were safely penned, and before the little ones were laid to sleep, the whole family listened to the Word of God, and knelt together to pour out their simple wants and praises. And in their prayers the good teacher from the North was not forgotten—they had not heard of his death. Then all voices joined in the hymn,

for in Santo Sisto there were many happy Christian homes.

But it was for the last time.

Two monks came into the village that night, emissaries of the Inquisition; they exhausted all their arts of persuasion in enticing the Waldensian peasants to attend the mass—but in vain. They had not much logic, but they had that single-hearted loyalty which is so much surer and stronger. To them the mass was idolatry. It was a question of personal fidelity to an adored Master, who for their sakes had shrunk from no extremity of suffering.

They did not shrink from suffering for His sake. Before the next evening the whole population fled in a body to the forest. They left their old men and little ones behind. They thought the inquisitors would have some pity; but they were mistaken.

The inquisitors passed on to La Guardia, the other large village of the Vaudois colony, situated on the seashore. They told the inhabitants that their brethren of Santo Sisto had yielded. The temptation and the terror, with this example, were too strong, and the people of La Guardia attended the mass in the Roman Catholic church. But it was in vain. The inquisitors would not give up their victims, and God did not suffer His own to lose the crown.

Troops were sent after the fugitives of Santo Sisto. They rushed into the forest, crying—"*Amazzi, amazzi!*"

("Kill, kill!") The peasants made a brave resistance, but they were driven to a neighbouring mountain. There they made another stand, and entreated the captain of the troops to let them escape from the country. They asked only for their lives. The request was denied. Roused to desperation, the little band made an heroic onset, and repulsed and routed the king's troops. But the force against which they contended was overwhelming. New troops were sent, the Viceroy himself accompanying them, to see that the slaughter was complete. The fugitives were driven to the heights of the mountains. The greater number were slain, and the rest perished with cold and hunger. The village of Santo Sisto was burned to the ground, and the feeble remnant of its population murdered. Pardon was offered to all the outlaws who would join in hunting down the heretics, and thus they were tracked to their hiding-places among the recesses of the mountains, and murdered one by one.

Yet this was not the worst. When the inhabitants of La Guardia found how they had been deceived, they were almost maddened with indignation. They would have joined their brethren in the forest, but it was too late. The inquisitors courteously invited them to a parley. Of those who came, seventy were seized and put to the torture.

Sixty women also were tortured and thrown into prison, with none to bind up their wounds. Most of them died there.

The prisons were filled, and then the prisoners led out one by one and put to death. "I can compare it," writes a Catholic eye-witness, "to nothing but the slaughter of so many sheep; and yet," he adds, "I do not hear that they behave ill. They are a simple unlettered people, entirely occupied with spade and plough, and, I am told, show themselves sufficiently religious in the hour of death."

Much followed that is too horrible for us to hear; but yet it was not too horrible for our brethren to endure. They were sawn asunder, thrown from high cliffs, burned, racked to death! "It was strange," says a Catholic historian, "to see their obstinacy. For whilst the son saw the father put to death, and father the son, they not only exhibited no symptoms of grief, *but said joyfully, that they would be angels of God.*"

The whole of this little heroic band was slain, except a few who were sold for slaves.

The flourishing colony of four thousand perished, leaving not one trace behind. Their industrious labours, their conflicts, and their sufferings, are over now, but the long harvest of joy is only just begun.

* * * * *

And what had become, during these years, of the friends of Viterbo, the Reformers within the Church? They were scattered far and wide in place, and further still in thought.

Vittoria Colonna had passed, we trust, as she longed,

to the rest beyond the storms and the light beyond the clouds, with the Friend of the weary and heavy laden.

The gentle Christian heart of Cardinal Contarini had been sorely tried. In spite of all his patient efforts at effecting a reconciliation between the schismatics and the Church of Rome, the breach had widened. The Popes had never honestly furthered his endeavours; the conference for which he had toiled so perseveringly had resulted in a more marked separation; and, happily for him, he died before that General Council which had been the goal of all his labours, contradicted all the truths he most prized, established and embodied all the errors he sought to reform, and defeated all his most cherished plans. We must hope that his gentle and affectionate soul passed into the inheritance purchased by Him on whose death and righteousness alone he relied, and received the blessing of the peacemakers.

With Pole and Carnesecchi it was otherwise. They lived till the day of decision. The narrow line that separated them proved the line of demarcation. The Council of Trent decided that tradition was of equal authority with Scripture; it condemned those who believed in justification by faith, exalted to higher honours than ever the "holy and venerable" images, and sealed all its decisions with the most terrific anathemas.

Pietro Carnesecchi preferred the voice of Christ to that of the Church—Pole placed the Church between him and the Saviour. The one was sent with every honour as legate to England—the other was thrown into a prison at Rome.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STRAIGHT PATH THE SAFE PATH.

THE little glimpse of artificial light which Henry VIII. had made had faded away in England; but Mary, in putting it out, had gone so roughly to work, that she had torn down the old walls, and let the full stream of daylight in.

The city of London was echoing with the news of the death of Cranmer. The Papal Legate sat writing at a table in the palace of his cousin the Queen. Not long before, he had, by a solemn absolution, readmitted the nation within the pale of the Church. Every day brought tidings of some conversion to the royal and Papal cause—the capture of some noted Lutheran, or the death of some obstinate heretic. Yet Cardinal Pole had nothing of the air of a victor; his brow was furrowed, his eye was troubled, and his manner was irritable and uneasy.

A bishop entered the room. His bearing was authoritative and triumphant; he had no scruples and o fears. The name of Bonner has become a by-word in

every home in England—and with such men was the evangelical, and liberal, and gentle Pole now doomed to associate.

"I come," he said, "in the name of her Majesty and the estates of the realm, to offer your Eminence the mitre of the apostate Cranmer."

"I want no further dignities," replied Pole, irritably; "I have told you already, I only wish to be allowed to serve my God in quiet. I am an old man; I cannot burden my few remaining years with further cares—why will you trouble me?"

"Does your Eminence scruple to wear the robes which have been polluted by a heretic?" retorted Bonner, fixing his little keen eyes on him; "they say the disease is infectious."

The Cardinal rose, and paced restlessly about the room. He knew very well that his own reputation was not intact; he had narrowly escaped the Inquisition in Italy, and his very sense of the justice of the suspicion drove him to deed after deed of persecution to disarm it.

"But if I accept my royal cousin's gracious proffer," he said, "how can I serve the Church? I am feeble and old; choose some younger and more vigorous man."

"A sound heart is better than a strong arm," said Bonner, pursuing his advantage; "your Eminence will not refuse your last hours to the cause so dear to your heart. Besides, our officers are faithful; the prisons are scarcely emptied for the stake before the zeal of our

servants fills them with fresh captives. Her Majesty and all the faithful will unite in the support and counsel of your Eminence."

Cardinal Pole sat down again, leaned on the table, and clasped his hands before his eyes.

"It will not answer—it will never answer!" he exclaimed; "I will remonstrate to the last. Men's convictions, right or wrong, are not to be burned out of them; persecution only burns them in. Try gentle means—reason, tempt, persuade; unfold before them the glory of the Church of Ages: win their hearts back to the Mother of the saints."

"But if persuasion fails?" asked Bonner.

"By heaven! can you not leave the criminal to the Judge? Is not one hell enough?"

"But for the sake of the sound members, the diseased must be amputated," Bonner rejoined; "when the Church cannot reclaim the wanderers, she must teach the faithful by their punishment. In desperate cases the strongest remedies are the most merciful."

"What do you teach by burning?" demanded Pole. "One stake teaches more heresy than a thousand pulpits."

"The chastisement seems to have answered effectually in Italy," replied Bonner, dryly; "we hear no more of the Reformation there."

"I tell you for the hundredth time," rejoined the Cardinal, "that the cases are radically different. In

England you have to contend, not with the relics of exhausted races, or the worn-out fragments of factious republics, but with a brave, obstinate, and united nation. They may bear the yoke long in quietness—it is their way; but depend on it, when the climax is reached, and the barrier once burst, the deluge will be terrific: let my royal cousin look well to it that it does not sweep away her throne!"

"Well," said Bonner, shrugging his shoulders, "I am no diplomatist. I am simply an humble son of the holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. She has spoken —I have only to obey."

The Cardinal was silenced. "The Church," he said, "commands my feebleness as well as my strength; if she needs me for this weary dignity, I accept it."

He would not cast a stone at the martyrs, but he held the garments of those who slew them.

Pietro Carnesecchi stood at the window of his cell, looking out on the Tiber. His face was full of a grave and exalted joy. He turned from the window to a friend who had been permitted to visit him, and, raising his fettered hands, he said,—

"I have learned many things in this dungeon. Glimpses of heaven have come to me through those narrow windows, and sounds of everlasting truth and joy in the rushing of that river, such as I never saw or heard till now. I have learned that there is no freedom like that of

the heart which has given up all for Christ—no wisdom like that learned at His feet—no poetry like the calm foreseeing of the glory that shall be."

The joyful assurance was with him to the last.

"He went to death," they say, "as to a triumph;" and the angels met him with the crown.

So far apart did two roads lead which seemed at first so nearly parallel. So much more joyful is it, even here, to endure all, than to compromise in aught.

CHAPTER X.

THE DISPERSION.

THE years passed on. Olympia Morata was dead. She had lived some time at Schweinfurt, her husband's birth-place, as a quiet German matron. Her talents, her engaging character, and her misfortunes, had soon gathered a circle of friends around her. But at the siege of the place by those German princes who were enemies of the Protestant Albert of Bradenburg, she had suffered much from unwholesome food and lodging. The city was taken, and Olympia fled with her husband.

"If you had seen me," she wrote to Celio Secundo Curio, one of the most distinguished of the Protestant refugees, and then professor at Basle, "with my feet bare and bleeding—my hair dishevelled—my borrowed clothes all torn—you would have pronounced me to be the Queen of Beggars."

They escaped, however, to Heidelberg. Here it seemed Olympia would at length find a quiet resting-place, beneath the walls of the noble old castle, not then ruined

by religious wars. She found rest there, though not in the way her friends had hoped. Her constitution was broken by hardship and trial, and the rugged northern climate. Her heart yearned over her Italy, but God called the exile to a better home. She sank into a rapid consumption, and died in her twenty-ninth year, full of quiet peace and hope.

The despotic and licentious Ercole of Ferrara had also passed to his account, with the highest recommendations from Pope Paul IV., as a "Defender of the Faith."

The good Duchess, after her husband's death, had retired to Montargis, a city sixty miles to the south of Paris.

True to her old principles, wherever she went, the exiled and persecuted Protestants found a home and a friend, and this at no small risk to herself. The persecutors of the age of St. Bartholomew's Massacre did not spare even princely heretics. The Guises did all they could to oppose her. The Duke even sent an army against Montargis in 1560, under Jean de Souches Malicornes.

The troops forced their way into the town, and succeeded in putting many Protestant refugees to death, and setting fire to their houses. The Duchess, and all who could escape, took refuge in the castle. De Souches threatened to batter it down, and pointed his cannon against the walls.

Rénée did not shrink; her gentle and generous heart

had stood many more trying assaults than this, and she sent this heroic answer to the general:—

"Consider well what you do; know that no one has the right to command me but the king himself; and that if you come hither, I will be the first to mount the breach, when I shall see if you have the audacity to kill the daughter of a king, who desires only to protect her subjects, and whose death heaven and earth will be bound to avenge upon you, and upon all your line, even upon your children in their cradles."

The general was perplexed, and the troops were withdrawn.

One evening, not long after this, the Duchess stood upon the ramparts of the castle, with a refugee recently arrived from Italy. It was Burlamacchi, one of the nobles of Lucca, and formerly pastor of the Reformed Church there. He, with some others, had attempted to effect a revolution at Lucca, and resist the establishment of the Inquisition. Both attempts had failed; the church was scattered, and the pastor had been compelled to flee.

"Do you remember," the Duchess said, in a low voice, "many years ago, as we stood on the terrace of the palace at Ferrara, with Calvin and Valdes, and Ochino, and Paschali, and Olympia Morata? Things are changed since then!"

Burlamacchi leaned against the wall, and hid his face. He could not reply.

"I remember," the Duchess continued, "that Paschali

said then there was scarcely a city or a convent or a village in Italy which did not number some genuine disciples of the Saviour. He was right—for now there is scarcely a city or a village which has not sent its martyrs."

"It is true—it is true!" exclaimed Burlamacchi; "at Venice they have been sunk in the sea, calling on the Lord Jesus; at Rome, Bartoccio, and uncounted numbers besides, have perished in the flames, crying 'Vittoria!' In Modena, Milan, Mantua, Cremona, Lucca, Pisa, Florence, Naples, nobles, peasants, priests, have gone to the stake and the scaffold, rather that renounce the gospel of their Redeemer. They have succeeded," he added, bitterly; "the enemy has triumphed; for this time the light is trampled out of Italy."

"*We* have triumphed, signor," replied the Duchess, gently, "though not, indeed, by the way we would have chosen."

"The martyred Reformers do indeed live," he answered; "but the Reformation is dead, and Italy, our beautiful Italy, is lost!"

"Have any denied?" asked the Duchess.

"Some were too self-confident to fly," he said; "and when death looked them in the face, they shrank back, and did penance. Some fled to the Alps, and then, looking back on the paradise they had left, their hearts failed —they returned to apostatize or to die."

Neither spoke for some moments; at last Rénée said, "The little band that met at Ferrara are broken and

scattered now. Two are at rest; but Ochino! that is the saddest thought of all."

"What has befallen him?" asked Burlamacchi.

"He has embraced the cold and deadly falsehood of Socinus," she replied; "is it not strange that he could leave all for Christ, and then, when he had lost all besides, abandon his Master too?"

"Ah! how often," said Burlamacchi, mournfully, "it is easier to sacrifice than to submit! and yet he may be won back; prayer is stronger than logic, and we will pray for him and for ourselves. Has your highness any news of the other exiles?"

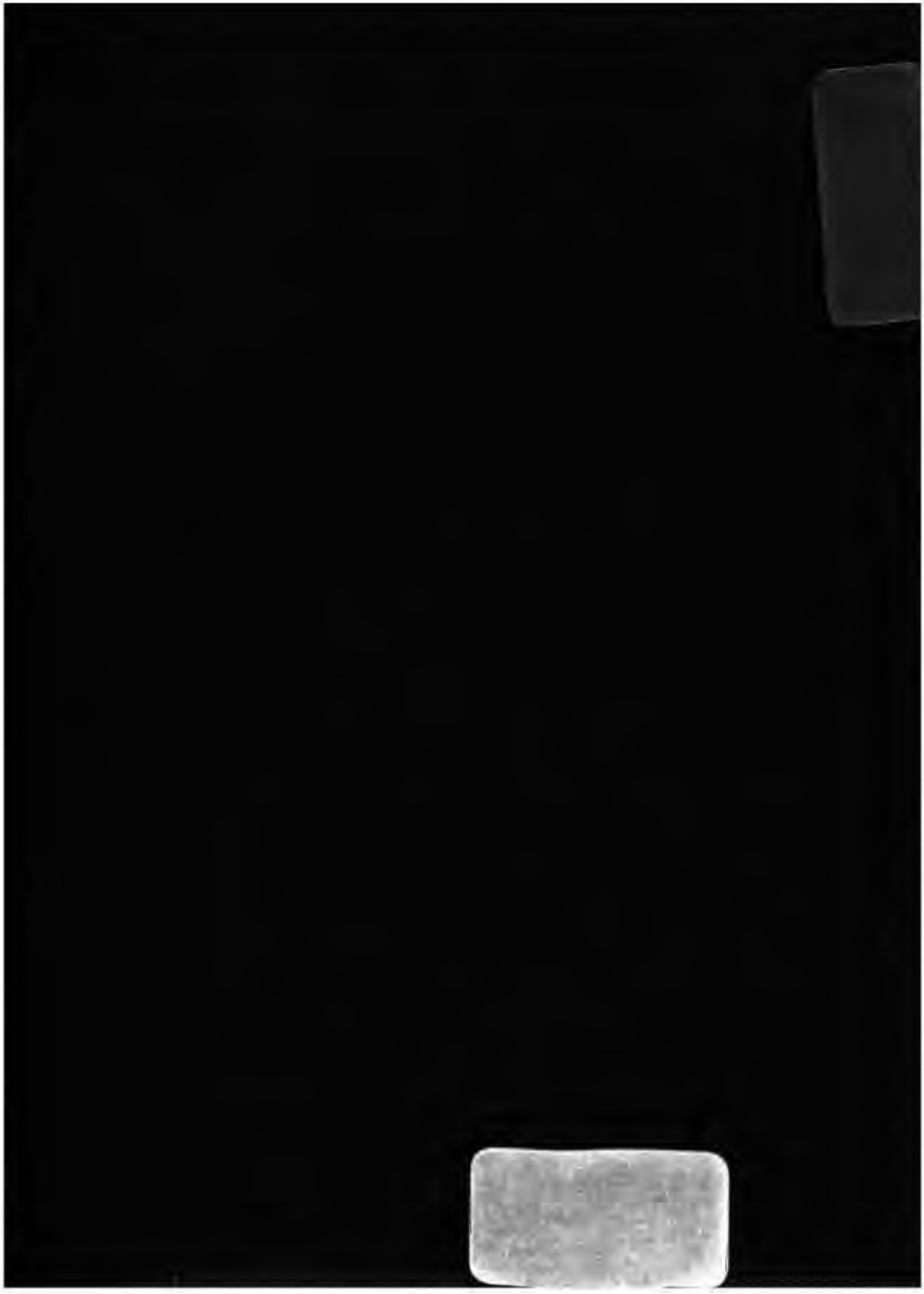
"There are churches at Geneva and Basle," was her reply; "Elizabeth of England has suffered them to worship openly in London; and from the rocks and glaciers of the Grisons the exiles write as full of joy and triumph as if from the very gates of Eden. The colony has become a mission to all the country round. You see," she continued, with one of her old bright smiles, "they have not trampled out the fire—they have only scattered it."

"It is true," he replied, more cheerfully, "we always grow better in the shade; nothing can ruin us but our own lukewarmness and divisions. But for Italy I fear the worst; the candlesticks once removed from the seven churches of old have never been replaced. The sun rises again, indeed, but he rises on another shore."

"Let not our hearts be troubled," she said; "the

martyrs live, the Saviour reigns, and the truth must triumph at the last."

"Yes," rejoined Burlamacchi, "this day has set in clouds; perhaps before another dawns, a night of storms and terror will have passed, such as the world has not yet seen."

"And we, my friend," replied the Duchess, "shall have passed beyond all storms before then, and shall, we trust, come down with the Saviour and the hosts of His redeemed, to bring to the earth the morning of the long day of joy."

She lived long enough to see that the Massacre of St. Bartholomew could not extinguish Protestantism in France; and three years afterwards, in 1575, she was called to be present with the martyrs she had succoured, and the Lord she had served.